

THE
L I F E
And Surprizing
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

Translated from the Dutch.

Adorned with thirteen CUTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



L O N D O N :

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The





(1)

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

A Parasite intrudes at the Count's ; He at first diverts the Company, and keeps his ground ; but is afterwards turn'd out of doors. Mirandor goes to Rouen.

IF I were inclin'd to moralize, I should now have a fine Field wherein to exercise my petty Talent, and make a thousand fine Reflections upon the extraordinary Adventures of my Life. I might set them off with the finest Figures in Rhetorick, and make here an *Exordium*, which perhaps wou'd please some certain Men of Letters call'd Pedants. But as I can't cramp my Style, nor put any constraint upon my natural Temper, I shall continue my genuine History in the same manner as before, as the Reader will find in the Sequel, if he will give himself the trouble to peruse it.

VOL II.

B

About

About the same time, if my memory don't deceive me, Count *d'Aspremont* made a great Entertainment for the Persons of the first rank about the Court. Hereupon a certain Arch-Fellow, who was a Voluntier in the Militia of **Comus*, that is to say, who lov'd to exercise his Jaws at other peoples Expence without being invited, was inform'd thereof; accordingly he did not fail coming to the Count's at the appointed hour. His shabby dress and his pale meager Face, made him soon distinguish'd from the Company; but the Count not remembring that he had ever seen him, at first thought that one of the Guests had brought him. When they sat down to Dinner, this Smell-Feast had the impudence to place himself one of the first, and that in the middle, that he might be within the reach of more Dishes, which drew the Count's Eyes the more upon him. Seeing that nobody spoke to him, or seem'd to be acquainted with him, he had the greater mind to know who he was. Every one eat heartily, and drank yet more heartily; and the Unknown being in a pleasant humour, said a hundred diverting things, to shew how well he was satisfy'd. At last the whole Company being curious of being inform'd who this Original might be, the Footmen were order'd to enquire of the Guests; but all of them in general were unacquainted with this facetious Spark, who pre-

*A God of the Antients, the Patron of those who
love their Belly.*

tending

tending not to mind what pass'd, continued cramming his Guts at the finest rate imaginable. However, the Fellow observing the Count's uneasiness, and that all the Company look'd on him with a very evil Eye, was afraid of their coming to some Explanation, which perhaps might not turn to his Advantage. Being willing therefore to conjure down the Storm wherewith he seem'd to be threaten'd, he rose up on a sudden, and call'd for a Glass of Wine to drink the Count's health. Hereupon this Nobleman, not desiring to have the least Obligation to a Man whom he designed to play a Trick, told him, that if he intended to drink his Health, 'twas but just that he should tell him his Name and Quality, that he might know of what Rank the Person was who pretended to do him that Honour. All the Company at the Table, finding he made no Answer, and observing by the Tone of the Count's Voice, and his Air, that he was provok'd at the Impudence of this Spunger, cry'd out with one Accord, that this keen-stomach'd Gentleman was in great danger not to enter Heaven with as much ease, as he had intruded himself into their Company, if *St. Peter* did not know him any better than they. "You must tell me then, said the Count, who you are, and who advis'd you to place yourself with so much Assurance at my Table uninvited." The Parasite then seeing all their Eyes turn'd upon him, and fearing after his good Meal, they should give him a Desert that would be very hard of Digestion, thought it his best way to extricate himself from all these Questions, and

farther Inconveniencies by some witty Sally; Pretending then not to have heard plainly what the Count said, he answer'd in a very comical Tone: *White or Red, My Lord, 'tis all equal to me; I will even drink both, if you please, to shew you that I drink your Health with all my Heart.* These words, which none of them expected, made the whole Company burst out into a loud Laughter; and the Count, stifling his Resentment, thought it the best way to let this Original alone, that he might divert them by his Buffoonery, which he, being oblig'd thereto by the Rules of his Profession, readily came into. Accordingly the Count was the first who began to lash and rally him, all the Guests did the same: but he, nothing confounded, answered them with several witty Repartees; whereby he often put those who attack'd him to a stand, and turned the Jest upon themselves, so that at last nobody durst enter the Lists with him any more. Amongst others a certain Count, who was the King's Favourite, tho' of no great Merit, seeing he could not cope with him, like all mean Spirits, began to be in earnest, and answered this Buffoon's Raillery with ill Language that was very offensive. The Company being vexed at this ill Manners, which deprived them of all the pleasure of Conversation, made signs to our Spark to return the Ball. Accordingly he did not spare him, but still his Repartees were full of Wit, and not unmannerly, and at last he had the Courage to propose to him this pleasant Question: "My Lord, said he, as I have already observed, that you have a great
deal

“deal of Penetration and Judgment, I should
 “be oblig’d to you, if you would have the
 “Goodness to answer a little Question, which
 “I am going to take the Liberty to propose
 “to you. If we were to live in the Time of
 “*Ovid’s Metamorphosis*, and that *Jupiter*, for
 “the Punishment of your Sins, having a
 “mind to transform you, should give you the
 “choice of a Horse or an Ass, into which of
 “the two would you be chang’d? ” At this
 whimsical Question, all the Company were ready
 to burst with Laughing, and every one was
 impatient to know how the Count would get
 off from it. Tho’ this Nobleman was very
 much vexed, yet he thought he was obliged to
 smile likewise, and conceal his Resentment,
 that he might be thought to understand Rail-
 lery. In the mean while the Arch Rascal
 pressing him to choose one, to get rid of such
 a troublesome Fellow, he answer’d, that he
 should prefer a Horse, because an Ass seem’d
 to him too despicable a Beast. “And for my
 “part, said the other, I would rather be an
 “Ass, (upon which the Guests doubled their
 “Laughter) for this Reason, added he, one may
 “now a-days see Asses at the King’s Table, and
 “if you were a Horse, Sir, you would never
 “arrive to that Honour.” He had scarcely
 uttered these words, when the whole Com-
 pany burst into such a loud Laughter, that
 they were ready to split, because they all knew
 that the Count had often the honour to Dine
 at the King’s Table. During all the rest of
 the Entertainment, our Spark played his part
 so well that the Count *d’Assremont*, who lov’d

Mirth, desired him to come sometimes and fowl a Plate with him. The other very willingly promised he would, and accordingly he did not fail like a Man of Honour to keep his word, and the Butler took care to lay a Plate for him every Day, judging rightly that his new Guest was too scrupulous of Conscience upon that Article not to be punctual, let the Weather be as it would. Altho' he seldom missed a Meal, his single Victuals could be no great charge to the Count, because that Nobleman had so many other Mouths to feed. But at last the Buffoonry of this Parasite degenerated into too great a familiarity, and an insupportable Impudence. Nothing could be brought upon the Table, but this troublesome Pensioner would have something to say against it, nothing could be dress'd to please him, he would even turn up his Nose when he drank, tho' to see him drink off so many Bumpers, it appeared that he found the Wine good. He had also the Assurance to bring with him from time to time, some Birds of his Feather, and to command the head Servants imperiously. In a word, this Hunter of Dinners on free cost went beyond the Rules of his Profession, which enjoyn those of his Order to be humble, officious, serviceable, and contented with whatever is given them, on consideration that however mean their Entertainment is, 'tis yet a hundred times better than they deserve, because the only Coin they pay with, is their Monkey-tricks. The Count then was soon tired of this Spark, so that he could bear him no longer, but however did
not

not know how to get rid of him. Wherefore, he order'd his Servants to turn the deaf Ear, whenever he call'd for Wine; but my Gentleman put himself in no manner of Pain about that, for he would go to the Side-board, take a Bottle, and put it by him. Hereupon the Footmen and Pages, who hated him mortally, resolv'd to play him so many Tricks, that at last he should be obliged to shift Quarters. The Spark used when he walked the Streets, to wear Galoshoes, that he might not dirt his Feet, and when he came to the Count's he left them at the Stairs-head. Wherefore, one Day when he was at Table, a Footman nail'd one of his Galoshoes upon the Stairs. After Dinner the Count rising to shew a Nobleman who had dined with him, his Stables and Garden, this Smell-Feast would attend them, wherefore as he was coming down the Stairs, and as several Gentlemen follow'd him, he made haste to thrust his Feet into his Galoshoes; but had hardly taken one Step when he found his other Foot fast, and as he had already made an attempt to get down, he was ready to break his Foot, had it not disengaged itself, and must inevitably have broken his Head, if in falling he had not met the Count and the other Nobleman whom he beat down with him. This ugly Fall put the two Gentlemen in such a Passion, that, on getting up they can'd the Rogue soundly, and gave him several Kicks on the Breech. The Fellow being enraged at such a Treatment, and almost lamed, ran into the Street cursing and swearing, and never came there more, finding that it

was a Trick designedly play'd him, and that if he went any more, they would play him several others.

Some Days after *Belindor* receiv'd a Letter from his Father, with Advice that he had sent some fine *Flanders* Tapestry by Sea from *Ostend* to *Rouen*, as a present to the Count for his Civilities to him, ordering him to make no mention thereof till he had delivered it to him: Wherefore as soon as *Belindor* heard that the Vessel was arriv'd, he ordered me to go to fetch it. Hereupon I went in the Stage Coach, where, happening to be alone, I thought the Journey very tedious; but on my return in the same Coach I was more fortunate, for I had with me a *Dominican* Fryer, a Gentleman whom I took for a Sea Officer, and a Woman in years who seem'd to be of Distinction. As none of us were acquainted, we at first kept a profound Silence, and the Lady composing herself to Sleep, the Fryar pulled out a Book, which he extolled highly, and offered to read some Pages to pass away Time: It was *Tavernier's* Voyages. Whereupon the Officer said, that if we were desirous of hearing the Adventures that had befallen him in his Voyages, he did not doubt but we should meet with some things worth our Attention. We assured him it would be a great pleasure to us, and the Lady awaking at the same time, he began thus:

CHAP. II.

The Adventures of a Sea-Officer ; and what befell Mirandor at the Inn.

I Am a Native of *Marseilles*, and of honest Parents, but who had no Estate. As from my Infancy I had always a strong desire to go to Sea, I was but 12 Years old, when I made my first Voyage in a Vessel that was going to the *Streights*. After I had served some Years as a Cabbin Boy, not expecting any Assistance from my Parents ; I resolv'd to continue that course of Life and see if I could not make my Fortune by Sea, wherefore I entered my self as a Sailor aboard a Ship, that was going for *Alexandria*.

After this Voyage, I went several others, which were most of them pretty Fortunate ; for I made so much Advantage thereof, as to be able to carry on a little Trade my self, wherefore having bought some Merchandize, I put them on Board a Ship that was returning from *Alexandria* to *France*. We were in all 30 Men, and our Voyage was pretty favourable to *Malta*, where we took in the *Chevalier de Haucourt*, who was willing to return to *France*. Continuing our Course from thence, without thinking of any cross Accident, we discover'd one Morning four Ships, which came up to us full Sail. We were then about three Miles from an Island of *Africa* called *Pantelleria* ; and

the Wind was so contrary to us, and so favourable to them, that in less than two Hours we were within Cannon shot of each other. Assoon as we found they were Rovers of *Tunis*, we prepared for an Engagement, notwithstanding the inequality of our Strength, being resolv'd to sell our Liberty very dear. On seeing our Preparations, they easily judg'd they must come to Blows before they took Us; wherefore they surrounded Us, and began to cannonade Us furiously. We did the same for two Hours that the Fight lasted; but at last, losing our Main-mast, and most of our Crew being kill'd or wounded, the Rovers boarded Us, and we were obliged to strike. The Infidels, being enraged at our long resistance, began to beat our Men barbarously; wherefore, that I might not be expos'd to their first Fury, I bethought my self of climbing to our Misen Top-mast, without their perceiving me. But assoon as I found their Spirits grew compos'd, their Fury was abated, and they began to refit the Ship, I came down as if nothing had happened, and set my self to work with the rest; and having heard them call their Commander *Mustapha Raix*, I went up to him boldly, tho' with a submissive Air, and ask'd if he thought it proper for me to do such and such a Thing, which I knew very well ought to be done, and accordingly he ordered me to set about it immediately. All this I did to avoid being ill used like the others, and endeavour'd to insinuate my self into their Favour, wherein I had the good Luck to succeed. After having chained Us all, the *Turks* set Sail to return

turn to *Tunis* with their Prize, where all our Crew were divided amongst the Owners. For my part, I fell to the *Bassa's* share, who sent me to a place call'd the *Bagnos*, which is like a sort of Cloister, where there was a great number of Slaves. Amongst the rest I found some of my Comrades; and as I was pretty well known by certain *French* Merchants who liv'd in that City, some of them came to see me, and one was so kind as to lend me seven or eight Piasters. This little help did me a great Service, and gave me an Opportunity to relieve the *Chevalier de Hantcourt*, and others of my Companions, who were most of them sick or wounded, and pennyless. That I might assist them yet more, I begg'd the Guardian *Bachi* of the *Bagnos* to allow me to endeavour to get something, that I might procure wherewith to strengthen the other Slaves, that they might the sooner be able to do the Work required of them. He had the Goodness to consent, and I laid out about five or six Piasters in Snuff, which I sold by Retail, by which little Trade I gained enough in a short Time to double my Money. As I was always pretty generous, and as soon as I had any Money, which had not cost me much Pains to acquire, I loved to spend it with my Friends, I obtain'd leave of the Guardian *Bachi*, after much intreaty, to go and divert my self a little with the *Chevalier*, our Captain, and six or seven of my Comrades. I carryed them to a Tavern not far from our *Bagnos*, where I treated them well, and besides gave each of them a Piaster. We were upon this Footing when the Gallies
of

of *Algiers* pass'd by *Tunis*, in order to go towards *Italy*. As we belong'd to some *Levantine*, the *Algerines* propos'd to them to exchange us for an equal number of *Italians*. This pleas'd our Masters, who intending to cruize towards the *Levant*, thought the *Italians* fitter for their Turn than the *French*. We embark'd then all of Us on Board the *Agarine Gallies*, except the *Chevalier de Hautcourti*, who continued at *Tunis* in Irons.

The Gallies of *Tunis* and *Algiers*, set out in Company to the number of Ten, and steer'd their Course towards *Calabria*. Being instructed by a *Renegado* of that Country they fell one Night upon *Otaya*, a little City, which they surprized and sacked, and most part of the Inhabitants were made Slaves. Never did I see such a Confusion, or such a Terror; these poor Wretches were put Pell-mell aboard the Gallies, without having any regard for either the Ecclesiasticks or Women; even the little Innocents that hung at their tender Mothers Breasts, were obliged to lose their Liberty, before they had tasted the Sweets of it. After this barbarous Expedition, these Infidels left the Coasts, and kept all the Day following at a distance from Land, to see if they would not come to ransom some of the Prisoners. But no body appearing, either for want of Compassion or Money, or else because this Expedition had spread too general a Terror all over the Parts adjacent, the Gallies set Sail with their Prize. We met with no cross Accident till we got as far as *Valonna*, where the Christian Fleet having discovered our
Ten

Ten Gallies, the *Barbarians* were obliged to abandon them to save themselves, and land all their Ships Crews. They carry'd Us to *Constantinople*, where all the Slaves were sold, except two very handsome Girls, which were presented to the *Grand Signior*. As I fell into the Hands of *Amurath Bassa*, I was put on Board his Galley, and went several cruising Voyages with him; but for fear of tiring you with a too long and circumstantial account, I shall only touch upon the most essential Adventures that beset me.

I had now lost my Liberty above twelve Years, without any hopes of recovering it, when the Galley on which I was aboard entered the Port of *Alexandria* in *Egypt*, with four others that were come from *Constantinople*. The Commanders being willing to rest themselves there for some Weeks, caused all the Oars and Rigging to be carried into the Magazines by the Sea-side, to deprive the Slaves of all Opportunities of making their Escape. Besides, we were fast chain'd, and they left on Board each Galley about twenty Soldiers to overlook us. I had already thought several times how to escape alone, without seeing any possibility thereof; my having a little Experience in Navigation had proved a Hindrance to me; for my Master to whom I had been often useful upon that Head, and who had therefore contracted a kind of Friendship for me, had frequently told me, that 'twas in vain for me ever to hope to return to my own Country, because he was resolved I should continue all my Life in his Service.

Thus

Thus knowing my little Talent, and seeing that I might very well be capable of some bold Enterprize, he had me watched more narrowly than any of my Companions. The melancholy and mortifying Thought of being to spend all the rest of my Days in Chains, of being often beat almost to Death, of suffering Hunger and Thirst, of being eaten up with Vermin, lying upon the Boards, and being expos'd to all the Inclemency of the Weather, to Cold, Heat, Rain and Hail, all these made me take a Resolution to run any the most desperate Hazard for my Deliverance. At last I formed a great Design, which was to endeavour to incite the Slaves of the five Gallies to rise up in Arms, and to make our Escape with one of them. I own this Project made me tremble at first; I thought it almost impossible to succeed therein; for it required the utmost Secrecy, and how could one bring People of different Nations, Humours and Religions, to agree together to concert Measures, and fix upon a Time to execute so bold an Enterprize? In fine, being resolved to run all Hazards, and make my Escape or perish, I banished from my Thoughts all those melancholy Scruples that might have deterred me from so rash an Undertaking.

I had always studied to be obliging in all respects to the Soldiers and Slaves which were near my Bench; and to gain their Friendship, I gave them freely whatever I had, that I thought would be agreeable to them. Sometimes the Captains of *Provence* would make me a present of some Fruits, and other little Refresh-

Refreshments, and my Parents, who were still living, and had heard of my Condition, sent me a little Money from time to time. Hereby I had an Opportunity to oblige my Companions in Misfortunes, whereby I got the Name of the generous Slave among them. As at that Time I happened to have a little Money, I one Day desired the Clerks of the Gallies to come and eat a bit at the Bench of Rowers to which I was chain'd, hoping I might then discover my Design to them with less danger. These Clerks are not usually chained, having only an Iron round one of their Legs, that they may more conveniently do their Business. They did not fail coming then at Dinner Time; however, I was infinitely mortify'd at seeing a *Turkish* Soldier always near Us, who watch'd our Actions, and would have Us discourse in the *Turkish* Language; which broke all my Measures. But to induce him to have a little more Complaisance, I begged him to keep us Company; he did not want much intreaty, and placing himself by Us, began to eat very heartily. During our little Repast, every one began to relate their Adventures, and the Engagements wherein they had been. Seeing we lost so many precious Moments, I began to despair, when Heaven inspired me with the Thought of pulling out a little Book of Devotion, and turning me towards the *Turk*, *Mustapha*, said I, "We Christians have
" a Custom, when we are together, to say
" some Prayers, to which we are obliged
" by our Religion, will you allow me to read
" some of them? With all my Heart, reply'd
" he,

" he, pray as much as you will. " Whereupon
 he seized on our Bottle, and drank a good
 draught of Wine, altho' his Law prohibited
 the use of that Liquor. I opened my Book
 then, and said in *Arabick Bismyllah*, which is,
 in the Name of God. On hearing this Word,
 the Turk, clapping his Hand to his Turban,
 cry'd out: *Ah! that is well said!* I began then
 to make as if I was reading, and said in
Lingua Franca, which was understood by most
 of my Comrades: " My Dear Friends and
 " Companions in Misfortunes, I make use of
 " this Opportunity; which I have so long
 " sought for, to discover to you a Design
 " which I have projected for our mutual Deli-
 " verance. If the Proposals I am going to
 " make are agreeable to you, bow your Heads
 " humbly and say, *Einchallab*, that is, if God
 " pleases; but if you think that the Thing
 " can't be put in Execution as I have pro-
 " jected it, say altogether *Straffcallab*, that is,
 " God preserve us; and then I will propose
 " some other way. In this manner we shall
 " deceive this Turk, who, seeing us lift up
 " our Eyes to Heaven, and hearing us pro-
 " nounce the Name of God, will think we
 " are only saying our Prayers. " Then I dis-
 covered my Plan to them, explaining what
 we were to do, and in what manner, and at
 what Time we were to put it in Execution.
 As my Project pleas'd every one, they answered
 me each Time *Einchallab*. Till the Turk, be-
 ing moved with our Devotion, began to
 pray after his manner, and cryed out: *Allah*
be ill Allah Mehemed rasoul Allah; which is:

There

There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet. After Dinner the Clerks retired each of them to his Galley; and as we had agreed together, they discovered our Design to the first Rowers of every Bench, begging them not to mention it to the other Slaves, till the Friday following.

Friday amongst the *Turks* is the same as Sunday is amongst the Christians; wherefore, We thought that the properest Day for our Design, because the Infidels are then at their Devotions in the Mosques. This great Day being then come at last, and the Cryers having ceas'd Summoning the People to their Devotions from the Tops of the Towers, knowing that those of the Harbour, and those of the City, were already most of them in their Mosques, I stood upon my Bench, and began to cry as loud as I could *Viva St. Jean, en fuora cadena*; which was the Signal whereon we had agreed. At these Words 1250 Slaves that were dispersed up and down the Gallies rising up, repeated the same Words, and making a terrible Noise with their Chains, seized on the *Agabiz*, which are the Poles that sustain the Tents aboard the Gallies, and falling upon the *Turkish* Soldiers, kill'd all who offered to make the least resistance, and some were so terrified at the unexpected Insurrection, that they leapt into the Sea, to save themselves by Swimming. The Clerks lost no Time in breaking the Chains of the first Rowers, who generally are the most Robust, and these did the same by their Comrades, whilst those who were unchained fought with

with the *Turks*; and that was done with so much Ardor and Diligence, that in less than a quarter of an Hour all the Slaves of the five Gallies were at liberty to Act. This fortunate Success giving us fresh Courage, we had soon massacred all. We took from them their Scymiters, and those amongst us who had none, armed themselves with *Arabs*, Clubs, and Hand-spikes. Being thus Armed, and very resolute, after I had cryed *fuora* with all my Strength, we Landed all but an 100 Men, whom we left in the Galley, wherewith we intended to make our Escapes. The Centinels who were on the Tops of the Towers, having seen the Combat afar off, apprized those of the City of it, and soon after those of the Castle began to fire upon us with their Canon. This did not prevent our advancing strait to the Magazines, without losing many Men. But here we met some Resistance; for 200 *Turks*, who were most concerned in the Affair, drawing up before the Doors of the Magazines, to hinder our approaching them, soon killed above 100 of our Men at one Volly. However, we fell upon them with so much Brayery, that, having surrounded them, not ten escaped. After which, having broken open the Doors, we took fifty Oars, which we put in the midst of us, and marching in two Columns, made haste to regain our Galley. The *Turks* seeing our Design, came in Crowds out of the City, and having cut off our Communication, we were obliged to begin a much more obstinate Fight. We lost a great many Men, but as we fought for Liberty, and to

to avoid the exquisite Tortures which we were to expect if taken, it is no wonder we fought desperately. Notwithstanding their Numbers, which increased every Moment, we opened our selves a Passage thro' them, and reached our Galley, after having killed above 4 or 500 of our Enemies, tho' the loss was not much less on our side. As soon as we were all got on aboard our Galley, to the Number of about 800, we handled our Oars, and began to row from Land with all possible Speed.

What an agreeable sight was it for us to see all the Inhabitants of *Alexandria* run in vain down to the Sea shore! and how great was our Joy, on seeing our selves thus delivered from Slavery, and having revenged our selves by such a glorious Action of those Infidels, who had exercis'd so much Barbarity over us! But the Success was too great for Wretches, who seem'd only to be Born to suffer, and were only just beginning to struggle with Fortune. For whilst we row'd with all our Strength to gain the open Sea, and thought we were already out of the Canon-shot of our Enemies, an unfortunate Ball, which was levelled from the top of a Tower, struck against our Rudder, and carried it into the Sea. It cost us some Time to recover that Piece, which was so necessary to us, and to mend it, whilst we fired some Canon against the Town. But as our Men in loading our Guns very hastily, spilt a great deal of Powder upon the Deck, it happened by our often Firing, that this Powder, and some Barrels that were full, catch'd

catch'd Fire, so that on a sudden our Galley was all in a Flame. They who were upon the Poop, thinking we were all lost, leaped with some others, whereof I was one, into one of our † *Saïques*, and we made all possible haste from the Galley. But as an Addition to our Misfortunes, there arose a little after a brisk Gale, which drove us towards the Harbour, and Night coming on, we could no longer see the Galley, where they had extinguish'd the Fire. In such a melancholy Situation, the fear of falling into the Hands of our Enemies made us labour so hard, that at last, with rowing very briskly, we had the good Fortune to regain the open Sea. Towards Midnight we discovered at a small distance something black, which we could not at first distinguish, but at last drawing nigh, we found it was the other of our *Saïques*, with some of our Companions, who had quitted the Galley for the same reason as our selves. However, we had all done better had we stay'd, because the Fire had not done much damage, and we might have saved our selves at *Candia*, which then belonged to the Christians, as we were inform'd the Slaves who remained aboard the Vessel did. In the mean-while, the Sea being very rough, we were oblig'd to keep at some distance from each other, and continued to Row hard. We hoped that at last the Weather would prove more favourable; but, on the

† A sort of Sloop belonging to the Turkish Gallies

contrary, the Wind grew so boisterous in the Morning, that, after incredible Fatigues, we were obliged to abandon our Sloops to its mercy, and it shattered them against Cape Blanc, some Miles from *Alexandria*.

What a melancholy Reverse of Fortune was this, after having fed our selves with such flattering hopes ! We had hardly recovered our dear Liberty, but we saw our selves upon the point of entering again into Chains and Slavery, and being at the discretion of our Masters, our Judges, and our Tyrants. We were so discouraged, and our Strength so much weakened, that we continued a long time lying upon the Shore, without troubling our selves about what would become of us, being persuaded there was no such thing as escaping for us.

There happened to be amongst us a *Hollander*, a Man of Resolution and Courage, who seeing how much we were disheartened, rose up and addressed us thus : “ Dear Comrades, never had we more occasion for Resolution and a good Heart than at present. “ Let us Arm our self with Courage ; all is “ not lost. Come on, let us make of our “ two shattered Sloops, one large enough to “ hold us all. And as we want Provisions, “ let the strongest in our Company advance “ into the Country in search of some, I offer “ to be one. Wherefore, I say once more, be of “ good Cheer, and don’t let us be cast down. “ Indolence and a faint Heart can’t procure “ us our Liberty, we must be bold and enterprizing. Come then, Comrades, quick “ set

"set your Hands to work." These words, uttered with Spirit, rais'd our drooping Courage, and out of ninety three, which was our Number, we detached Fifty, with the *Hollander* at the Head of them, to go somewhere in search of Provision. The others gathered up the shattered pieces of our Sloops, and made one of them with so much Expedition, that it was almost finished when our Detachment returned. As the Country was uninhabited and a Desert, they only brought us some Dates and Caroubes, and other such Fruit, and that in such a small quantity, that there was not more than enough for three Days. Next Day the Storm was yet greater, and fearing that it would not abate very soon, we were at a great Nonplus, not knowing what to undertake. 'Tis true, our Sloop was pretty good, and as well made as our Circumstances, and the want of necessary Tools, would permit us; but to venture out to Sea in such Weather, was to resolve absolutely to perish. Neither was it less dangerous to continue there, till the Wind should abate; for it was to be presumed, that our Masters, judging that the Tempest would make us quit the Sea, or drive us upon the Coast of *Egypt*, would cause us to be pursued, as they accordingly did. To advance farther into the Country, would have been running too great a Risque, since we must certainly have been taken by certain *Alarbes*, who hold it as an Article of Faith, that he who kills a Christian gains Heaven. Wherefore as we knew not what to do, after several long deliberations, we thought
our

our best way was to march farther from *Alexandria*, keep along the Sea Coast as far as *Tripoli*, and travel only by Night. Here-upon we quitted our Sloop, and set forwards with what little Provisions we had, not daring to stay any longer there, whilst we sent in search for more, for fear of being discovered. We hoped, however, to find some in our Way, but were mightily deceived; for after having marched three or four Days, we saw an end of our Provisions, and the beginning of our Misery. The farther we advanced, the more desert and savage the Country was, without Water or Fruits, and only inhabited by Lyons and Tygers. At last we suffered the most cruel Famine, and were forced to feed upon what Grass or Herbs we could find here and there. But how was it possible to hold out long against so many Fatigues and Troubles, wanting at the same Time all that was necessary to support Life? Accordingly the least robust of our Company soon fainted under their Burthen; most of them wanting Strength, sunk down and gave up the Ghost; insomuch that in eight or nine Days March, we were reduced from ninety three to twenty eight. The Famine even grew so sharp, that some *Danish* Slaves having discovered a young *Negro*, who fled at the sight of us, ran after him, and having caught him, cut him in pieces, and roasted him in the Sun, and eat him. However, as we advanced nearer to *Tripoli*, we found the Country a little moister, and a little more Herbage. Hoping then soon to meet some Fountain, we hastened

nied our March, and at last discovered two large Palm Trées five or six hundred Paces from the Sea side, near which was a Spring of excellent Water. 'Tis impossible to express the Pleasure wherewith we drank it, and we rested our selves by it above three Hours.

Here the Officer was obliged to interrupt the Relation of his Adventures, because being arrived at a Village, the Coach stopt before an Inn, where we were to lye that Night, and had the miserablest Entertainment that ever was found in any Doghole of an Inn in *Normandy*, after which we were obliged to think of going to Bed. There happened in the whole House, to be but two Beds empty, and that in one Room; Hereupon, the Lady had one, and the Officer and my self the other. A third Bed which was in another Chamber, was taken up by a Gentleman of Distinction, who had ordered the Landlord not to suffer any one whatever to enter. As for the *Dominican*, whether 'twas out of Devotion, or want of Money, he took up his Lodging upon a Bench, altho' those of his Order love their ease very well. We had hardly composed our selves to Sleep, when we were awaked on a sudden by a furious Thundering at the Inn Gate.

The Landlord, who was a Man of great Humanity, and loved his Ease very well, had the patience to let them clatter at his Gate above half an Hour. But they who were knocking having at last called to him to open in the King's Name, the Inn-keeper thought it was time to leap out of his Nest. After the
Door

Door was opened, we saw a Company of Archers enter our Room, who with Pistols in their Hands, came and looked us all in the Face. But seeing that none of us was the Person sought for, they went directly to the other Chamber, where the Gentleman before mentioned lay. They knocked at the Door above a quarter of an Hour, without being able to gain admittance, which obliged them at last to break it open; but the Man had already made his Escape thro' the Window which looked into the Garden, as appeared by the Sheet which had served instead of a Rope to let him down. They ran after him, but too late, for he had already got off with his Horse, which he had the Address to get out of the Stable. In the mean while, having got up with my Bed-fellow to know what was the matter, we saw the Archers in a great Consternation, at their Man's having escaped them; whereupon I asked one of them what brought them thither, but all the Answer I could get was, that I might thank Heaven it was not for me they had given themselves that trouble; which said, all of them mounted and took different Roads in pursuit of the Fugitive. The Noise being over in the Inn, and all quiet, we went again to Bed, and slept so soundly, that the Postillion had much ado to wake us at break of Day, that we might get to *Paris* before Night. Wherefore after eating a little Breakfast we set out; and as it was very cold, being in the depth of Winter, I offered my Cloak to the Lady, who after a few Compliments accepted of it, and wrapped her self in

it very well; but in the end I was obliged to beg a little corner of it, which she had the Generosity to grant me. Being settled, the first Thing we thought on, was to beg the Officer to continue his History; which he did in the following manner.

C H A P. II.

The Sequel of the Sea-Officer's History.

I Think I broke off my Story at the discovery of the Fountain. After then having rested our selves a little, we set forward again on our March, but soon saw a Troop of Horsemen coming after us. 'Twas easy to imagine what sort of Gentry they were, and why they travelled such a Road; wherefore as we did not doubt but we were all lost if they discover'd us, we lay down flat with our bellies to the Ground at some distance from the Sea, there being neither any Trees, nor Bushes to hide us, or favour our Flight. We were in some hopes that the Horsemen, who coasted along the Seaside, would not perceive Us; but being arrived over against Us, we saw two separate from the rest, and come directly to Us. As much terrify'd as we were at their approach, we continued in the same Postures, knowing well there was no possibility of escaping, much less of resisting them, wherefore we must surrender our selves up to their Mercy. As soon as these

two Horsemen knew Us, they made a sign to the others to come up, in the mean while one of those two, who was a Renegade of *Languedoc*, and whom I had often seen at *Alexandria*, cryed out to us. *Ah ! unhappy Wretches as you are ! why were you not swallowed up in the raging Surges of the Sea, rather than to fall again into our Hands !*

He had scarcely finish'd this Exclamation, which was but too significant, when we were surrounded by the whole Troop, who misused us barbarously, and vented a Thousand injurious Expressions against Us. They were so overjoyed at having caught Us, that some of the most devout alighting, went a little aside to say their *Sala*, which is one of their extraordinary Prayers, to return Thanks to *Mahomet* for having prospered their Expedition. This Troop consisted of an hundred and fifty, and an equal Number were detached on the other side of *Alexandria* towards *Rosetta*, to see if we had not Landed on that side. Our Tyrants having tyed our Hands behind Us, rested themselves a little, and seeing we were quite spent with Hunger, they gave each of Us a few Beans, which we were obliged like Beasts to take up in our Mouths, not being able to help our selves with our Hands. This done, they packed us upon Camels, two and two of a side, like Bales of Goods, after which they set out from thence. They left us some Hours in that cruel posture; but our Conducters seeing we could not support it long without dying, set us down, and commanded us, weak as we were, to follow them

on Foot. Our fear of being again packed upon the Camels, made us do our utmost to keep pace with them; but as they went too fast for us, we begged them to have some regard to our extreme Weakness. Believing that Blows would have the same Effect upon us, as Spurs upon Horses, they began to abuse us in a miserable manner; but at last seeing that our Weariness would not allow us to perform Impossibilities, they were oblig'd to let us walk as our Strength would permit us. Thus we travelled four or five Days between nine and ten long Leagues a Day, without having any other Sustenance than Horse-beans, and being all the while fast bound so that we could not use our Hands.

Being at last arrived at the *Arab's* Tower, we stop't there to rest our selves a little, and they made us enter into a *Donari*. In *Africa*, they call thus a Number of Tents, sometimes eighty, sometimes a hundred, covered with Goat Skins, and pitched very near each other in a Circle, which takes up a large spot of Ground, and in each Tent is a Family of *Alarbes*. Thus a *Donari* is like a Village, which one may transport whither one will; for as this Country is very savage, and almost a Desert, when these People are weary of one place they go in search of another. 'Twas in one of these then that they made us enter; where we saw the Men and Women stark naked, without seeming to be in the least ashamed. At any other time we should have been very much surprized at seeing so many Nudities, and so much the more that it was very
uncom-

uncommon in those Parts; but as our Thoughts were too full of our own Miseries, we did not take great notice of it. As soon as these *Arabes* saw our miserable condition, as savage and cruel as they were; they had pity on us; especially the Women, who are usually more compassionate every where than the Men, and gave us Victuals and Drink. As we had not for a long time had any good Nourishment, they dressed us a quantity of Rice; and several of my Companions eat so much, and so greedily, that they were ready to burst; however nobody died of it. From thence we continued our Journey with the same Fatigues and the same Usage, as far as *Pompey's Pillar*, which is just by *Alexandria*, where one of the Horsemen rid before us to give notice of our Arrival. A little after we saw a Crowd of Men, Women, and Children coming out to meet us, who loaded us with Reproaches and Curses, especially those whose Relations and Friends we had killed. Their Fury was so great that they would have torn us in pieces, if the Horsemen had not placed us in the middle of them.

At last we enter'd the City, so tired and famished, that we were but Skeletons. They immediately threw us into a dismal Dungeon, where we were bound with strong Chains, and our Masters consulted a long Time what they should do with us. The Richest and most Cruel would have had us suffered unheard of Torments, preferring the pleasure of Revenge to the Profit they might reap in saving our Lives. Others, who were not so much at their

Ease, or were more covetous, proposed punishing us by a severe Bastinado, tho' the Punishment should not be so rigorous as to make us dye under it. Others again, who would seem to have more Humanity, tho' they were at the bottom as barbarous as the rest, said they were revenged enough of us by what we had already suffer'd, and that if any thing were wanting to compleat our Chastisement, they might double our Labour, and give us no respite by Sea or Land. At last my Master, who was one of the most powerful, and very much esteemed, managed matters so that we were only condemned to the Gallies. Accordingly we were again chained to the Oar, and in a few Days we left the Port and sailed towards the *Archipelago*. During this Voyage they paid us off our Arrears for our last Enterprize by the most inhumane Usage, and no more Allowance than would just support Life. This soon made us very fine shaped, and we were but Skin and Bone when we arrived at *Pacomo*, a little Island near *Natolia*. There we cast Anchor in a sort of Gulph very near the Shore. As every Wretch is continually contriving means to render his Condition less intolerable, 'tis not to be wondered at, that I was always thinking how to gain my Liberty. This Island was covered with Trees and Bushes, and consequently favourable to my Design; wherefore I resolved to try my Escape by Night. I examined how I could free my self from my Chains, with which it would have been impossible for me to save my self; and I had the pleasure to see that my Sufferings

rings and Fasting had made me so lean, that I could get the Irons off my Legs, without putting myself to too much Torture. Night being then come, and all the Slaves ordered to take their great Coats and lye down, I took Advantage of the Noise made on all sides with the Chains; to pull off mine, wherein I succeeded with some Pain, after having fetch'd most of the Skin off my Feet. In spite of the smart I felt, I kept my self quiet, and lay down like the others, resolving to watch a proper Time. You must know, Sir, said the Officer, addressing himself to me, that to every Bench of Rowers there is a round Hole in the Deck of the Vessel, where the Slaves go to do their Occasions; and 'tis the only Liberty allowed them to go there when they have need, their Chains being long enough for that purpose. Seeing at last that all were asleep, except the Centinels at the Head and Stern, I went to the Hole, crying out *a la Banda*, Words one must use at that Time, on Pain of a good Beating. Assoon as I was set down, I slipt my great Coat, which was very large, softly over my Head, and supported it about my Height with two Props which I had provided for that purpose; so that the Coat standing thus of it self, the Centinels might think I was still there about my Occasions. Assoon as every thing was thus fitted, I first passed my Legs and then my Body down the Hole, and being got into the Sea, began to swim with as little Noise as possible, and at last got ashore without being perceived by any one; being overjoyed that I had only left my

Spoils to be handsomely drubbed for staying so long at that place.

I immediately retired into the thickest part of the Wood; and at Day break got as fast as possible farther from the place where I had left our Galley, and at last reached the other side of the Isle. By the greatest good Fortune a *Malteze* was at Anchor pretty near the Shore. After having long made Signs, and bawled as loud as I could, they at last perceived me, and sent a Sloop to take me in. The Captain received me on Board with the greatest Pleasure in the World; and caused me to be Cloathed from Top to toe, because I had only a pair of coarse linnen Breeches quite worn out, and a sorry Doublet without Sleeves over my naked Skin. We soon weighed Anchor, and without meeting any unlucky Accident arrived at *Malta*, where I embarked some Days after for *Marseilles*, on board a Vessel of *Provence*. There I found my Father and Mother still living; and the good old Folks were overjoyed beyond Expression at seeing once more a Son, whose Slavery had cost them so many Tears. I was surprized to see how much the Face of Affairs was changed since my Departure from thence; for I found Persons whom I had left Poor grown very Rich, and others from being Rich become Beggars. Most of those with whom I had been acquainted were dead, and the head Posts in the City were filled by such to whom either I was a Stranger, or else had left very Young: In short, I no longer knew my own Country.

You will believe without doubt, Gentlemen continued the Officer, that I am here to finish the Relation of my Adventures. You don't expect that after having undergone so many Fatigues, and so much Adversity, and being fortunately returned into my own native Country, I could have the Rashness to expose my self afresh, and embark again upon an Element, whose Inconstancy was so well known to me. But I have already told you that I had a strong inclination to Sailing, and we see every Day that those who are once used to this sort of Life, grow soon weary of being ashore; it was the same with me. All manner of Dangers, Miseries, Slavery, nay Death it self, which often stares Mariners in the Face, in the most dreadful Form, instead of disgusting them with the Sea, do but increase their Passion for it, and intice them by I know not what secret Charms. The Variety of Objects, the different Accidents, the ups and downs, and many Adventures they meet with, besides the many Nations they see, whose Dress, Manners, and Customs are so different, are so many Allurements, which only make an Impression upon those who are accustomed to such Varieties, and makes them prefer this turbulent kind of Life, to any other Condition the most Happy that can be imagined: For as Man loves Change, and his Life is only a Series of a Thousand Vicissitudes, he soon grows weary of a Sedentary Life, in a word, he is a real Weather-Glass. Accordingly I was soon disgusted with the Life I led at *Marseilles*, I longed to be at Sea, and could not be at rest till I had found

a Ship. At last one offered, which some Merchants were fitting out for *Alexandretta*; I went aboard it as Pilot, and we performed our Voyage very successfully. On my return home, I went again in the same Post in a Vessel of *Toulon*, which was likewise designed for *Alexandretta*. We arrived there in less than three Weeks; and as we were preparing to leave that Port, there came an Order from the *Grand Seignior* to lay an Embargo on all the Vessels, even those of the Christians, that they might transport some Soldiers and Ammunition to *Rhodes*; so that instead of taking in our Lading, we were obliged to take in *Janizaries* for the place appointed. We had hardly cast Anchor before *Rhodes* harbour, when I heard that *Murad* or *Amurath*, who had been formerly my Master, and from whom I had escaped twice, was then *Bassa* or Governour of the Island.

I was very much troubled at this unfortunate News, but much more two Days after, when they told me that he was informed, I don't know how, that I was in the Ship. Having considered a long while what I should do, and finding that it was impossible for me to escape, if he was resolved to be revenged of me, I thought it was my best way to surrender my self at his Discretion, before he should bethink himself of having me carried off by Force. And to endeavour to mitigate his Wrath, I desired a *Mahometan* Merchant, a very honest Man, with whom I had contracted a Friendship during the Voyage, to go before and speak in my Favour to the *Bassa*.

This

This *Turk* being set out to do me Service, I bought of our Captain, and some others on Board our Vessel, what I thought would be agreeable to the Governour; to which I added some pieces of fine Linnen, some fine *Venice* Glasses, a Silver Watch, and other little Curiosities of my own. All these I put in a very handsome Basket, and with this Present went strait to the *Bassa's* House. I found him in a Gallery in Company with several others, with whom he was in Conversation. As soon as I was within two Paces of him, I laid down my Basket, fell at his Feet, and kissing the Hem of his Garment very respectfully, said to him: "*Muradbad*, I am come to surrender my self into your Hands; with all that I possess; what is in this Basket belongs to you; dispose of it as you please; but forgive me my Crime." This said, he looked on me a long Time with an angry Eye, without speaking a word, or ordering me to rise. At last, shaking his Head, and clapping one of his Hands to his Side, he cried out: *Ha! cane, cane!* Then turning to the Company, "See, said he, the Impudence of this Dog, who dares come into my Presence, after having killed my Slaves, destroyed my Gallies, and caused me an irreparable loss. Quick, continued he, let *Iffous Aga* be called." That was the Name of the Officer, who executed his Orders. As soon as he appeared; "Well, *Iffous*, said the *Bassa*, here at last is our bold Enterprizer, that Sharper again in my Power; how must I punish him?" Then after keeping Silence a Moment, during which I trembled like a Leaf,

Leaf, as thinking my self lost beyond Redemption, "Go, added he, treat him according
" to his Deserts. Then giving me a Gracious
" Look; Rise, says he, you did for your Liberty what you ought to have done; I
" esteem you the more for it, and forgive you,
" tho' you made me lose above sixty five
" Thousand Piasters." Thereupon he would have me tell him, how I did to make my Escape the second time; wherein I immediately satisfied him, and related the whole from one End to the other. My Contrivance to support my great Coat, and save my self thro' such a nasty Hole, made him Laugh very heartily, and he had the Complaisance to tell me, that the Provost of the Galley, being in a Passion at seeing me stay there so long, had given the Coat such a Blow that it fell down, and that he was very much frightened at finding only my Spoils there. I likewise gave him an Account of my other Adventures, and having told him, that I was Pilot on Board a Vessel that was in the Harbour, he was so Generous as to present me with a new *Polacque*, which is a sort of Bark very proper for Sailing in the *Mediterranean*. He was willing it should serve me to endeavour to make my Fortune, and promised me his Protection in all Ports where I should touch, and he had any Credit. After this he left me, and *Iffous Aga* carried me to Dinner with him. I was put in Possession of my *Polacque*, and my Captain having spared me some of his Sailors, I returned to *Alexandretta*, and having taken on Board some Merchandize, I set Sail for *Marseilles*,
where

where I arrived fortunately. I there found my Father and Mother still living, and did not cease, so long as I staid there, to extol the Generosity of my good Master.

To cut short the Story of my Life, I shall only say that during three Years, having made several Voyages to the principal Ports of the *Mediterranean* to pretty good Advantage, I was at last informed that *Murdbad*, after having compleated the Time of his Government at *Rhodes*, was become *Bassa* of *Tunis*. Accordingly I resolved to make a Voyage thither, and was there received by the Generous *Turk* with inexpressible Joy. He caressed me a Thousand times, and would not suffer me to pay any Duties for the Merchandize I unloaded there, or the Cargo I took in. At last he gave me a convincing proof of his Esteem, and the Confidence he reposed in me, by discovering to me a Secret, which certainly no other *Bassa* would have communicated to a Man like me: It was Six Months before his Government of *Tunis* was to expire. One Day then taking me into his Closet, he accosted me thus: "*Lewis* (for that is my Name) I have
" amassed some Riches during my two Governments of *Rhodes* and *Tunis*. I would
" fain send half of them to *Rhodes*, before I
" go thither my self; not being willing to
" hazard all upon the Sea at once: But as I
" have cogent Reasons not to intrust my
" Treasure with any one of our Religion, I
" have resolved to employ you, to transport the
" greatest part of my Effects thither." Thereupon he conducted me into another Chamber,
where

where he shewed me fifty little Barrels, each about the bigness of a Bushel, and still open, and filled with *Chequins*, *Pistoles* and *Piasters*. He told me that it was the Treasure he designed I should carry to *Rhodes*, and that I should return from thence to him as soon as possible. I used my utmost Endeavours to deter him from such a Design, telling him I had but little Authority on Board my Vessel, and that he ran too great a Hazard in intrusting so great a Treasure to a Person of whom he had so little Knowledge, who was of a different Religion, and besides might be tempted to enrich himself for ever at his Expence. But all I could say signified nothing; I was forced to obey, and set Sail. I had the good Fortune to arrive prosperously at *Rhodes*, and having delivered all this Gold to the Person he had ordered me, returned to *Tunis*. The *Bassa* was overjoyed that I had so well executed a Commission of such vast importance; and as a Reward for the Service I had done him, he caused my Vessel to be laden with such a quantity of Corn, and other Merchandise of Value, (without its costing me any Thing) as the Sale of it should supply me with enough to pass the rest of my Days very much at my Ease. I set Sail then from *Tunis*, with a Resolution in a short Time to abandon Navigation for ever, in spite of the Inclination I had to sailing. But I soon found that the Projects of Mankind depend upon a higher Power; and that what one ventures upon the Seas is subject to several Vicissitudes. For we had scarce lost sight of
the

the Coasts of *Barbary*, when there arose such a terrible Storm, that tho' we carried only a reefed fore Sail, we crossed the whole *Mediterranean* in two Days. This swift passage was our Destruction; for being near the Coasts of *Italy*, and the Wind growing stronger, we had the Misfortune to lose our Masts, and were shipwrecked near the *Via Reggia*, and the stroke our Vessel gave against the Shore was so violent, that she split asunder, and sunk to the Bottom. All my Effects, and all my Hopes were at once swallowed up in the Abyss of the Sea; nevertheless, I had reason to thank Heaven for having the Goodness to save me with some Sailors, from the Wreck by Swimming. After having rested our selves a little upon the Shore, we resolved to go to *Rome*, where I knew I should meet some People of my Acquaintance. There I heard that the chief Pilot of the Pope's Gallies was just dead; and as my long Voyages had acquired me some Reputation as to my Skill in Sea Affairs, I obtained this Employment by the Sollicitations of my Friends. I served his Holiness about four Years in that Capacity, and should have continued there longer, if at last I had not been informed that our King was fitting out a Fleet. I thought then that I ought to forsake all, to employ in his Majesties Service the little Skill I had acquired in Naval Affairs. Wherefore I managed so well that the Ambassador of *France*, and Cardinal *Antonio*, gave me Letters of Recommendation to Cardinal *Mazarine*. I set out then from *Rome*, and going to his Eminence, soon obtained the place of first Pilot

Pilot of the King's Gallies. I have enjoyed that Post some Years, and desire no better than to pass the rest of my Days therein with Tranquility, and without having my Brain any more disturbed by Ambition.

CH A P. IV.

*The Sham Sicilian Count is seized again.
The admirable Talents of a dancing Master.
The Count is condemned to the Gallies.
Mirandor falls in Love.*

HERE the Sea-Officer finished the Story of his surprizing Adventures; wherewith we were so well pleased, that we could have wished it had held to *Paris*, from whence we were still three Leagues distant. While we were yet discoursing of them, and admiring his Courage and Resolution in the greatest Dangers, we saw coming behind us the Archers, who were at our Inn the Night before, conducting along with them their Prisoner, the Person they had there searched for. I was surprized to find it was the same *Italian* Pick-pocket, who had tricked the Governour and the Marquiss of their Money at *Ghent*, and had there escaped the Gallows. He knew me also as soon as he passed by us, having seen me several Times at the Marquiss's, but he durst only look sideways at me, for fear, no doubt, that

that if I should speak to him, I should say somewhat that would aggravate his Crimes; however his Conducters did not give me Time, but made all imaginable haste to guard their Prisoner to a Place of Safety.

The petty Services I had rendered the Lady who was with us, induced her, when we got to *Paris*, to invite me very obligingly to come and see her, that she might have an Opportunity to testify her Acknowledgment, and she told me where she lived. I promised I would, and even offered to conduct her thither, but as her Coach waited for her before the Post Office, with two Footmen, who looked very well, and had very good Liveries, she would not let me give my self that Trouble. I judged by this Equipage, and by the little Conversation I had with her, that she was a Person of Distinction, Wit and Merit; and as she had told me she had a Daughter about my Age, I resolved one Day to go and make her a Visit. I then went to Count *d'Aspremon's* with the Tapestry, which *Belindor* presented to him that same Night, and he was charmed with it, because it was very fine, and besides what costs nothing is always most agreeable. This done, I gave *Belindor* an Account of all that had happened to me during my Journey, not forgetting my meeting the *Sicilian* Count. He could have wished to have known, what new Action had brought him into the Hands of Justice, but I could not satisfy him therein.

Some Days after my Return, a Footman came to tell us, that a certain Man desired to speak with us. Being ordered to be brought in, his Air and

and Dress, tho' both entirely singular, did not divert us so much, as the extraordinary Harangue wherewith he entertained us, and which was accompanied with a Thousand comical Gestures. "Gentlemen, says he, the Lustre of
"your Merit, your gallant and polite Behaviour, your easy Shapes, and that grand Air that accompanies all your Actions, have so
"captivated my Senses, and surprized with Wonder the Eyes of my Penetration, whereby I never fail judging right of the Merits
"of Mankind, that I have thought you worthy to be my Cabinet, wherein I will deposite the precious Stones of my astonishing
"Talents, by revealing to you the incomparable Mysteries of an uncommon and invaluable Science. A Science, which I have
"invented my self, by my great Superiority of Genius, and wherewith I have laboured above
"two Years Night and Day, to bring it to the greatest degree of Perfection. I don't
"believe, Gentlemen, that you would give Lodging to a Soul that is tainted with the
"Vice of that Mob of Misers and Ingrates, who are the Scum of the Earth; on the contrary, I am persuaded that your Hearts
"are the Lodging, where all the Pensioners of Liberality and Gratitude may have Entrance, be well received, and entertained.
"Being animated by so many Considerations, I am willing, for your Advantage, but more particularly to comply with my Inclination, which induces me to favour you, to discover to you the unheard of Secrets of my
"great Art. Know then, Gentlemen, that I
"am

" am a Caperer, a Vaultor, a Dancing Master,
 " but such a one, as never had his Equal. As
 " I excell all that has ever been executed
 " in this noble Art, I foresee the total Ruin
 " of those, who, by their insipid Gambols, have
 " maintained their Footing till now in the
 " Minds of the credulous and prejudiced Mul-
 " titude; and I insist, that they foretel them
 " in the next Year's Almanacks, that if they
 " don't follow another Profession, they must
 " all intallibly end their Days in an Hospital."
 Belindor being impatient to know what would
 be the end of all this Preamble, begged him
 not to let him languish in Expectation any
 longer, but to tell him wherein this admirable
 Secret consisted. "'Tis in an offensive and de-
 " fensive Courant, Sir, replied he; that is, a
 " wonderful method of Dancing and Fighting
 " at the same Time, without interrupting the
 " Cadence. 'Tis of the greatest Importance to
 " a Cavalier who has received any Affront ^{give}
 " Dancing; for without discontinuing the
 " Dance, or even being out of Time, he may
 " revenge the Insult, and defend himself a-
 " gainst the most resolute Enemy, and all in
 " a gallant manner. For Example, Gentle-
 " men, (hereupon pulling out his Violin he
 " began to play and dance a Courant) You
 " see I make six Steps and three Coupees, and
 " that consequently to keep Time I must make
 " another. Now I suppose that one of you,
 " being incited by Jealousy, or some other
 " Motive, give your selves the trouble to call
 " me Rascal; accordingly I make two Steps,
 " one Coupee and a half turn, I turn my right
 " Arm

“ Arm with an agreeable Negligence, and
 “ gallantly give you a good box of the Ear,
 “ (*con licentia Signor*) to revenge my self for
 “ the Affront, whilst I keep my Left Hand
 “ upon the Guard of my Sword, expecting you
 “ to draw; in the mean while, I make two
 “ Steps more, one Coupee, and one Turn with
 “ a Sliding Caper, wherein consists all the
 “ Grace of the Dance. Seeing at last that you
 “ expect me Sword in hand, I draw mine as
 “ you see, without discontinuing my Dance.
 “ I fling in a Cart, I put my Arm into a
 “ half Tierce, and lay open the under part of
 “ my Body, to give you an Opportunity of
 “ making a Second, as soon as you have done
 “ this, I make a Volte, two Steps, and a
 “ flourish with my Sword, I pass at you with
 “ an open Cart, run my Sword thro’ your Bo-
 “ dy, beat down your Sword, leap backwards,
 “ and continue my Dance as if nothing had
 “ happened. But above all, one must observe
 “ well the Time, the Figure and the Slide, for
 “ if thro’ Passion, or otherwise you should
 “ neglect them, the whole won’t be worth a
 “ Farthing. It may also happen, that the
 “ first pass may not succeed at the first turn,
 “ whereby you will have an opportunity to
 “ lean upon my Sword, force it, and fling
 “ in a Cart upon me: If that should be the
 “ Case, I make two Minuet Steps to gain
 “ Ground, which adds a mighty Grace to the
 “ Exercise, I bend my Body, fall upon your
 “ half-force, lunge, and push at you with a
 “ flying Tierce, which ’tis impossible for you
 “ to parry, and if you don’t instantly die of it,
 “ you

" you must at least keep your Bed two Months.
 " You see, Gentlemen, says this incomparable
 " Man, that all this is beautiful to the last
 " Degree. One shews a great Presence of Mind
 " and abundance of Bravery, one takes Re-
 " venge, and kills one's Enemy, without
 " deigning to interrupt the Dance. I intend
 " to practise the same in the Minuet, the Ri-
 " gadoon, the Boree, &c. wherein I will in-
 " troduce all sorts of Figures and Motions, and
 " which I expect to see danced at the Balls at
 " Court. As I don't doubt succeeding, having
 " a happy Genius for such inventions, I am
 " certain his Majesty will Reward me like a
 " King, and that upon his Liberality I shall
 " live like a Prince. In the mean while,
 " Gentlemen, if you will learn the Offensive
 " and Defensive Courant, I will come every
 " Day and give you a Lesson; and I hope that,
 " being generous as you are, you will give
 " me a Reward suitable to my Trouble, and
 " to the Beauty, Singularity, and Usefulness
 " of my Art." As during all this fine Dis-
 " course we had put the greatest constraint
 " upon our selves, to prevent our bursting out
 " a laughing, seeing that our Gentleman of the
 " offensive and defensive Courant had done speak-
 " ing, we made our selves ample amends, and
 " laughed till we were forced to hold our
 " Sides. In vain did this great Man wait our
 " Answer, 'twas impossible for us to speak to
 " him; wherefore seeing at last that we laughed at
 " him, he was obliged to retire, very much dissatis-
 " fied with our ill breeding. We were informed
 " some Days after, that having desired Audience
 of

of the King, that he might discover his great Secret to him, his Majesty had rewarded him with a Lodging in a Mad-house for the rest of his Days.

About the same Time, the Lieutenant Criminal happening to dine with the Count, told us that they had imprisoned a Rogue who had imposed on the King and the whole Court, in passing for a *Sicilian* Count; that not being contented with winning Exorbitant Sums at Play, he had even the impudence to lay his Hands on several Gold Plates, belonging to his Majesty's Table, that after one of the King's most faithful Servants had been suspected of this Theft, he had been caught in the Fact, and put in Prison; but that the next Night, having broke thro' the Prison wall, notwithstanding its prodigious thickness, he had made his Escape towards *Rouen*, and that they had seized him again. The Lieutenant added, that this Rogue being put to the Torture, had declared that he had a certain Composition like an Ointment wherewith he covered the Wall, and that upon setting Fire to it, the hardest Stones would split without any Noise, and be easily taken out; that after having confessed a thousand other Rogueries, he would have been inevitably condemned to be hanged, if some Ladies of the first Quality, who, at the Expence of their Husbands Foreheads, had paid with their Persons the Sums he had won of them, had not made Intercession for him, and got him condemned to the Gallies, whither he was set out that very Day in good Company. *Belindor* easily judging it was the same

same Person we had seen at *Ghent*, related several of his Tricks there; and the Lieutenant Criminal was sorry he had not known them before, that he might have spared the Rogue the Fatigue of the Oar.

One Day as I was in the Galleries of the *Palais*, * before a Bookseller's Shop, cheapening some Books, I felt my self pulled by the Sleeve, and turning about, immediately knew the Lady with whom I came from *Rouen*. She had with her a young Gentlewoman in a Mask, who was very well dressed, and finely shaped. "I see, Sir, said the Lady, that you
 " don't much love to importune your Debtors,
 " for to this Hour you never would give
 " your self the trouble to come and demand
 " us to pay what we owe you. There,
 " Daughter," continued she, addressing her
 " self to the Person with her, is that gallant
 " Cavalier whereof I have spoken to you,
 " who took so much care of me on my
 " Journey. I expect you would help me pay
 " him for his Trouble. We are in Danger re-
 " plied the young Gentlewoman, of having
 " our good Intentions always neglected; and
 " 'tis to be presumed, that we shall die in his
 " Debt. Had I had, answered I, the good
 " Fortune to render the least Service to your
 " Mother, I could not wish for a sweeter

* *Palais* a place answering to our Westminster-Hall, where all the supreme Courts of Judicature are kept.

" Reward

“ Reward, than to have the liberty to wait
 “ upon you, and pay you my Respects; but I am
 “ persuaded I have done nothing that deserves
 “ that Honour. In the mean while, since both
 “ of you have the Goodness to encourage me
 “ after such an obliging manner, I should be
 “ unworthy of such a Favour, if I should neg-
 “ lect it any longer.” Accordingly, after
 some other Discourse, I promised to go and see
 them the first Opportunity.

Neither did I fail going next Day in the
 Afternoon, and the Mother, whom I found
 alone, received me with abundance of Civility.
 She told me, that she was come to *Paris* about
 some Law Suits; and that her Husband, who
 lived at *Lyons*, had been formerly Master of
 the Requests to the King; and that because he
 was gouty, she was forced to come to solli-
 cite for the Arrears due to him. She added
 that she had a Son who was a Captain in the
 Regiment of *Picardie*, which was then in Gar-
 rison at *Abbeville*; and that her Daughter,
 whom I had seen the Day before, was gone to
 Dine with a Friend, whence she would cer-
 tainly return very soon. After this we en-
 tered into a little Conversation, wherein the
 Lady displayed a great deal of Solidity and
 good Sense. As great a mind as I had to see
 whether her Daughter's Beauty was answerable
 to the agreeableness of her Shape, I thought
 at last I was obliged in discretion to retire:
 But the Lady obliged me to sit down again,
 assuring me her Daughter would not be long
 before she came. In the mean while having
 asked me who I was, and of what Quality, I durst
 not

not say I was a *Hollander*, knowing that we Republicans are not so much esteemed at *Paris*; wherefore I said I was of *Brabant*, and Son to a Gentleman in those Parts; I added, that I lodged with one of my Friends at Count *d'Aspremont's*, and was come to *Paris* to see the Court. This not being inconsistent with my Appearance and Behaviour, she believed me; and at last the Daughter entered. But, Good Heavens! what Emotions did I feel, on casting my Eyes on that charming Creature! I remained immoveable and dumb, without being able to return any Answer to the Compliment she made me, and was angry with my self, for having so long believed that *Isabella* was the most perfect Beauty in the World. I could not tell how to make her amends for the wrong done her Charms by so rash a Judgment. At last being obliged to open my Mouth, I answered her in such a manner as might make her judge I was the most stupid Ass that ever came out of *Arcadia*. After the Sun of my Understanding had by its Beams a little dispersed the thick dark Clouds that environned me, and thawed my frozen Tongue, I was at last capable of answering *Cosicomi* by the Monosyllables *Yes* or *No*, which however, did not always correspond with the Question asked me: Accordingly I found my Charmer seemed troubled at my Confusion. Being come a little to my self by degrees, I bit my Lips till the Blood came, for Shame that my Tongue would not yet express my Extasy. In this Extremity, only my Eyes spoke, and I don't doubt but they expressed themselves very elegantly.

At last being a Burthen to my self, I would have founded a Retreat, that I might breathe with more Freedom elsewhere; but when I was putting my self in a Posture to retire, the Mother seized me by the Arm, and told me in a very obliging manner, that she would not let me go, till I had eaten a little Supper with her. As I was very much perplexed before, I was more so at this civil Invitation, however, I did not want much Intreaty to accept the Offer made me.

Having resumed my Place, the Mother went out of the Room, no doubt to give Orders for Supper, after having bid her Daughter play some little Tune to divert me. The Daughter being too well bred not to obey her Mother, took a Lute and began to touch it, but with such Fingers so finely turned, and so white, they might have shamed the so celebrated and so highly extolled Statue of *Pygmalion*. Nor was this all, the Musick that issued from this Instrument at her Touch, was so exquisite, so harmonious, and so moving, that had *Orpheus* been present, in meer Spite he would have wished his Harp at the D---, and would have been forced to own, that, in Comparison of her, he could play no more than *Hudibras's Crowdero*, or the Boys with a Bladder and String. To intoxicate my Brain compleatly, and rob me of what little Judgment I had remaining, she accompanied her Lute with a Voice so charming, so soft, and enchanting, that if the Celebrated *S n s-n-o* had heard her Sing, for meer Rage at finding himself so surpassed by this *Syren*, he would have shaved his

his little Remains close off, tho' the poor Man by this Amputation had been obliged to make use of a Silver Pipe the rest of his Days, as they do in the *Grand Seigneur's Seraglio*. In a Word, I was burnt to a Coal, and the Memory of my poor deceased *Isabella* was quite forgotten. At last we sat down to Supper, and I placed my self without many Compliments between the Mother and Daughter. If I would imitate the Romantick Style, I could say, without much Trouble, that in the middle of the Table one might see a Pyramid of *Ortolans*, each of which cost a Guinea, flanked on each side with such and such exquisite Dishes, and go on with a description of a magnificent Entertainment. But being a mortal Enemy to Exaggerations, I shall only say, that the Supper was served up in a very genteel manner, and that the lovely *Clarice* (that was my Charmer's Name) vying with her Mother, was so officious to help me, that in a Moment my Plate was heaped up to my Chin, without my knowing to which of the Two I was most obliged. In fine, after I had drank off several large Glasses of Wine, my Understanding began to clear up, and my Tongue to be set at Liberty, and I shewed them that my first Confusion, was rather the Effect of my great Respect for them, than of my Stupidity. In-
 somuch that from that Time, and after Supper I was pretty capable of playing my part in the Conversation. When it grew Time to retire, I took leave of the Ladies with a Profusion of Thanks and Compliments, and going into the Count's Coach, in which I

had come, returned home in a very different Condition from that I was in when I went to make my Visit. However, I did not fail giving *Belindor* an Account of my Adventure, and informing him of the State of my Heart.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK VIII.

CHAP. I.

The ridiculous Character of a Marquis who is Mirandor's Rival. Reflexions upon upstart Noblemen. Mirandor's Amours go on better and better.

WHAT a strange Passion is Love! in a Moment I lose my Liberty; a sudden Fire consumes me; a little Beauty, a fine Shape, and some Accomplishments plunge me into a Slavery which captivates all my Senses: Hardly do I find my self insnared, but I have the boldness to flatter my self with the hopes of one Day possessing such a charming Object; and the numerous Obstacles which my Reason lays before me, serve only to arm me against them, and blow the Coals. However, I resolved to hide from the Mother what I felt for the Daughter,

and never to enquire after *Clarice*, when I went to see them. Besides, to prevent all Suspicion, I staid some Days before I made them another Visit; but during this Absence I did nothing but ruminare continually upon the Wit and Charms of the Beauty that had enslaved me; and that did but nourish my Passion. In Spite of the violent Inclination I had again to visit this fair One, I kept my Resolution eight Days, but at last, not being able to resist any longer, I went whither my Heart called me. The Mother for whom I enquired received me very graciously, as she did the first Time, and made me enter into a Parlour, where I saw her Daughter with one of her Friends, who was come to keep her Company. *Clarice* seemed pleased to see me again; and I thought her infinitely more charming than I did the first Time I saw her; for the Candle-light, which is an Advantage to many Ladies, had in some measure sullied the Whiteness of her Skin. I had scarce been with her half an-Hour, when they came to give her notice of the Visit of a certain Marquis, who had already got out of his Coach. *Clarice* seeming to be vexed at this News, it made me a little uneasy; for Love is soon jealous; I imagined that my Presence was a Constraint to her, and that perhaps she wished me farther off, that she might be left alone with this Lover. As great a desire as I had to know my Rival, I thought my self obliged in Respect to *Clarice* to quit the Field of Battle. Hereupon rising, I said to my Fair One, that I would defer my Visit till another Time,
that

that I might not seem troublesome, and disturb her Conversation with a Person, whose good Fortune I envied. But she stopt me, and answered that my Company was very agreeable to her, and that her Vexation arose from her being about to be mortally fatigued with this Marquis, who was the most vain and impertinent Coxcomb in the World; that his Father, who was only a Citizen, and had gained a great Estate, no body knew how, had bought him a Marquisate; and that his Character, which was an Original, might serve me instead of a Comedy. She had continued delineating this Sir *Fopling*, if he had not entered the Room singing. He saluted the Mother and Daughter without so much as deigning to look upon me, which made me judge how extravagantly vain he was. Altho' it was the finest Weather in the World, he was wrapt in a Scarlet Cloak embroidered with Gold, (no doubt with a design to shew it the Ladies) and it was taken off by one he styled his Page. The Rest of his Dress, tho' very rich, was so fantastick, that it deserves a little Description. His Hat, whose Brims were not above two Inches broad, was shaded with such a monstrous full party coloured Feather, that one would have thought he had plucked bare all the Ostriches in the *Indies* to make it. A vast full-bottomed Peruke hung down to his Waste; and his Cravat, which seemed to vye with him in breadth and thickness, tho' he was none of the smallest or best shaped, was surpass'd by a Knot of Ribbons above a quarter of an Ell broad. His Face was stuck

as full of Plaisters or Patches, as a celestial Globe is besrewn with Stars. The Tuft of Ribbons, or Knot, which hung down from his Shoulders, reached as low as his Gloves, which were fringed with a broad Gold Fringe, and were themselves so large and so stiff, that, as they came above his Elbow, I wonder how he could bend his Arm without extreme Pain. His Ruffles reached full two Inches below his Fingers, so that if he eat without a Fork, they could not fail of cleaning the Plates and Dishes. His Belt was so large, that one could only see the colour of his Coat on one side, at which hung a Sword so short, that it hardly passed thro' one of its Pendants. His Breeches were so extraordinary in all their Parts, that I should not have made an end in a long while, if I were to anatomize them; wherefore I shall only say that they were the Prototypes of the wonderful Imagination of that Arch-inventer of Modes the Duke de Candale of glorious Memory; for this Master-piece of Art was surrounded, without lying, with so many parcels of Ribbon, of all Colours, as would have furnished two good Shops. His Stockings were of various Colours and with Gold clocks, his Shooes, whose Heels were of an enormous Size and Weight, were at least half an Ell long. In this whimsical Dress he immediately placed himself before the Looking Glass, and began to set his Peruke and the Ribbons of his Cravat in Order. A Moment after he danced some Minuet Steps, and began to sing and whistle like a Carman. All his Discourse was about I know not what Countesses and

Mar-

Marchionesses, whom he said he had been visiting. He did nothing but talk of the Balls where he had been, some hundred Pistoles which the Ladies had won of him at Play, new Stuffs that were in Fashion, whereof he shewed us the Patterns, and swore he had several Suits made that were vastly rich, and prodigious genteel. Then he extolled his Tailor and Shoemaker, which he said were the same as served the King himself, and were the most famous in *Europe*. In fine, he cursed his Coachman, who thro' Imprudence had disabled one of his best Horses from working for several Days, which obliged him to drive only with a pair.

During all the Time he was telling us these five Things, with his Back turned upon us, he stood before the Glass to see into what Forms he screwed his Mouth, and contemplate his good Mien and Dress. Besides, he was continually biting one of his Nails, that he might display a large Diamond which was on his Finger; he likewise pulled a Gold Watch every Minute out of his Pocket, altho' the Clock which was in the Parlour had just struck, and *Clarice* had assured him, 'twas one of the best pieces of Work in all *Paris*. I forgot to observe that he had such an affected Tone of Voice, so shrill, and so squeaking, that one would have sworn, when he spoke, there had been half a dozen little Dogs or Cats in the Room; In fine, he made his Eyes appear so small, that one would have thought he was prodigiously purblind.

Clarice, who had an infinite deal of Wit, and used to divert herself with the foolish *Airs* of this new coined Marquiss, began to rally and ridicule him so pleasantly, that I had the greatest Difficulty in the World, to prevent my bursting into a loud Laughter. At last after having answered some Question *Clarice* asked him, our Marquiss vouchsafed to look sideways upon me with his Eyes half shut, and asked her with a Whisper, but loud enough to be heard to the End of the Room, who was my Master, and who I served. *Clarice*, who was not pleased with such a Question, answered him coldly, that I served the same Master as he ought to serve himself, viz. God. "What Cit is he then, replied he? I think I have seen him in the Service of a certain Scrivener who lives near my *Hotel*." I own that tho' I was really the Son of an ordinary Tradesman, as I had already assumed the Title of a Gentleman, that if the Respect I owed *Clarice* had not restrained me, I should have punished the Insolence of the sorry Marquiss with a sound box on the Ear. *Clarice* being shocked to the last degree at such an impertinent Discourse, and seeing by my Countenance that I should be apt to chastise this insolent Fool, if he persisted in uttering any more Absurdities, was very much in pain. Wherefore, to break off the Discourse, she bethought herself of asking what News at Court. Immediately I made answer, (before the Marquiss thought of opening his Mouth,) that the King was resolved to build a Madhouse as large as the *Louvre*, on purpose to confine therein all
the

the new stamp'd Marquisses; in hopes that being at last come to themselves, they would confess their mean Parentage and do justice to the Quality and Merit of other People. Altho' as soon as he heard me speak, he began to sing, to show how much he despised me, I spoke so loud, that I saw by his Air he had understood me very well. As for *Clarice* she could not forbear Laughing on hearing this Court news, which I had invented to mortify his Sufficiency a little; but fearing that I should persist in giving him some new Wipes, she made me a Sign to let the Fool alone. After this the poor Wretch having continued talking some more nonsense, rose up to be gone, and saluted *Clarice* in the most ridiculous Manner in the World; and as soon as he was got past the Door of the Parlour, he began to call as loud as he could: *Hey Pages, Footmen, where are my Servants?*

As soon as he was gone, *Clarice* asked me what I thought of that pleasant Original. "I could never have believed, Madam, replied "I, that in a City and Kingdom where there "are so many Men of fine Genius, and where "Wit and Politeness reigns, one could have "met with so great a Fool. Don't be at all "surprized at it, Sir, said she; nothing is "more common than for a Citizen, who "whilst he continued so, was counted a "Man of Sense upon his being made a "Marquis or Count, to grow immediately "the most haughty, most foolish and insupportable Fop in the World. The Name of "Citizen becomes odious to him to the last "degree

“ degree, and but to mention it before him is to
“ affront him highly. These Originals have no
“ other Employment but to pump their Wits
“ to invent some new Mode, and endeavour
“ to dress themselves richly, to surpass, by an
“ absurd Magnificence, Persons of the greatest
“ Quality. Their addled Brain makes them
“ invent a Thousand ridiculous Particulari-
“ ties in their Dress, their way of speaking,
“ and their tone of Voice. Some speak thro’
“ the Nose, others in a treble, or yelp like
“ little Dogs; some when they Laugh imitate
“ the chattering of a Magpye, others think it
“ fine to prattle like Changlings, and to
“ make Indentures when they walk, as if they
“ were drunk. In a Word, all of them par-
“ ticularize themselves, by some new Invention.
“ ’Tis to be feared that at last all the Citi-
“ zens and Mechanicks in the Kingdom who
“ have Money, will become Marquisses, be-
“ cause his Majesty finds his Account in the
“ Sale of such Titles without Marquisfates;
“ one may find a Number of great Merchants,
“ who, being enchanted with this fine Name,
“ will give to the King above half their
“ Riches, to acquire which they have sweated
“ and laboured all their Lives, or else which
“ they have amass’d by their Injustice and
“ Extortions in ruining many Widows and
“ Orphans. Nevertheless there are Noblemen
“ base enough to have some esteem for Marquisses
“ of this Stamp, supposing that if his Ma-
“ jesty had not been convinced of their Merit
“ and good Qualities, they had not been pro-
“ moted to that Rank. However ’tis certain
“ that

“ that most of them only obtain them, by the
“ means of good ready Money, without which
“ the King would say to them very plainly;
“ *Good Mr Cits, go mind your Shops.* I confess,
“ Madam, said I to *Clarice*, that Money now
“ a-days supplies all Defects, and that 'tis
“ enough to be Rich, to pass for the most
“ accomplished, most deserving, and the ho-
“ nestest Man in the World; as *Boileau* has
“ very well observed. This would still be
“ excusable said *Clarice's* Mother, who had
“ not spoke yet, if People respected the rich,
“ without despising such as being unblest
“ with the Gifts of Fortune, yet make them-
“ selves distinguished by their Virtue and their
“ Merit. But see how the World goes now
“ a-days; nobody will vouchsafe to cast an
“ Eye upon a poor Man, every one is ashamed
“ to know him, his Discourse is laughed at, and
“ his Advice, however good, is yet despised,
“ in a Word, every one flies him as if he had
“ the Plague; and I believe that this inju-
“ rious Behaviour afflicts such an unhappy
“ Man more than his Poverty it self. If that
“ is at present the Temper of Mankind, re-
“ plied the generous *Clarice*, I ought to be-
“ lieve my self born in the times past. For
“ I am persuaded that if ever I should happen
“ to imbark with Love, Interest would never
“ have the Steerage; but that, on the contrary,
“ Merit and Virtue would be the only Stars, to-
“ wards which I should direct my Course.
“ If what you say, Madam, returned I, be the
“ real Sentiments of your Heart, I ought to
“ be surprized; for at your Age, People love
“ the

“ the World, gay Diversions, fine Furniture,
 “ rich Dresses, and Honour, which are the
 “ ordinary Consequences of the Gifts of For-
 “ tune, and wherein they make the Happiness
 “ of this Life to consist. Who is it that would
 “ not stray out of the Road you pretend to
 “ prescribe your self? And are you the only
 “ one, who is armed against these enchanting
 “ Pleasures? Believe me, we suffer our selves
 “ easily to be seduced by such Charms, and are
 “ apt to imagine that where there are Riches,
 “ there is Vertue, Merit, and all the fine
 “ Qualities both of Body and Mind. ” *Clarice*
 was going to answer me, when the Lawyer who
 managed their Cause entered. As I believed
 they would have some business to confer upon,
 whereat my Presence would not be necessary,
 I took my leave of them, and returned home
 the most contented in the World, ruminating
 upon the last Words of *Clarice*, which seemed
 to flatter my Passion.

A few Days after I went again to visit her,
 and found her with her Lute in her Hand.
 She seemed in a Confusion at my surprizing
 her in her Dishabille. But this Undress, in-
 stead of doing her any Injury, served only to
 set off her Beauty, by letting me see it in its
 natural State. She excused herself, as all fair
 Ladies do, on pretence of some indisposition,
 by saying that a little Head-ach had kept
 her too long in Bed, and prevented her
 putting herself in a more decent Dress. “ You
 “ are in the wrong, Madam, replied I, to
 “ make such Excuses. Your little Neglect of
 “ your self overjoys me. I see at present in
 “ all

"all their natural Bloom that Lustre, that
 "that Skin, that Complexion, and all those
 "Charms that enchanted me the first Time
 "I had the happiness to see you: I ought ra-
 "to make Excuses, and ask you Pardon for ha-
 "ving entered so boldly, and having surpriz-
 "ed you in a Condition, wherein you say
 "you would not have been seen. But if you
 "are as good as you are lovely, I flatter my-
 "self you will not nourish any Rancour or Ha-
 "tred against me, especially as I place my sole
 "Hopes of Happiness in pleasing and being a-
 "greeable to you." Having uttered these words
 with a great deal of Passion, I saw her blush, and
 she seemed perplexed what Answer to make. Her
 Mother who was present, said she was very glad
 I was come to keep her Daughter Company,
 because she was obliged to go out to speak to a
 Councillor; wherefore she left me alone with
Clarice. Then I begged the Fair one to be so
 good as to take her Lute up again, with which
 she was so complaisant as to comply, and after
 having ravished my Ears, begged me to let
 her hear me in my Turn, I having unfortunately
 told her, that I formerly understood playing a
 little upon that Instrument. It was a long
 while before I could be prevailed upon, but
 at last being obliged to acquiesce, I took the
 Lute, and began to play a little Air, to which
 I had some Days before adapted some words
 for my Diversion.

"He who made this Song, said *Clarice*
 "when I had ended, is very much to blame,
 "to wish his Mistress a Pain he thinks so in-
 "tolerable; that is not at all like a Christian.

"Allow

“ Allow me, Madam, replied I, in his Justifi-
“ cation, to advance one undeniable Truth;
“ which is, that when a Lover feels insupport-
“ able Torments, which consume him and
“ give him no Rest Night nor Day, 'tis very
“ natural for him to endeavour after a Cure;
“ now he can never be cured, but by touching
“ and gaining the Heart of his Mistress: if he
“ obtains that, he is at the Summit of his
“ Happiness; he is intirely comforted; no
“ Balsam is more healing. The Author of
“ the Song complains, he endeavours to move
“ his Charmer, he wishes to be beloved, which
“ return alone is capable of curing him of
“ all his Evils. It would be a Folly in me,
“ replied she, to dispute a Thing with you
“ whereof I have no Experience, and which
“ no doubt you have tryed; I don't even wish
“ ever to prove it. What! cryed I then out,
“ without knowing what it is to love and be
“ beloved, would you always shun that Pas-
“ sion, and never give it Entrance in your
“ Heart? Not to seek it, is not to fly it, re-
“ turned she; and I don't pretend to forbid a
“ Passion Entrance into my Heart, which, as
“ I have often heard say, has Force enough to
“ make it self a Passage, whatever Obstacles
“ one opposes to it, and whatever Resistance one
“ makes against it. They say besides, that 'tis
“ by the Sight and the Hearing that Love in-
“ sinuates it self into the Heart; and having
“ all my Senses, I don't know what may hap-
“ pen in Spite of my Teeth. How, in Spite
“ of you, interrupted I? Would you have so
“ little Compassion, as to refuse to relieve a
“ Cap-

“ Captive that groaned under your Chains?
 “ Without dispute there is more than one
 “ Wretch who languishes, who endures a
 “ thousand Evils, and only aspires to the
 “ Happiness of pleasing you. I don’t believe,
 “ answered she, smiling, that I ever gave any
 “ Person Reason to complain of me; but if that
 “ should one Day happen, and I should know
 “ it, perhaps I should have more Pity than
 “ you imagine. If this Declaration, Madam,
 “ returned I, be as sincere as ’tis comfortable,
 “ one ought to esteem one’s self the happiest
 “ in the World in being of the number of
 “ your Slaves; and I.....

I was going to have the Boldness to discover to her the Sentiments of my Heart, judging the Opportunity very favourable, when her Mother entering the Room, I was obliged to change the Discourse. After having had a little longer Conversation, at last I took leave, and returned Home, charmed with *Clarice’s* Words, and depending already as much upon her Love, as if she had been ingaged to me by Oath, and under her Hand. Whilst I continued loving *Isabella*, I thought I never could be susceptible of so much Passion; but I then experienced the contrary. As much as the Beauty of *Clarice* seemed to me to surpass *Isabella’s*, so much was this new Passion more violent than the first. From that interview not a day passed but I visited the fair *Clarice*, who at last gave me so many Marks of her Tenderness, that I ceased doubting any longer of my Happiness.

C H A P. II.

He delivers his Mistress from a great trouble at the hazard of his Life, by delivering her from St. Amant.

N E I T H E R did I find it very difficult to gain the Mother; and it was upon this occasion: One Day having declared to me with Tears in her Eyes, that she was at Law with a Cousin of her Husband's, whose Name was *St. Amant*, and who was the greatest Villain upon Earth; that because he would not pay a penny of 2000*l.* which her Husband had lent him, he produced forged Writings; and that she very much feared, as he understood all the Tricks of the Law, and had powerful Friends in the Parliament, she would not only lose that Sum, but be condemned to pay all the Costs of Suit; she added, that it was very unfortunate that her Husband was not in a Condition to come in Person to *Paris*, having herself no Friends, and not knowing any one who would concern himself for her in the Affair. The Desire I had to do her some Service made me embrace this Opportunity with Ardour. I offered to use my utmost Endeavours for her, to give her a Proof of my Attachment to her Interests, and she delivered into my Hands all the Papers, with *St. Amant's* Bond, wherein he declared formally that he was indebted so much to *Clarice's* Father.

Father. As soon as I had these Writings, I bestirred my self so much, and solicited with such Zeal, that at last, notwithstanding the Diabolical Querks and Cavils of the Pettifoggers, the Cause was adjusted in favour of *Clarice's* Mother, and *St. Amant* condemned to pay all the Sum in so many Terms, and besides that the Costs of Suit. Never was Solicitor received with more Joy by his Clients than I was by *Clarice* and her Mother, who were overjoyed at seeing themselves secured from the Injustice of *St. Amant*. The good Success of this Suit induced them to beg me to use my Endeavours again to terminate their other Affairs, having found, by a happy Experience, that a Man understands how to manage such Things better than a Woman. I began then again to solicit as earnestly as possible, and to display to the best advantage I could the little Law I had learned at *Louvain*. But as I had the King to deal with, and the Treasurer said his Majesty's Coffers were drained, and besides the Debt was of long standing and pretty considerable, I could get nothing, whatever pains I took.

One Day as I went, according to Custom, to make a Visit to *Clarice*, being near the Chamber Door, I heard a great Noise, intermixed with Cries and Lamentations. Having at last distinguished the voice of a Man who seemed in a Passion, and swore like a Reprobate, I listened and heard these threatening Words: *Madam, I tell it you for the last Time, do as I bid you, without haggling so long, otherwise you shall both of you fall this moment a Sacrifice to my Fury.* At this Speech,

I entered the Chamber without further Hesitation, and saw that Villain *St. Amant* holding a Pistol to the Mother's Head. Pity and Love made me immediately draw my Sword, and, with a threatening Voice, bid this Assassin let the Ladies alone, and be gone immediately, or else he should dye by my Hands. The Villain, seeing me coming at him Sword in Hand, fired his Pistol at me without making any Answer, but he only gave me a slight wound in the Shoulder. Seeing that he was going to cock the other, without consulting any longer I gave him a Thrust with my Sword, which made him fall.

At the Report of the Pistol, and the Cries of the Ladies, all the Servants ran in; and *Clarice's* Mother, after having sent one of her Men to the Commissary of the Quarter, to inform him what had happened at her House, ordered the Horses to be immediately put to the Coach, and made me retire to one of her Friends, where I might lie concealed, till they saw what would be the Issue of this Affair. The Officers of Justice being come, and being informed how the Case had happened, put *St. Amant* into a Coach, without staying to have his Wound dressed, and carried him to Prison. The King being acquainted with all the Particulars of the Affair by Count *d'Aspremont* himself, granted me my Pardon the very next Day, and I was at Liberty to go where I pleased: *Clarice's* Mother, being obliged to appear before the Judges, deposed that *St. Amant* came to her House, and would have forced her, with a Pistol to her Throat,
to

to give him a discharge for all the Sum that he had been condemned to pay her, altho' she had not as yet received a Farthing, and that he swore execrably, that if she hesitated any longer on giving him that Satisfaction, he would sacrifice both her and her Daughter to his Fury; that he was going to put his Menaces in Execution, if fortunately for them I had not entered the Room; that because I would have prevented his executing his intended Assassination, he fired upon me, and that I was forced to defend my self, and prevent a second Attempt.

Upon this deposition, 'twas judged that this Action of *St. Amani's* was an Assassination in all its Forms. Hereupon the Villain, who recovered of his Wound, would no doubt have suffered an ignominious Death, had not he had the good Fortune to have a very handsome Wife, who by her Letters and her Submissions, managed matters so well, that her Lovers, who had an Interest at Court, obtained him a Pardon for this Affair. However he was condemned to pay in eight Days all that he owed to *Clarice's* Mother. Besides his being very rich, but greedy after Money, his own Friends and his Wife's helped him likewise in that.

My Wound being soon cured, I continued visiting at *Clarice's* where I was received like their Guardian Angel. From that Time I declared my Love openly to my Mistress, who received my Declaration in such a manner, as to persuade me she had not less Tendernefs for me, than I had for her. She then discovered to me
with

with Tears in her Eyes, that her Parents had promised her to a Gentleman of *Provence*, who lived at *Lyons*; but that she could never endure him, tho' he was esteemed one of the richest Men in those Parts. She added, that her Mother had such an Affection for me, that if I declared my Love to her, she did not doubt but she would approve thereof, and even do her utmost to persuade her Husband to break off his first Engagement; she said farther, that after her Mother should have no more Business at *Paris*, it would not be amiss if I followed them to *Lyons*; and that in the mean while to endeavour to gain her quite over to my Interests, I ought to redouble my Care and Sollicitations to help her terminate the Rest of her Affairs. Accordingly I did espouse her Cause with so much Zeal, that they had great Reason to believe all would go according to their Wishes.

C H A P. III.

Belindor and he set out for Ghent. Mirandor receives a Present. Belindor Marries.

MY Amours were upon this Footing, when one Night returning Home, I found *Belindor* overwhelmed with Sorrow. Having asked him the Reason, he threw me a Letter, not being in a Condition himself to tell me the melancholy News it contained. It came from

from his Sister who was married at *Antwerp*; she sent him word from *Ghent*, where she had been some Days, to set out forthwith, if he desired once more to see his Father, who was at the point of Death. *Belindor* told me, that he intended to take Post Horses next Morning at Day-break, and that he had already ordered his Servants to hire a couple for us two, being willing to have my Company. This News, and this Resolution, were to me two Thunder Strokes. I found my self on the Point of losing a Benefactor, who having taken me from the Dunghil, and educated me like his own Son, the least Return I could make was to see him before his Death, to testify my Gratitude for so much Goodness. But I considered likewise that I should leave at *Paris* what was dearer to me than all the World; that in being separated from my dear *Clarice*, I should not pass a Day without mortal Agonies, and being always surrounded with Cares, Fears, and Anxiety. These Reflections oppressed my Spirits so much that I remained motionless, without being able to utter one Word. At last I argued with my self, and thought I might pay what I owed to Gratitude, without prejudicing my Love. I resolved then to go with *Belindor*, and after his Father's Recovery or Death, to return to *Paris*. If I had not feared afflicting *Belindor*, I should have begged him to have granted me Time in the Morning to take my Leave of *Clarice*; but knowing his Tenderness for his Father, I knew he would not defer his Departure one Moment for any thing in the World; Where-

Mi-
ndor

ooting,
found
aying
Letter,
ell me
came
from

Wherefore I resolved to return immediately to my Mistress, but with a Mind by no means so easy, or so well satisfied on my going thither, as it was when I last parted from them. I found the two Ladies yet at Table, and they desired me to eat a Bit with them, but I answered that what I had just heard had taken away my Appetite. Then I told them the melancholy News that my Friend, from whom I was inseparable, had just received, and that he insisted on my going with him at Break of Day, to see his Father who was given over. I added that I was in despair at being obliged to be separated from them for some time, the more because by my Absence I was prevented from taking care of their Interests in the Pursuit of the rest of their Affairs; but that I would certainly return in less than six Weeks. *Clarice* and her Mother were so surprized at this News that I saw them shed Tears. We looked very mournfully upon each other, without being able to utter one Word. But at length as it was very late, I embraced my dear *Clarice*, and her Mother, who clasped me in her Arms tenderly, calling me her Dear Child, and begging me to hasten my Return. Her Daughter's Heart was too much oppressed to suffer her to speak, wherefore her Sobs and Tears served as her Interpreters. All she could at last bring out, was, to beg me to continue faithful to her, and return as soon as possible, if her Ease, or even her Life, were dear to me. Having also conjured her not to forget her tender and unfortunate *Mirador*, I went out shedding a flood of Tears. I did nothing but sigh

sigh all the Night, cursing a Thousand times my Stars; which always persecuted me, and separated me from an Object, wherein I placed all my Happiness, and all my Comfort.

Hardly did Day appear, when *Belindor* came to acquaint me, that all was ready for our Departure. I immediately leaped out of Bed, and after dressing me in a great hurry, we went to take Leave of the Count d'*Aspremont*, and the Marquis his Son, who would have accompanied us, but his Father did not think it proper. When we were just ready to take Horse, a Footman of *Clarice's* accosted me, and gave me a Letter, whereof these are the Contents.

S I R,

IF you love me as ardently as you have sworn a Thousand times; you can't give me a more satisfactory Proof of it than in hastening your return. In the mean while I will make continual vows for your Preservation; tho' I told it you by word of Mouth, I repeat it in Writing. Think of me, as I shall think incessantly of you; return speedily with the same faithful Heart as you have vowed to me, and you shall find again the same tender and constant

CLARICE.

Altho' I saw *Belindor* was very uneasy that we did not set out that instant, I begged him to do me the Favour to let me write two Words in Answer. He consented, and I went into the House to write these few Lines.

VOL. II.

E

Las

MADAM,

TIS needless, lovely Clarice, to imploy your Pen to engage me to Constancy. Do you think me so fickle, and do you doubt the Force of your own Charms? Don't, I beg you, do so much wrong either to my Heart, or your own Beauty. Being, as you are, continually present to my imagination, knowing you at Paris, and not being able to live without you, can I forget you elsewhere? No; I shall have no rest till I have rejoined you, to throw my self at your Feet, and swear to you that I still am, and shall be whilst I live, your faithful,

MIRANDOR.

I gave this Letter to the Footman, which done, we mounted; and as we took fresh Horses at every Post, we made so much haste that we were in three Days at Brussels, and from thence at Ghent. Being got to the Marquis's, we saw by the Air and Dress of the Footman who opened the Door, that the misfortune Belindor so much dreaded during our journey had already happened. He was but too soon assured of it by his Sister, who, coming to meet him, told him, melting at the same time into Tears, that her Father died next Morning after she sent him word of his Sickness, and had been buried two Days. It Belindor had reason to be Thunderstruck at this fatal News, I was no less shocked than he. By this Death I saw my self deprived of an affectionate Protector, to whom I had such extraordinary Obligations. The Mourning was general throughout the House; every one was a loser;

for

for he had been both a good Father and a good Master. But at last their Spirits began to be composed, their Tears ceased in Time, and every one endeavoured to comfort himself. Even *Belindor* and *Diana* being willing that Sorrow should give place to Joy, resolved to unite themselves for ever, and be married in five or six Weeks.

Whilst these two happy Lovers were expecting the Day that was to crown their Affection, my Love solicited me powerfully to return to my dear *Clarice*; wherefore I begged *Belindor* to let me depart. But he would not consent to it, saying that something would be wanting to compleat his Joy, if his dear Friend were not an Eye-witness thereof, and he conjured me by the Friendship we had had for each other from our Youth, to remain with him till the Consummation of his Marriage, after which he would let me go, and supply me with every Thing necessary for my Journey. I was in a great Perplexity; on one hand I had at Heart the Promise I had made *Clarice*; on the other, I thought I ought to have some deference for *Belindor*, and that if I refused to make him this little Sacrifice, I should not only render my self unworthy of so much Goodness as he had shewn me, but likewise of what Advantages I might expect from him for the future: I resolved then to wait with Patience till the Consummation of the Marriage. In the mean while, thinking continually on my Dear *Clarice*, and reflecting on my present State, and what would become of me, a thousand dismal Thoughts

soon plunged me into a deep Melancholy. The Marquis, in whom I had placed all my Hopes, was no more; 'tis true *Belindor* did not seem less affectionate to me than his Father, and he did not want the means to procure me an easy settled Condition. But what then? He was young, and going to be married, and naturally all his Care would be diverted towards his Wife, and the Children he might expect by her, whilst I should be forgotten, and not know where to hide my Head. I had no mind to pass my Life with him like a dead weight, and eat his Bread without earning it, not knowing wherein he could employ me, for I foresaw very well he would have no Steward, in which Post I had served the Marquis, because he had often told me he would retrench a great many of his Father's Retinue.

Belindor surprized me one Day in my Chamber, as I was making these melancholy Reflections; wherefore seeing me so dejected and so melancholy, he enquired the Reason. He easily comprehended that what I alledged was not the true Cause; wherefore to oblige me to open my Heart to him, he had the Goodness to say to me: "*Mirador*, if the deep
 " Melancholy wherein I see you plunged, proceeds from your Care what will become of
 " you for the future, 'tis a sign you doubt
 " my Affection. Know my Heart better; I
 " am overjoyed at being my own Master,
 " that I may shew you by effectual Proofs,
 " how sincere my former Discourse has always been, when I would have convinced
 " you

"you of my Friendship. Wherefore compose
 "your self I beg you; you shall never want
 "for any thing as long as I live, and
 "you shall always be* with me upon the
 "same Foot as a Brother, that is tenderly
 "beloved." I could only thank *Belindor* for
 such obliging Offers, and told him that my
 greatest Ambition would be to spend my Life
 with him; and in his Service, without desi-
 ring to be in any other Quality, than that
 of one of his least and most zealous Servants;
 but that in the mean while I ardently wished
 first to fulfil the promise I had made to *Clarice*
 of returning to her, to see how far I could
 push my Amour with her. He promised not
 to oppose it after his Marriage, but on Con-
 dition of my returning to him, if my Design
 did not immediately succeed.

The customary Time for opening Wills
 being come, that of the Marquiss was read. I
 leave any one to judge, who ever has been in
 such a Situation as mine then was, if I was
 not transported with Joy, when the News
 was brought me that the good Marquiss not
 only enjoined his Children in his Will, to
 have all possible Regard for me, but had also
 left me a Legacy of two Thousand Crowns.
Belindor himself took a pleasure in confirming
 it to me; and accordingly they did not fail
 paying me the Money next Morning, and any
 one may very well think I did not want much
 intreating to accept it. I lodged it immedi-
 ately at a great Bankers, with orders to remit
 it me by Bills of Exchange, wherever I should
 send for it. As I was not ignorant that Money

is the true Key of Hearts, I flattered my self that I should win *Clarice's* Mother over to my Interests compleatly, by appearing before her in a handsome Equipage, that I might seem to be entirely easy in my Circumstances, being content to spend all my Inheritance in a Year or two, (so I could but accomplish my desires of enjoying my Dear Charmer) and after that to shift as well as I could. The Time wherein I had promised to return to *Paris* being elapsed, I was afraid if I did not acquaint *Clarice* with the Reason of my Stay, she would suspect me guilty of a breach of Faith and Inconstancy. Wherefore, to keep alive her Tenderneſs, and justify my self to her, I sent her this Letter by the Post.

My ever-dear Clarice,

IF the Nuptials of my intimate Friend, would be a sufficient Reason to excuse my deferring my return, I might alledge it in my justification. But I confess I am to be blamed for having yielded to the earnest Entreaty of a Friend, and preferred his Satisfaction to the inexpressible Pleasure of embracing an Object which is so amiable, and so dear to me as you are. If the confession of my Crime will be any Atonement to you, I acknowledge my self culpable, and in less than three Weeks will throw my self at your Feet, to receive my just Punishment. Whatever you are pleased to inflict upon me I won't murmur, having but too much deserved it; however I wish I may find your Heart, for all my Forfeiture of my Promise, still disposed ever to love your faithful

MIRANDOR

At

At last the Day of *Belindor's* Marriage arrived. I will not amuse the Reader with an Account of the Particulars; besides as his Father had been Dead so short a Time, the Ceremony was performed without any Pomp. The Nuptials being over, and all the Guests retired, I reminded *Belindor* of his Promise, and begged him to permit me to return to *Paris*: As great an Inclination as he had to retain me with him, he would not make me languish any longer, wherefore he consented to my going to my Mistress, on promising of revisiting him in three Months, and writing to him often in the mean Time. Hereupon he not only made me a Present of one of his best Horses to carry me on my Journey, but, as a farther Testimony of his Affection, he added an hundred Pistoles; in-somuch that with as much more which I took from my Banker, I had a Purse pretty well furnished. The Day of my Departure being come, *Belindor* embraced me tenderly, and wished me very heartily a prosperous Journey in all respects: His Lady and Father-in-Law were also very sorry for my Departure. In fine, after having received a thousand Blessings, I got on Horseback and took the Road to *Oudenard*, and from thence to *Tournay*. My Impatience to be near *Clarice* made me travel eleven or twelve Leagues a Day; but 'twas in vain I did not spare my Horse, I had a very bitter Potion to swallow before I was to embrace my Mistress.

C H A P. IV.

By what extraordinary Adventure Mirandor is made Prisoner at Arras.

I Met with no Disaster on my Journey till within about half a League of *Arras*; when one Night making haste to enter that Town before the Gates should be shut, I saw two Gentlemen, who by their Air and Dress seemed to be of Fashion, engaging furiously Sword in Hand. Fearing lest either the one or the other should lose their Lives, I galloped up to them, with a design to endeavour to part them, but all my Prayers only made them the more eager after each other's Destruction. I dismounted then, with Intent to beat down their Swords, but had hardly set Foot to Ground, when one of the Combatants ran his Sword thro' the Enemy's Body, and made him fall. Whilst I ran up to the wounded Man to endeavour to assist him, the other put up his Sword, and leaping hastily upon my Horse, rode away full speed, without putting himself in any Pain about me, or minding my calling after him. Seeing it would be to no purpose to run after him, since he rid so swift, I did my utmost to stop the Effusion of Blood, which flowed in Streams with my Handkerchief. At the same time seeing a Waggon pass by, I desired the Countryman

man who drove it, to help me convey the wounded Man into the City before Night; But the Rogue, instead of answering me, made his Horses mend their Pace, and soon got to Town.

Altho' I had no inclination to lye in the open Fields, I would not be so inhumane as to abandon the poor Wretch, and let him be stifled in his Blood, tho' there was no great hopes of his Recovery, he being already Speechless. Whilst I was in a very great disquiet, not knowing what to do, I saw some Horsemen riding towards me from the City. They soon came up to me, and seeing my naked Sword lying on one side of me, (not having had time to put it up,) they did not doubt but I was the Author of the Murther, and accordingly seized me, without my being able to make the least resistance, and forcing me upon one of their Horses, they laid the wounded Man upon another, and returned back to the City. I would have justified myself, and told them how the Accident happened, but they answered that was none of their business, and it would be time enough for me to give an account of this Action when I appeared before the Judges. Assoon as we entered the City, I was accompanied to the Prison by a crowd of Spectators, where I spent the Night very dismally, being both manacled and fettered. The next Morning I was carried before the Judges, who demanded the reason of our Quarrel; but I protested I had never seen the wounded Man before, much less had any difference with him. There-

upon I gave them an account how the whole Affair happened, adding that the Man, if he could speak, would confirm the same; but to my Misfortune he died that Night. As much probability as there appeared in what I said, they did not however believe me, because there were several Witnesses ready to depose against me: Accordingly, next Day they confronted me with them. The first was the Landlord, with whom the two Gentlemen who had fought lodged; who as soon as he saw me, swore I was the Person that had the Quarrel with the Deceased, and that I challenged him. This Deposition was confirmed by some Soldiers, who kept Guard that Day at the City Gate, and averred they saw us go out together in a Passion, that we having very high Words, and that they remembered me and my Cloaths too well to be mistaken. Such positive Proofs rendered all I could alledge in my justification vain; and the Judges not doubting but I was Guilty, sent me Prisoner to a Tower, where they confined only such as had deserved Death. In this Dungeon, loaded with Irons, I expected every moment to be carried out to Execution, wherefore you may easily imagine my melancholy Condition, and how great my Sorrow must be, to see myself ready, tho' intirely Innocent, to suffer an ignominious Death. So many a guiltless poor Man, who is suspected upon Circumstances and Conjectures which prove nothing, is often condemned with a High-hand upon the Evidence of Rascals. How many times does it happen that a credulous Judge

Judge pronounces Sentence of Death at a venture, without giving himself the trouble to examine Things to the bottom, and even without allowing the Person accused Time to clear himself, of what hath been falsly charged upon him. But what corrupts Justice most is an insatiable thirst after Gold. As soon as it glitters in their Eyes, the Cause is gained, they see Things in a quite different light, the innocent is guilty, and the guilty becomes innocent. To how many such Judges, and how many false Witnesses, may these Verses of Ovid be applyed?

*Non bene conducti vendunt perjuriam Testes,
Non bene Selecti Judicis arca patet.*

But as I knew the Judges were ignorant of my Innocence, I only cursed their Credulity, and those Villains who had so falsly witnessed against me. I must own that this fatal Misfortune took up my Thoughts so much, and that I was so terrified at the Death I was to expect, that I had very little leisure to think of *Clarice*. On the fourth Night after my Imprisonment, being in a deep Melancholy, and believing every Minute they were going to deliver me up into the Hands of the Hangman, I saw the Provost enter my Dungeon with a Soldier, who, according to Custom, brought me something to Eat, and unchained my Hands, that I might carry them to my Mouth. Chancing to cast my Eyes upon the Provost, I thought I had formerly seen him; wherefore observing him narrowly, I remembered I had known him at *Brussels*.

Brussels at the Marquis's, and found it was the same individual Father *Andrew*, who was so familiar with the Marchioness, and had afterwards run away with a Merchant's Wife, as I observed before. No longer doubting but it was him, I cryed out, *What is it you Father Andrew? by what Accident do I find you here, and in such an Employment?* These Words disturbed him mightily; wherefore for fear I should continue my Exclamations, he made me a sign to hold my Tongue, on account of the Soldier, who likewise seemed surprized at what I had said. Then he asked me in *Flemish*, which the Soldier being a *French* Man did not understand, who I was, and where I had seen him. I answered him, that I had lived with the Marquis whose House he frequented, when that Nobleman lived at *Brussels*, that I had often spoke to him there, and having told him my Name, he easily recollected me. I also acquainted him by what extraordinary Accident I happened to be in Prison, and how in spite of my Innocence, I expected to end my Days upon a Scaffold. Hereupon after a little Consideration he told me, he would deliver me from my Trouble, and that after having dismissed the Soldier, who might prevent him in his Design, he would soon return to me. Thereupon changing his Language he bid me, in the Tone of a Provost, make haste and eat my Victuals, for he had other Business than to keep me Company. I dispatched then my poor Pittance, after which he chained me as before, and went out with the Soldier. I expected his Return with
the

the greatest Impatience imaginable, every Moment seeming an Age to me, and thinking every little Noise I heard, that it was my Deliverer come to break my Chains. At last I heard my Prison Door open, and a Man enter in the Dark, whom upon his striking a Light I knew to be Father *Andrew*. He bid me make no Noise, and speak low, because the Tower where we were was near the City Ramparts, and just by a Centinel. He immediately enquired after what had happened at *Brussels* since his Absence, which when I had informed him in a few Words, he told me we must wait till Midnight, that we might execute the design he had formed with less Risque, because the Moon would be then set, and we might take Advantage of the Darkness to wade thro' the Ditch at a place where he knew the Water would not be above our Middle. *As I had a great mind to know why he would escape likewise, it made me ask his Reasons for it; and as we were full two Hours too soon to attempt our Flight; he was willing to satisfy me, and even promised me an Abridgment of his Life. Wherefore after having unchained me, that I might hear him with more Ease, he began thus.

CHAP. V.

The History of Monbrun, or Father Andrew; Mirandor makes his Escape with him.

MY Father was a good Gentleman of *Burgundy*, of the House of *Monbrun*, and related to the Counts of *Lucerne*. He behaved himself so well in the Army, to which he belonged, that he had a Regiment before he was thirty Years old, and would probably in a little Time have arrived at the highest military Employments; if a Musket-ball at the Siege of *Rochelle* had not deprived him of Life, and his four poor Children of the best Father in the World. As soon as my Mother heard the news of his Death, she quitted *Geneva*, where we had always lived, and retired to an Estate which my Father had left her, about a League from that City. As her Husband had left her but a small Income, she listened to the proposal of Marriage made to her by a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, because he was counted very Rich. But she had hardly lived with him three Months, before she very much regretted her changing her Condition; for her Husband giving himself up to Gaming, and all manner of Debauchery, ruined himself entirely in less than two Years. That he might continue the same Course of Life, he would have seized on my Mother's Estate; but as she loved us entirely, she opposed

posed it strenuously, and told him plainly, she would never suffer him to reduce her poor Children to Beggary; which flat refusal nettled him to the quick. From that Time forward he was our mortal Enemy, and used us in such a manner, that if our Mother had not come to our Assistance, he would often have killed, or at least lamed us. The first of us four who shook off the Yoke, was my Sister, who being six Years older than I, and having some Beauty, was desired in Marriage by a Gentleman who was very easy in his Circumstances, and my Mother very joyfully consented to it.

A little while after, those of the Reformed Religion of that Province, sent the Count de Clermont to Court to intercede for them, and endeavour to obtain them certain Privileges. As my Mother suffered very much in seeing how her Husband abused her Children, and especially me, against whom he seemed to have the most Spleen, she begged the Count to do her the Favour to take me as his Page, to which he consented. You may imagine I was infinitely rejoiced at being delivered from the Tyranny of my Father-in-law, and entering into the Service of a Nobleman of Merit, who had me Cloathed very handsomely, and took me with him to *Paris*. But my Satisfaction was not of long continuance, for after two Months residence at Court, the Count having overheated himself in Hunting fell sick, and died three Days afterwards at *Versailles*. He had ordered his Steward before his decease to have his Body transported

to

to *Geneva*, where his Lady was, and to give all his Servants Money to return home if they would, charging him in particular to take me with him, and deliver me to my Mother: But I would have gone to the Worlds-End, rather than have returned again into the Power of my inhumane Father-in-law. Fortunately for me, the Marquis of *Montausier* was ordered by his Majesty to visit the Garrisons in *Picardy*. As he was by his Wife pretty nearly related to the Count de *Clermont*, and they had been very good Friends, by the Recommendation of our Steward I got to be his Page. We spent the whole Summer in going from one Town to another, and after having executed the Orders of the Court, returned to *Paris* in the beginning of Winter.

Two Years I continued in that Nobleman's Service, when being eighteen Years old, and two big for a Page, I begged my Master to get me an Ensign's Commission. As this was not very difficult for him, he soon procured me one in the Regiment of *Roquelaure*, which was in Garison at *Alencon* in *Normandy*. He had also the Generosity to present me with fifty Pistoles and a good Horse. Being arrived at the Regiment, I was very well received by the Colonel and all the Officers; and my Lieutenant dying within a Year, I had his Post, and soon after our Regiment was ordered into *Catalonia*. There a Fever having taken off our Colonel, and his Majesty breaking every Day some Regiment, ours underwent the same Fate, and I was discharged one of the first. Hereupon I returned to
Paris.

Paris, hoping that the Marquis *de Montausier* would get me again into the Service: but he told me he was too much my Friend to flatter me with vain hopes and make me spend my Money to no purpose, wherefore he advised me to go to *Flanders* or *Brabant*, where the King of *Spain* was raising a great many Men, to put strong Garrisons in his Frontier Towns. He added that as I was a Stranger there, he would give me a Letter of Recommendation to the Prince of *Vaudemont* with some Money to carry me on my Journey: Accordingly he kept his Word, for he gave me a Letter with a handsome Purse. As soon as I arrived at *Brussels*, where the Prince of *Vaudemont* then was, I went to pay my Respects to his Highness, and presented him the Letter; which as soon as he had read, he told me in a very obliging manner that he would employ all his Credit to do the Marquis any pleasure, and that he would mention me to the Governour that very Day. Accordingly in a little Time he obtained me a Company in a *Walloon* Regiment in the *Spanish* Service, which was in Garrison at *Mechlin*. After the Governour had delivered me my Commission, I set out for that City, and lodged in one of the best Inns, where I found a Captain of a *Spanish* Regiment who was nearly related to the Governour, and whose Name was *Don Pedro della Sylva*. Tho' he was a *Spaniard* and I a *Frenchman*, we became soon acquainted, used to be most commonly together, and often went in Company to visit the Ladies of that City. The Familiarity

liarity wherewith we lived, induced him very soon to disclose his Heart to me, and he one Day informed me that he was distractedly in Love with a young Citizen who was very handsome and perfectly agreeable. His extolling her so highly made me have an Inclination to see her, and I had no difficulty to persuade him to give me that Satisfaction. The same Day that I desired it of him he made me pass by the House where she lived, with her Father, who was a dealer in Ribbons and other *French* Manufactures. She happened to be then in the Shop, and having Time enough to examine her well, I found her infinitely handsomer than *Don Pedro* had described her. This sight caused an Emotion in me, which I had much ado to conceal; when we were gone some steps from thence he asked me what I thought of her; I replied that he had a very good Fancy, and that she was a Person altogether amiable. He told me that he had been often there to buy some trifles; but that he never yet could have an opportunity to speak to her in private; because her Father and Mother were continually in the Shop, and watched her very narrowly, because several Officers had a design upon her, and came often to buy things at the Shop, that they might have an Opportunity of seeing and speaking to her.

I could not rest all that Night, my Mind being wholly taken up with this charming Object; wherefore as soon as 'twas Day I rose up, with a resolution to do like the rest, and go and buy some parcel at her Shop. I had

had the good Fortune to find her alone, and asked her for some Ells of rose coloured Ribbon, which she shewed me, and cutting off what I wanted, folded it up in a Paper, and presented it to me with an admirable Grace. Hereupon I could not forbear kissing her white fubby Hand, just at the Time that the jealous *Don Pedro* passed by the Door. Being informed at our Inn that I arose and went out betimes, he had some suspicion that I was gone to see this young Woman, and seemed very much confounded at finding me already there, insomuch that he passed by without moving his Hat. A Moment after her Father coming into the Shop, I was obliged to retire, and going out found *Don Pedro* waiting for me at the end of the Street. He came up to me with a fierce Air, and told me that he could not have believed me capable of abusing his Confidence in me, in such a manner as to make my self so familiar with a Person with whom he had owned himself in Love. I answered, that I had not been to visit her with design to do him any prejudice, but only to try, by buying a Trifle of her, if she had as much Wit as she had Beauty. He replied, I might have easily discovered that without kissing her Hand, and that that Liberty displeased him very much. Seeing with what an Air he spoke these Words, I could not forbear Laughing in his Face; which putting him in a greater Passion, he said with yet more Haughtiness, that if I would continue his Friend, I should take care never more to set Foot in her Shop, or otherwise I should repent

repent it. But I told him in a serious Tone, that however valuable his Friendship was, I would not put any constraint upon my self for him, that I did not expect to have him prescribe Laws to me, and that I would go wherever I pleased. We should have pecked more at one another, had it not been for the Arrival of some Gentlemen of our Acquaintance, who obliged us to change our Discourse.

From that Time the jealous *Spaniard* watched me every where, I could not stir a Foot out of Doors, but either he or his Footman was at my heels; besides which, no longer taking any pleasure in my Company, he soon changed his Inn. About the same Time the Captains having received Orders to new-cloath the Soldiers, I resolved to buy the Hats, Gloves, Belts, and other things necessary for my Company at the Fair one's Father's, that I might thereby have more opportunity to see this amiable Creature, wherein I succeeded. I spoke to her several times, and discovered my Love to her, at which she did not seem displeased. The watchful *Don Pedro* being soon informed of our interviews, resolved to embroil Matters at any rate; wherefore he began by buying at the same Shop all that he wanted for his Company; and as he had thereby an opportunity to speak to my Charmer, he advised her to take care of herself and avoid me, because I was a very dangerous Man, and loved to brag every where that I had received the last favour of young Women, to whom I had never spoken but once. *Mariana*, for that
was

was her Name, acquainted me the same Day
 with what he had said; at which I laughed
 very heartily, and told her the *Spaniard's* Mo-
 tive for endeavouring to give her an ill
 opinion of me, which she believed, and de-
 spised him. From that Time our Familiarity
 increased to that degree, that I had reason to
 flatter my self I should in a short Time pos-
 sess that Blessing wherein a Lover's Happiness
 consists. The more her Love to me increased,
 the stronger her Aversion grew to *Don Pedro*;
 and she let him see it, both by her scornful
 Treatment of him, and the Complaisance she
 affected to have for me in his Presence.
 Wherefore being incensed both against her
 and me, and seeing we had such a good Un-
 derstanding with each other, he resolved to
 speak to her Father. Hereupon he went to
 him, and told him that as he interested him-
 self very much in all that regarded him, he
 thought it proper to inform him, that some
 Days before I had boasted in open Company
 that I had lain with his Daughter, wherefore
 he advised him to forbid me his House, or
 otherwise his Daughter's Reputation would
 be lost. The Father, who had already taken
 Umbrage at my frequent Visits, did not doubt
 the Truth of what *Don Pedro* had related to
 him; wherefore he forbid his Daughter's
 speaking to me, or appearing any more in
 the Shop; and sent me immediately Home
 all that I had given him Orders for. By these
 Changes I imagined easily that *Don Pedro* had
 been playing some Tricks to disturb us in our
 Loves; and was soon confirmed in it by a
 Letter

Letter *Mariana* sent me privately by her Servant *Joconde*. She wrote to me to come at Midnight to a Door that was behind their House, where I should find her with her Servant; and she begged me to be very obliging to *Joconde*, that I might gain her over to our Interests, she not being able to do any thing unknown to her, because they lay together.

Accordingly I did not fail carressing the Servant highly, and begged her earnestly to be assisting to us in our Amour. To add more weight to my Words, I thrust a Pistole into her Hand, which she took after some little Compliments, and dropping me a low Curtesy, swore she would do her utmost for me, and be inviolably faithful to us. I expected the appointed Hour with the greatest Impatience in the World; which being at last come, I went with my Footman to the place of Rendezvous, where I found *Mariana* waiting for me with her Servant. She told me what *Don Pedro* had said to her Father, and we continued discoursing of our Love till Day-break, when we were obliged to part, with a Promise to meet again at the same Place the Night following. These Interviews lasted several Nights together; but at last the suspicious *Spaniard* judging we had too good an Understanding together not to see each other somewhere, or else to write, left no Stone unturned to discover the Truth. To this end he endeavoured to sift *Joconde*, and making some Pistoles glitter in her Eyes, pressed her to discover what she knew of our Intrigues. As she was not Proof against such an Attack, she

he yielded, and told him all that had passed between us. *Don Pedro* being enraged that I had thus supplanted him, resolved to revenge himself by my Death; to which intent one Night, as I went according to Custom to meet *Mariana*, I was attacked by him in Company with two others, and run thro' the Arm before I could put my self in a posture of Defence. Being always apprehensive that *Don Pedro*, according to the Custom of his Country, would assault me treacherously, I had taken my Precautions against it. For whenever I went on these Nightly Visits, I carried always a pair of pocket Pistols with me, as well as my Servant, to defend our selves from any insult that might be offered us. Feeling my self wounded, and having distinguished my Rival by the light of the Moon, I fired at him, and made him fall; whereupon his two Companions immediately fled. I went up to *Don Pedro*, to see in what Condition he was, but was in Despair, at finding that he had already given up the Ghost.

In the mean while, the Patrol coming up at the report of the Pistols, I was obliged to quit the Place as fast as possible, and began to run my self one way, and my Man another. Knowing that *Don Pedro* was very much respected, and of great Quality, I judged very well that I should have no Quarter if I were taken, wherefore the best thing for me would be to take Refuge in some Convent; and happening to be by that of the *Capuchins*, just when the Bell rung to Prayers, and consequently they were all awake, I knocked as hard

hard as I could at the Gate, and it was opened to me just at the Moment that the Soldiers, who pursued me, were going to lay hold of me. Assoon as they saw me entered they were obliged to return; and the Guardian being informed of my Misfortune, had my Wound dressed, and put me to Bed. Next Morning *Don Pedro's* Death was spread all over the Town, and 'twas reported that I had killed him treacherously. The News was carryed to the Governour to whom he was nearly related, who sent Orders to the *Capuchins* to deliver me up into the Hands of Justice, but they were not obliged in such Cases to obey even the King of *Spain*, much less one of his Governours. But when they were told that I was a *Huguenot*, they did not think it proper to draw upon themselves the Governour's Anger for a Heretick. Insomuch, that the Provost with his Archers being come before the Gate of the Convent, the Moment was come wherein the *Capuchins* were going to deliver me up into their Hands. Hereupon Death, which was inevitable, seemed so dreadful to me, that in such an Extremity, I said to the Fathers, that if they would not deliver me up into the Hands of Justice, I would not only change my Religion, but even take the Habit of their Order. The Service they thought they should render God by the Conversion of an Heretick, made them accept my Proposal with Joy; Wherefore the Provost and his *Satellites*, were obliged to return as they came without their Prey. After having abjured my Religion, they

they gave me the Habit of the Order, the Cowl, and the Sandals, with the Name of Brother *Andrew*, altho' my Christian Name was *John*. I served as a Lay Brother two Years, during which it was with great difficulty I submitted to all their Rules. It was a quite new Thing to me, not to be suffered to Sleep above two or three Hours at a Time, to be obliged to go bare-legged in the depth of Winter, and eat Bread that was first begged. But as one grows us'd to every Thing in Time, I at last knew so well how to imitate their devout Fooleries, that I soon passed amongst them for a Saint, tho' at the Bottom of my Heart I was still of the Reformed Religion, and laughed in my Sleeve at them, and their Rules. During all my Noviciate, I could not speak to my Dear *Mariana*, because my Habit restrained me.

Two Years being thus past, I obtained of our General, who was newly come from *Rome*, the Liberty of saying Mass, and hearing Confessions; and a little after one of my Companions and myself were exchanged, with two other Fryars of *Brussels*, who came to take our Places at *Mechlin*. I had not been long in that City, when the Father Confessor of the Marchioness, with whom you lived, happening to dye, she chose me in his stead. Being soon informed by her, in her Confession, of the Commerce she had with her Husband's *Valet de Chambre*. As she was not quite disagreeable, and I had kept a long Fast, I had a mind to have a Taste likewise, and making use of this Discovery, pushed my Point, and obtained my Ends sooner than

than I could have expected, for she was extremely easy, and would take up with any Thing. When we are in a place where we may laugh our fill without fear, continued Father *Andrew*, I will relate to you the pleasant Scene which happened one Day in your Lady's Chamber, on account of a cursed Cat, which caused me a great deal of Pain, and found the charitable Marchioness some Employment. Having told him that I was present, and had seen the whole Transaction, we could not forbear laughing, after which he thus continued his Story.

A little after, your Lady happened to die, and at last the Marquis returned to *Ghent* with all his Family. In the mean while, I impatiently waited a favourable Opportunity of making my Escape from the Convent, and returning into my own Country; for I had heard by Chance from one, who had been lately in those Parts, that my Mother and eldest Brother were dead, and that the youngest had seized on the whole Estate, because nobody knew what was become of me. If we had Time, added Father *Andrew*, I could divert you with a Thousand Enormities which our Capuchins daily committed. I can assure you, there was hardly one who was not a Whoremonger, and did not indifferently abuse both single and married Women, and even sometimes go to Brothels, on Pretence of converting the Prostitutes in those Places.

One Day when I was sitting in my Confessional, I saw a Woman come up to me, who, as soon as she kneeled down, seemed to me to

be the same *Mariana* whom I had so tenderly loved, and on examining her narrowly, I no longer doubted but it was the same. As much overjoyed as I was to see her so near me, I would not immediately discover my self to her, nor ask what had brought her into that City. Wherefore I let her confess herself, and after having given her Absolution, she would have withdrawn; but I detained her, and begged her likewise in her Turn to hear my Confession. These Words and my Voice struck her with Surprise, whereupon observing me attentively, she was in the utmost Astonishment on finding I was the same dear Lover whose Loss she had so much regretted. Being at last a little recovered, she told me, she had left no Stone unturned to endeavour to speak to me after the Affair at *Meeblin*, but that having never been able to find an Opportunity, she had been obliged to obey her Father's Orders, and marry a Merchant of *Brussels*, who was in very good Circumstances, and had brought her into that City. After she had protested, with Tears in her Eyes, how much she was concerned at my being forced to turn Capuchin for her sake, and I had made fresh Protestations of the tenderest Love, she told me her Abode, and gave me leave to visit her. Accordingly I did not fail next Day; and found her Husband with her, who being informed that I was his Wife's Father Confessor, withdrew out of Respect to my long Robe, and my Beard, believing that my Business there, was only to give her some Instructions about her Confession. He was

hardly gone out of the Room when I leaped about my dear *Mariana's* Neck, and she clasping me tenderly in her Arms, we swore an eternal Love to each other. Thereupon I advised her to pretend to her Husband that I should come and spend an Hour with her every Day, to give her some Lessons of Piety, which the good Man readily believed. Inso much that having all manner of Liberty, *Mariana* gave herself up entirely to me, and she found my Lessons infinitely sweeter than those her Husband taught her.

Want of Money had till then prevented the Design I had long had of quitting the Convent; and I then believed *Mariana* might supply me with enough for that Purpose. The familiarity wherewith we lived together made me discover my Resolution to her, and even desire Money of her to buy me Cloaths, and carry me on my Journey. This Design at first astonished her, and she did her utmost to dissuade me from it; but finding that I was determined in my Resolution, in Spite of her Prayers and Tears, she said, that rather than be parted from me, she would follow me all over the World, not being able to live with a Man whom her Parents had forced her to marry, and to whom consequently she was not obliged to keep her Fidelity inviolable: She added, that she could easily provide herself Money enough to maintain us the rest of our Lives. This bold Proposal at first terrified me; to carry off a Wife from her Husband seemed to me too wicked an Action; but however, the ardent Desire I had to quit my Habit, and the

the Love I had to *Mariana*, soon stifled all my Scruples.

Assoon then as I had consented to her Proposal, for Joy she leaped about my Neck, and gave me a hundred Kisses; after which we consulted a long Time, how we should put our Design in Execution. We were the most puzzled how to get a Horse; she did not understand how to buy one, neither was it convenient for her to do it; and if I undertook it, that must necessarily cause Suspicion; and the more, because those of our Order are forbid touching Money, and enjoyned by their Rules only to Travel on Foot. Wherefore, it was resolved that she should herself hire a Waggon, and on pretence of going to Mass, leave *Brussels* at break of Day, and wait for me at a certain place a quarter of a League out of Town. Matters being thus settled, she bought at a Broker's a handsome Suit of Cloaths, with the whole Equipage of a Cavalier; and I carried it all, Piece by Piece, under my long Robe into my Cell, where I hid it under some Boards.

The Night before we were to put our Design in Execution, whilst all in our Convent were in a profound Sleep, I cut my Beard as close as I could, and having dressed myself from Head to Foot, slipped softly into the Garden, where unfortunately I met with one of the Fryars, who no doubt had risen for his Occasions. The Sight of him confounded me very much, especially when taking me for a Thief that was come to rob the Church, he had the Courage to seize me by the Arm,

and call out as loud as he could for Help. The imminent Danger wherein I was of being taken in that Dress, forced me to make a Virtue of Necessity, wherefore I struggled hard, and disengaging my self, drew my Sword (which *Mariana* had taken care to provide me) and gave him several Cuts, which made him run full Speed towards the Convent, crying out *Thieves, Thieves*. I then lost no Time; but quickly leaped over the Wall, by the help of some large Nails which I had fixed there the Day before for that Purpose, This done, I went directly to the City Gate, and it being but two in the Morning, I took up my Lodging upon a Bulk till Day break, and when it was opened, hastened to the place of Rendezvous, where I waited above two Hours without seeing *Mariana* appear.

I could not comprehend what had occasioned this so unseasonable Delay; wherefore a Thousand *Chimera's* crowded into my Brain, and I imagined our Design was discovered. But at last when I was in Despair at my not having a Penny to continue my Journey, and resolved to go back to the City, I saw a Waggon come, which proved to be *Mariana's*. As soon as I was got into it, we ordered the Waggoner to drive as fast as he could to *Halle*. I then asked my Mistress why she had staid so long; and she told me, that being come to the City Gate at break of Day, the Centinel would not let her pass, because the Governour had given Orders not to let any One whatever go out without knowing their Names, and informing him thereof, because
that

that Night a Capuchin had made his Escape; insomuch that she was obliged to wait at the Gate till the Governour had sent Permission. She then shewed me a little Trunk full of Ducats and Pistoles, for which she had given Silver the Day before without her Husband's Knowledge, and gave me a Bag of Crowns and other Silver to serve us on the Road. In the mean while, we begged the Waggoner to drive hard, because *Mariana* having been obliged to tell her Name at the Gate, her Husband might find which Way she was gone, and so pursue us. Being arrived at *Halle*, We did our utmost to persuade the Waggoner to carry us to *Ath*, both because we would not lose Time in hiring another, and for fear the Man on his Return to *Brussels*, should tell what Road We had taken. But whatever Recompence we could promise him, there was no persuading him, because he would return to his Wife, to whom he said he had been married but a Week. Being obliged then to let him go, we spent a full half Day before we could find another; and having at last hired one, we spurred on our new Waggoner so much to recover our lost Time, that with hard driving one of his Wheels broke within a League of *Halle*, and we were overturned, *Mariana* receiving a Contusion in her Shoulder, and I in my Leg.

Whilst the Waggoner was employed in mending the Wheel, we saw at a Distance some Horsemen coming after us; amongst whom *Mariana* soon perceived her Husband, which put us in a terrible Consternation. Seeing

then that it was no longer Time to think of flying with her, and not being ignorant that it would cost me my Life if I was seized, my Resolution was soon taken. I offered then the Waggoner, for one of his best Horses, all the Money *Mariana* had given me, and shewed him the Bag, but however I had the Precaution first to take out a large handful for my most pressing Occasions. He accepted the Offer very willingly, and quickly unharnessing one of his Horses, I got upon it, after having taken leave of my poor Mistress, and given her in great Haste a Kiss, and my Blessing. *Mariana* being in Despair at seeing herself thus abandoned, conjured me not to forsake her in such a dismal Condition, and to stop till she could get up behind me; but the Danger was too urgent for me, wherefore without listening to her Prayers, I rid away full Speed, and about Night found my self in a Wood, where I was surrounded by some *Spanish* Troopers, who not only took away my Horse, but stript me to my Shirt. After this new Disaster, my Fear of being overtaken by those who pursued me, made me make the best of my way forward, and at last I arrived at *Ath*, where I thought my self safe, altho' the City belonged to the *Spaniards*. The miserable Condition I was then in, obliged me to take a Musket, being resolved to serve till I should get Money enough to carry me on my Journey into my own Country. After having been some Time at *Ath*, our Company was sent to *Conde*, and as I had always performed my Duty well, I was rewarded

rewarded with a Corporal's place. I did not grow very rich in that Post; but some Time after being removed to *Arras*, I made my Court so well to my Colonel, and Captain, that I obtained the Office of Provost. I have enjoyed that Place above a Year with an Ensign's Pay, and I have now Money enough to carry me to *Paris*, where I hope to find some Friend who will supply me with as much as is necessary to pursue my Journey. In the mean while, I am overjoyed that in endeavouring to procure my own Liberty, I have also an Opportunity of forwarding your Escape.

Here *Monbrun* concluded the History of his Adventures; and as he judged it was Time to think of going, he bid me follow him. Hereupon we went down a good number of Steps, and after having opened the Door of the Tower, which he shut after him, that seeing it open might give no Suspicion to any Soldier that should happen to pass by, we went to that Part of the Ditch where we were to cross. As, in our wading thro', the Centinel heard some Noise in the Water, he called out several times *who goes there?* but no Body answering, he fired at us, tho' without touching us, taking us perhaps for Deserters. The Report of the Gun alarmed the whole Garrison, and we heard the Drums beating on all sides; which made us hasten forward very fast, for all our wet Cloaths, and we took the Road to *Cambray*. We had hardly walked two Hours, when being entered into a Wood, we heard some Horses

F 5

behind

behind us, which we thought were sent in Pursuit of us. As poor *Monbrun* was not so nimble as I, and his Limbs were grown something stiffer than mine, by the Cold he had suffered when a Capuchin, I left him behind, and having my own Preservation more at Heart than his, turned off as swift as the Wind from the High-way, which We had hitherto kept, and found my self at break of Day in the open Country near a Field, where I hid my self amongst the Corn. The Night following I again set forward, leaving *Cambrai* on my left, and made such Haste, that next Morning I found my self in the King of *France's* Territories. There seeing a Country-man's Waggon pass by, which was going to *Peronne*, I got therein to rest me, being ready to sink with Weariness; and half an Hour after the *Brussell's* Coach overtaking us, and going to *Paris* with but three Passengers, I took that Opportunity, thanking Heaven for having so happily escaped so many Dangers.





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK IX.

CHAP. I.

Mirandor not finding Clarice at Paris, follows her to Lyons; He meets with an extraordinary Architect.

BEING arrived at *Paris* about dark, I spent that Night at the Inn where the Coach put up, not being willing the Count *d'Aspremont* should know of my Return, or the Motive of my Journey, and I expected Day break with great Impatience. I could have wished to have gone immediately to my dear *Clarice*, but the Hour seemed unseasonable; and besides, having not only lost my Horse near *Arras*, but my Cloak-bag wherein I had my best Cloaths, I durst not appear before my Charmer in a Traveling Habit. Wherefore rising betimes, I sent for a Taylor, and having bought Cloth to make a very handsome Suit, he promised it should be ready by next Morning, and kept his Word, contrary to the Custom of those

those of his Profession. Being dressed I went towards *Clarice's*, being ravished before-hand with the Thoughts of the pleasure I should have in Embracing her; but my Joy was of short Continuance; for a Neighbour seeing me knock at the Door, told me that the Lady who had lodged there, having finished all her Affairs, had been set out for *Lyons* about two Months with her Daughter and all her Domesticks. This News thunder-struck me; after so many Troubles and Dangers as I had undergone, instead of receiving a thousand tender Kisses of my Mistress to comfort me, I found my self on a sudden a hundred Leagues from her, and must travel many a Mile if I intended to see her. Hereupon I did not consult long upon what I had to do, but resolved to follow her as fast as possible, having first bought two more handsome Suits, that I might make the better Appearance before *Clarice's* Father. To that end I also hired a Footman, and bought two good Horses, and as the *Lyons* Carrier was not to set out till three Days afterwards, my Impatience made me begin my Journey without him, altho' I did not know the Road.

I set out then at break of Day, as soon as I was equipped to my Fancy, and travelled so hard that we arrived in the Evening at a Village above eleven Leagues from *Paris*. Being heartily tired, I desired a Bed of the Landlord of the Inn where we stopt, before I asked for any Supper. But he did not speak to the Advantage either of the one or the other: for as few Travellers passed that way, and he did not
use

use to lodge any but common People, who were contented with lying upon a Truss of Straw, and Supping upon a crust of Bread, neither his Bed nor his Table were fit to entertain a Person who made my Appearance. However, after having Eat a mouthful of such as the House afforded, the Landlord conducted me into a Chamber, and shewed me a Dog-hole of a Bed, whereof he said only half was at his disposal, the other half belonging to a Man who had eaten with me, and had entirely the Air of a Quack of the lowest Class, tho' he was not one. As forbidding as the Look, and as ragged as the Cloaths were of the Person whereof he spoke, yet they did not disgust me so much as the fear of his having too many Companions under his Shirt, which might make me a troublesome visit. Whilst I was considering what Resolution I should take, he Man in Question entered the Room, and made me Bow so humble and so low, that I thought my self obliged in Return for his Civility to allow him to be my Bed-fellow. The Inn-keeper being overjoyed at seeing we were come to such a good Understanding, would have retired after having wished us a good Night, when my Unknown desired him to bring him Pen, Ink, and Paper, which, as he said, he wanted before he could go to Bed; but our Landlord swore that he had nothing but a bit of Chalk in his whole House, to make what Memorandums were necessary in his Business. Being left alone then, I undressed my self, and leaped into Bed, whilst the other did nothing but walk

walk up and down the Room, making a thousand Grimaces and Motions, as if he had been earnestly in discourse with some body. This hindering me from Sleeping, I at last begged him to come to Bed, because as long as he walked up and down it would be impossible for me to get a Wink of Sleep. Hereupon he asked me pardon, and added, that the weighty Affairs he had in his Head, took up his Thoughts extremely, which said, he began to undress him. Altho' he was stript to his Shirt, he neither pulled off his Hat nor his Perruque, and having extinguished the Candle, laid himself down by me in that Equipage, I thought this so whimsical that I could not forbear laughing; but he without giving himself the Trouble to ask me the Reason, had hardly stretched himself out, when he began to snore heartily; at last his Drowsiness exciting mine, we snored who should snore loudest.

However, this did not last long, for about Midnight, I felt my self pulled by the Arm, and my Gentleman asked me if I had not a Tinder-box to strike a Light, because that in his Sleep a Thought of the greatest Importance was come into his Head, upon which he had been puzzling in vain above a Month. I answered him that I never carried such an Utensil about me, and that it was my Custom to sleep all Night without disturbing the Repose of others. Hereupon without making any Reply, he leaps out of Bed, goes to the Chamber door, and begins to bawl as loud as he could for a Light. All the House being in a sound Sleep, none made him any Answer but

but a great Dog, who gave him to understand in his Language, that if he was nigh him he would stop his hollowing. My Gentleman not minding the Dog, continued still calling for a Candle, and as all were silent, being out of Patience, he resolved to go down and fetch one himself; but as some Steps were wanting in the Stairs, which were very old, he had the misfortune to fall from Top to the Bottom. He made such a Noise in tumbling, that the Landlord starting in a Surprize out of his Sleep, and hearing the Dog bark, thought there were Thieves in the House. Wherefore he leaped out of Bed, and arming himself with a long rusty Sword, ran to the Place where he thought he had heard the Noise, and meeting a Man under his Feet stumbled over him, and got a terrible fall. Not doubting but it was the Thief he sought for, he was going to dispatch him with a Thrust of his Sword, when the other understanding his Intention by some Words he spoke, held his Arm, and told him, that he was the Person who lay in such a Chamber; that he only got up to search for a Light, and promised that if he would give him one immediately, he would shew him the finest Discovery that had ever been made, which came into his Thoughts in his Sleep. The Landlord was most heartily provoked; he had broke two of his best Teeth in falling, and all for a rascally bit of Candle. He had a great inclination to have made himself Amends for his Loss, by some good Cuffs on the Chops of this Disturber of Mankind; but the

the other asking a thousand Pardons, and even promising to pay him for his Trouble, he was so good as to have Patience, and light him a Candle. They entered the Chamber together, altho' the Innkeeper, who seemed by no means pleased, would have gone first and washed his Face, which was all over bloody. But he stopt him by saying that his discovery was so admirable, that he must not lose a Moment in drawing the Plan of it, and that it could not be contemplated by too many Spectators, and that if he durst he would awaken all that were in the House, to have so many the more Admirers of such a fine and useful Invention.

Having opened the Bed Curtains, I thought I should have burst with laughing at seeing my Bedfellow in a dirty Shirt, all besmeared with the Landlord's Blood, his Perruque and Hat turned topsy-turvy upon his Head, and a Candle lighted in his Hand, walking up and down the Room without speaking a Word. My Landlord and I staring all the while at him, expecting what he would say. After he had walked several Turns up and down the Room, having found a piece of Coal in the Chimney, he came up to my Bedside, and thus addressed himself to me: "Sir, for want
 " of Pen and Ink, which the Landlord has
 " sworn by his Salvation he has not in the
 " House, I am obliged to make use of a Coal
 " to draw you the Design of a wonderful
 " Castle, the Plan whereof I will present to
 " the King, not doubting but he will reward
 " me nobly, for having invented a Thing so
 " neces-

" necessary for the welfare of his Subjects.
 " It consists in building a Castle upon the
 " Banks of the *Loire* in *Touraine*, of which
 " Country I am. I have long racked my
 " Brain about how I should make the Front,
 " to the end that this Master-piece may pass
 " for one of the Wonders of the World. At
 " last this very Night it came into my Head,
 " as if the Heavens had inspired it, to make
 " the whole Edifice square, with a Tower at
 " each Angle, and the Roof flat after the
 " manner of the *Italians*. But that which sur-
 " passes all Imagination, and wherein the
 " whole Wonder of the Invention consists, is,
 " that I will make the whole River of *Loire*
 " run over my Castle thro' large Pipes, and
 " by making some Iron Gratings therein, I
 " may catch as much Fish as I please in my
 " Hand, which I will sell at a cheaper rate
 " than they do at present, and shall thereby
 " gain vast Sums." I could not forbear
 Laughing at this ridiculous Imagination;
 which he perceiving, said, " Do not believe,
 " Sir, that I propose things which I can't
 " put in Execution; I am going to demon-
 " strate to you its Possibility." Thereupon
 he began to sketch out upon the Wall one
 of the most whimsical pieces of Architecture
 that has ever been seen; but the most diverting
 part of the Invention was to see the Contrivance
 of the Pipes thro' which the *Loire* was
 to pass. However, to humour him, I pre-
 tended to admire this noble Structure, and at
 last asked him if that was the Secret he in-
 tended to discover to the King; and who
 would

would supply him with Money to build such an Edifice? "Oh! that Secret answered he, is another Thing still, and I will impart it to you as soon as I am got in Bed, for these Inventions are not to be communicated to above one at most; neither would I discover it to you, if I did not know that you are going to *Lyons*, and that consequently I need not fear your informing his Majesty of it before me." As I had a great mind to know this important Mystery, I made a Sign to the Landlord to retire, which he did cursing, and saying that he was a great Fool for getting up to hear such idle Stories, and that instead of troubling himself about his new Building, Mr. Architect need only go to *Paris*, where he would find the Mad Houses ready for his Reception.

My Gentleman let him run on, and being again got into Bed, with his *Portuque* and Hat still upon his Head, he accosted me thus: "I have been lately informed, Sir, that the most Christian King has resolved to send a formidable Army against *Hiland*, to subdue that haughty Nation, which will not submit to the most powerful Monarch in the Universe. As I have travelled very much in that Country, I know their Strength, and their Weak-side better than any *Frenchman*. I know that in Twenty-four Hours they can lay most part of their Territories under Water, and drown all that shall happen then to be in the open Country. Wherefore if our Troops should advance too far in those Provinces, they may per-

haps

"haps be obliged to return to their own
 " Confusion, which will be a Shame to so
 " warlike a Nation as the *French*, and a
 " stinging Affront to our Glorious Monarch.
 " Therefore in Duty and Love to my brave
 " Country-men, I have racked my Brain, and
 " toiled Night and Day, to render the Sluices
 " and Inundations of our Enemies of no
 " Effect. I have contrived several Ways for
 " that purpose, but this is the best, which I
 " hope you will not divulge, for I don't
 " doubt making my Fortune by it; and as
 " for you, Sir, I believe you want nothing.
 " This Secret then consists in providing each
 " Soldier with a pair of large Cork Shoes,
 " which as you know, float very lightly up-
 " on the Water. They must be pitched
 " on all Sides, and by this means our Soldiers
 " may March on the Surface of the Waters,
 " without sinking in, or even wetting them-
 " selves. Thro' which means our King may
 " not only make himself Master of *Holland*,
 " but of *England* also, since his Army may
 " pass the Sea without being Wetshod, as the
 " *Israelites* did formerly. As his Majesty is
 " very generous, he will liberally reward a
 " discovery so highly conducing to his Glory,
 " and will at least present me with Ten
 " Thousand Pistoles, all which I will employ
 " in building my Castle, because the sale of
 " my Fish will reimburse it me at least in
 " one Year, and that is the Reason, conti-
 " nued he, why I intend to go to *Paris* to-
 " morrow, that I may my self discover my
 " Secret to the King.

When

When he had thus ended his Speech, tho' I had a great mind to contain my self, I could not forbear bursting into a loud Laughter, which vexed him so much that he turned his back upon me swearing, and said, that I rewarded his Goodness in a very ungrateful manner; since he even intended to have made me Superintendant of his Fishery, which Office he would now confer upon another. After which, as he held his Tongue, we both soon gave way to Sleep. But I did not rest long; for an Hour after my Man came to tell me it was the Time I ordered him to call me; Wherefore I arose immediately, altho' I had a great Inclination to Sleep a little longer; and paying my Landlord, and cursing my Bedfellow, I set out, taking my Way by *Casblon* in *Briar*, and so on to *Nevers*, where, I arrived at Noon.

CHAP. II.

He meets with an Unknown Lady, who entertains him with a moving Account of her Adventures.

ONE Night being very much fatigued; I resolved to take up my Lodging at a Village about six Leagues from *Monlins*. The Landlord received me with a gracious Countenance, and begged me, whilst Supper was getting

getting ready, to enter into a Room which he shewed me, where I should find a Lady who was but just arrived, and who intended to go away next Morning. On my going in, I saw the Lady leaning on her Elbow upon the Table, and her Footman standing behind her. She seemed very much surprized at seeing me enter, and rising from her Seat, made me a Curtesy with an Air, that made me judge she was no common Person. I begged her not to put any Constraint upon herself on my Account, and desired she would sit down again, but she would not, till I had taken my Seat likewise. Having told her that I was informed she intended to set out next Morning, I took the liberty to ask her what Road she travelled. She answered that she was come that Day from an Estate of hers about four Leagues off, and that she was resolved to go for *Moulins* at break of Day. The mournful Tone wherewith she uttered these few Words, moved me mightily, especially when a moment after she fetched a deep Sigh, and let fall some Tears. Hereupon I could not refrain saying that I perceived she was oppressed with some deep Sorrow, and begged her, if she thought it could be of any service to her, that she would have the Complaisance to disclose her Heart to me, assuring her I would do all that lay in my Power, even at the hazard of my Life, to serve her. She returned me many Thanks for my Offer, and the part I took in her Affliction, after which, having made her Servant retire, she went on thus:

Your

Your polite Behaviour, Sir, and your Offers of Service, which I believe come from your Heart, make me judge that you would be capable of performing your Promises, if I had Occasion for them, and I am persuaded one might intrust you even with things of greater Consequence than any I have to discover, without fearing your abusing the Confidence reposed in you; for which Reason I am going without Reserve to relate to you the Misfortunes which Fate has made me suffer. But before I come to them, 'tis proper to inform you, Sir, that I am of the Illustrious House of *Tonerre*; and was born at *Grenoble* in *Dauphine*. My Father having had only two Daughters, whereof I am the Eldest, no Cost was spared to give me a handsome Education. My Mother had contracted a strict Friendship with a Widow of great Quality, who had several Children, whereof the Eldest whose Name was *St. Clou*, was about my Age. Notwithstanding our Innocence, we were sensible of a Tenderness for each other, that is not usually seen between Children of our Years. Never did his Mother come to us, but *St. Clou*, would beg her to take him with her to play with me, and he would always bring me some Fruit, or some other little Present; and whenever I had any Thing, I did not fail sharing it with him: In a word, we did a thousand little Kindnesses to each other, a particular Account whereof would be tedious. This Inclination we had for each other grew stronger in Proportion with our Years, to that Degree that we were uneasy when not together.

of MIRANDOR. 117

ther. My Father and Mother soon perceived the mutual Friendship; but altho' *St. Clov* could not expect to inherit near so great an Estate as my self, they would not however, debar us of seeing each other, because *St. Clov* was a very pretty Youth, and his want of Fortune was made amends for by a Thousand fine Qualities. Alas! continued the Lady, why did not my Parents persevere in such good Sentiments? If they had not suffered their Eyes to be dazzled with Riches, I should not be at this Time the most unfortunate Woman upon Earth.

St. Clov had long had a Tutor, under whom he had made a considerable Proficiency, for he was a great lover of his Studies. As he was very desirous of advancing therein, and the Pupil at last knew as much as the Master, his Mother resolved to send him to some University, that he might perfect himself more in the Sciences. As much as he loved his Studies, he would have preferred staying with me, but he was obliged to obey his Tutors, who sent him to *Arles* in *Provence*, where he had an Uncle. When we were obliged to part, it was a most piercing Grief to us, and nothing but the Hopes of meeting again soon, and our promising to write often to each other, could have comforted us. Six Months being thus spent in a continual Correspondence by Letters, which only kept alive and increased our Tenderness. One Day a young Gentleman of *Valencia*, whose Name was *Montson*, came to *Grenoble* to take possession of an Estate: He was the most brutal and
most

most debauched Man in the World; spend his whole Life in Drinking, Gaming, and running after Prostitutes. As his Father and mine had always been good Friends, he was highly caressed at our House when he came to visit us. As soon as he saw me, he found in himself a greater Inclination for me than I could have desired, and he told me immediately that he loved, and would marry me. I thought this Declaration so frank and precipitate, that from that Time I conceived an Aversion against him, whereof I gave him Marks on all Occasions. But he did not trouble himself much about my Disdain, for he very rightly judged he should have my Father and Mother of his side, who were not ignorant how rich he was; and accordingly did not fail commanding me absolutely to shew him all imaginable Complaisance.

One Day when he came to see me, he told me, with a little more Politeness than was natural to him, that he should count himself the happiest Man upon Earth, if he could but obtain a place in my Heart, and spend his Days with a Person so amiable as me. I answered him very sharply, that if he placed his Happiness in that Point alone, he ought rather to reckon himself very miserable, because he might be assured that that would never come to pass. *However,* replied he, *it will be so in a few Days, for your Father has given me his Promise.* I returned, that whatever Obedience I owed my Father, he should gain nothing by all his Authority, for rather than I would take him for my Husband, I would

would have Recourse to a Sword or Poison. Have you then, said he, such an implacable Hatred against me? I don't know, answered I coldly, what my Sentiments may be precisely with regard to you; but this I know, that I have an Antipathy against you that will never change; wherefore I swear once more that I will suffer a Thousand Deaths rather than You are a little Fool, cryed he, interrupting me, and reddening with Spite and Anger. I will not, added he, stoop so low as to use Intreaties to endeavour to soften your haughty Temper, for I shall easily find other Means to reduce you to Reason. Thereupon rising up he went hastily out of the Room without taking Leave, and pulled the Door after him with such a force as made the whole House shake. After having reflected a little upon the Brutality of my Spark, I went to my Father, and begged him with Tears in my Eyes to deliver me from Montlyon's Importunities; I complained likewise of his Insolence, and conjured him not to Force my Inclinations. But this courteous Lover had already prevented me by speaking first, and prepossessed him so much against me, by complaining of my Usage to him, that my Father being incensed told me, after many Reproaches, that he would be obeyed, and that his Resolution was already taken to have me married to Montlyon in a few Weeks. Hereupon I fell at his Feet, I sobb'd, I begg'd, I conjur'd, and did all I could to move him; but all was to no purpose, and my cruel Father left the Room, telling me I knew his Will, and that I must resolve to obey him, or other-

wife expect with trembling the Punishment he would prepare for me. What could I do in such an Extremity? I could only have Recourse to Tears. Poor Consolation! At last I resolved to send Word to *St. Clou* how Matters went. This News pierced his Heart, he flew to *Grenoble*, came to visit me, and leaping about my Neck: *What Celia*, cryed he quite transported, for that is my Name, *can you be capable of violating the Oaths that you have sworn to me a thousand and a thousand Times?* Grief prevented his proceeding any farther. Whilst I reproached him for his Suspicions, my Father entered the Room leading *Montlyon* in his Hand, and *St. Clou* advancing to salute him, he told him that he should be very much obliged to him if he would never more set Foot within his Doors, nor visit his Daughter, because he had promised her to that Gentleman, pointing to *Montlyon*. *St. Clou* was intraged to the Soul at hearing such an abrupt Compliment made him in the presence of his Rival, to whom he was entirely a Stranger. However, in Respect to my Father, and me, he made no Reply, but giving *Montlyon* a look full of Fury, *Sir*, said he, with a haughty Air, *depend upon it as long as I live you shall never enjoy Celia. The first time I set Eyes on you, I'll put it out of your Power.* Thereupon he went out, *Montlyon* giving him no other Answer than a scornful Smile. He went then directly to a Neighbour's House, to wait his Rival's coming out; and as soon as he saw him appear, attacked him Sword in Hand, telling him he was a Man of his Word, and was going to perform his Promise. As
nothing

nothing can be more furious than Love animated by Despair, in vain did *Montlyon* do his utmost to defend his Life, his Enemy pressed so home upon him, that at last he ran him thro' the Body, and made him drop. I beheld all this Scene from my Window, and confess I was not sorry to see the Brute fall for whom I had such an Aversion; but I was in the utmost Agony for fear *St. Clous* should be seized. However he escaped, and having the good Luck to get out of Town, I soon heard from him that he was at a Friend's two Leagues from *Grenoble*.

Montlyon's Father being informed of his Son's disaster, quickly came to visit him; and the Physicians and Surgeons using their utmost Skill to cure him, succeeded, so that in seven or eight Weeks he was in a Condition to go abroad. When he was entirely recovered, the two Fathers would have our Marriage consummated without more delay, and a Priest was sent for. As soon as I saw him enter, and my Father had commanded me to give my Hand to *Montlyon*, or else be immured between four Walls the rest of my Days, I fell at the Feet of these two inexorable Fathers and conjured them, with Eyes flowing with Tears, to have Pity on me, and not deliver me up to a Man whom I hated worse than Death, and who would himself be miserable with me. But 'twas all in vain, I met with only Hearts of Stone, and they bid the Priest perform the Ceremony.

Here the afflicted Lady was interrupted by the Landlord's entering to lay the Cloth, and

bidding us take our Places; which done Mr. Innkeeper took his Seat by us without Ceremony, to honour us with his Company. The Lady would not at first make one, pretending that her Spirits were so oppressed, it would be impossible for her to swallow a Mouthful; but after much intreating she came at last with a negligent Air and sat down by me. My Landlord and I eat with such an Appetite, that she soon had a Mind to follow our Example; at which the Innkeeper was very glad, for if she would not have tasted his Supper, he would not have found his Account in it; and he was very sensible by his own Stomach that the less she eat, the better Meal he should make at the Lady's Expence. But in the End he was very sorry he had pressed her so much; for notwithstanding her mock Modesty at first, he saw by degrees a good Fowl of about three Pound weight disappear, and only the Carcase, very clean picked, remained upon the Plate of this poor squeamish Creature. In fine, Supper being over, the Cloth taken away, and the Landlord withdrawn, the Lady resumed her Story thus:

Finding then, Sir, I could prevail nothing on the Minds of my Tyrants, I let the Priest go on, fully resolved to rid my self soon of *Mont'yon* by Poison, or otherwise. I own this Design was unworthy a Woman of Honour; but to be tyrannized over to the degree that I was, to be forced to marry a brutal, insolent Debauchee, and violate a Promise so solemnly given and sworn to another, induced

dued with a thousand fine Qualities, and whom I loved so tenderly : is not all this sufficient to incite a Woman to Despair ? And the Authors of such forced Engagements, ought not they to be looked on as the sole Causers of the fatal Accidents which may follow ? I was married then to *Montlyon*, who immediately gave me evident proofs of the Rancour of his Heart, and used me the most barbarously in the World. Soon after *St. Clou* having obtained his Pardon, was at liberty to appear again at *Grenoble*. Hereupon my Husband, not thinking himself safe in a Place where he had such a formidable Enemy, who, according to the Report of some of his Friends, intended to attack him again, thought proper to leave that City, and retire with me to his Father's at *Valence*. This resolution, wherewith he acquainted me, reduced me to Despair, seeing that thereby I should be at a Distance from my dear *St. Clou*. I was obliged however to obey, and the Evening before our Departure, I wrote to my Lover by the Servant, who had always served us in our Amours, much to this Effect :

IF you can comprehend what Authority an inexorable Father has over the Mind of a weak unfortunate Daughter, you will not accuse me of Inconstancy nor Infidelity. You know how much I hate the Husband that has been imposed on me. I could indeed by my Death have avoided being united to so odious an Object ; but I could not thereby have performed the Promise I have so often made you, of delivering my self up entirely

to you, after having made you Master of my Heart. By preserving my Life, and ridding myself soon of your Rival, our Vows may be accomplished. We go to morrow to Valence; there I will endeavour to execute my Design, that I may thereby prove to you how sincerely devoted to you is the Heart of your faithful

CELIA.

Lucretia, for that was the Servant's Name, found the means to give this Letter to St. Clou, and brought me back this Answer:

I Do you justice, my dear Celia, one cannot call you perjur'd; Heaven forgives Crimes that are forced; nevertheless my Despair is so great at knowing you are in another's Arms, that it would soon send me to my Grave, if I did not do my utmost to support my self, that I may not suffer Montlyon to enjoy his Triumph in Peace, but my self deprive him of a Life that is yet more hateful to me than you. As nothing can animate and strengthen me so much in this Resolution as the Sight of You, I hope you won't take it ill, if I come sometimes to Valence to endeavour to meet you somewhere, which will be the greatest Consolation that can be received by the unfortunate but faithful

SAINT CLOU.

As soon as we were arrived at Valence, my Husband gave himself up to the most scandalous Debaucheries, and consumed good part of his Estate with a Creature, named *Jacinta*, whom he kept. His Affection to this Woman made

made him yet more barbarous to me; inso-
much that at Nights when he came Home
drunk, he would beat me, and revile me
in the most outrageous Manner. Being dis-
turbed at not seeing *St. Clon* come, not hear-
ing any News from him, I could not ima-
gine what to think; when at last, after a great
deal of Disquiet, a Woman to whom I had
ordered him to direct his Letters brought me
one from him. Herein he informed me, that
his Delay in coming proceeded from an In-
disposition which had confined him to his
Bed several Days; but that assoon as he was
able to stir abroad, he would fly to *Valence*.
to consult together how we might rid our
selves of *Montyon*. A few Days after this
News, my Husband received Advice that his
Uncle, who was an old Batchelour, was dead,
and had left him Heir to all his Possessions.
Assoon as he heard this, he would make me
go with him and live at one of the deceased's
Estates, not far from *Ville neuve*; and how
much soever I intreated him not to remove
me so far from my Parents, I was forced to
obey.

What provoked me most was, he took
with him his Concubine *Jacinta*, under the
Name of his House-keeper; and I was forced to
swallow this bitter Pill, as well as a great many
others. We set out then all of us, and arrived
at his Country Seat which is in the *Bourbon-*
nois; *Jacinta* finding how little Regard my
Husband had for me, endeavoured likewise to
chagrin me by all the ways imaginable. She
had the assurance to caress *Montyon* in my

Presence, and even to go to Bed with him before my Face. I should not have much valued that Article, if her having thus the Preference before me, had not rendered her so insolent that she used me as if I had been her Servant; wherein she was seconded by my Husband, who had the impudence to command me to obey her as the Mistress of the House.

All these repeated Provocations put me out of all Patience; however nobody pitied me but *Lucretia*, to whom I unbosomed my self, she having brought me up, and loving me tenderly. We had already been four Months in this Country without hearing any News of *St. Clou*, when one Day a Boy came to ask Charity at the Castle Gate, By chance I happened to be there; and as I was going to give him something, he asked if I was the Mistress of the House, to which having answered, yes, he clapt a Letter into my Hands which by the Character I knew to be *St. Clou*. The poor Boy having told me, that he had Orders to carry back an Answer, I promised him one, and went speedily in to read the Letter. Therein my Lover informed me that his Sickness had continued longer than he expected; but that having at last recovered Strength enough to go to *Valence*, he had been informed there of my Departure, and that he was come to *Ville-neuve* to such an Inn, where he begged me to meet him if I could, not daring to appear at my House. In my Answer I told him how much I was rejoiced at his Recovery, and being so near me, and promised, that

that on pretence of going to Mafs in the City, I would meet him at his Inn; this Answer I gave to the Beggar, and charged him to take great Care of it. But the fufpicious *Facinta*, who was a Spy upon all my Actions, and had been informed by *Montlyon* of the Affection *St. Clon* and I mutually bore each other, having feen the poor Boy deliver me a Letter, judged rightly from whom it came. Wherefore ſhe watched the Time when he retired, and ſent a Footman after, to tell him that the Lady who had given him the Letter, had ſent for it again to infert ſomewhat which ſhe had forgot, and bid him wait for it a Moment longer. Upon this the innocent Wretch delivered the Letter, which was carried by the Footman to *Facinta*, who, after *Montlyon* and ſhe had perufed it ſeveral times, ſealed it up again, and returned it to the Bearer.

Hereupon my two Enemies had a long Conſultation together, how they ſhould be revenged of *St. Clon* and me, and you ſhall ſee preſently what they reſolved on. Next Morning I did not fail taking Coach, on pretence of going to Mafs, being ſure *Montlyon* would not accompany me, for after he had the Miſfortune to have his Purſe ſtolen from him one Morning in the Church, he had ſworn never more to ſet Foot in it, which Vow he kept like a Man of his Word, and *Facinta* that ſhe might be agreeable to him every way, was not a jot more devout. I ſet out then alone with *Lucretia*, and the Footman that is now here, and getting out of the Coach, aſſoon as we entered the Town, I bid the

Coachman wait for me at the Church Door, and went directly with my two Attendants to *St. Clow's* Inn. There I was received by my Lover with inexpressible Transports; and I rewarded him for the Trouble of his Journey with a thousand Kisses. We continued a long time in each other's Embraces without being able to utter one Word, and were yet in this Extasy, when we saw *Montlyon* enter with a Pistol in his Hand, accompanied with two of his Friends. He immediately fired upon *St. Clow*, but missed him; whereupon he, having by chance left his Pistols upon the Table, snatched up one, and shot him thro' the Head. But one of the others soon served him in the same manner; for seizing the other Pistol, he fired upon him, and gave him a Wound that made him Stagger; after which *St. Clow*, tho' scarce able to support himself against the Wall, defended himself with his Sword as well as he could. In the mean while, seeing I could be no ways assistant to my dear Lover, I thought it best in common Prudence to make my own Escape, and taking advantage of the Confusion, I went out with my Footman. Finding before the Inn Door the Horses of *Montlyon* and his Friends, We took each of us one, and soon reached the City Gate without being pursued, because it was a great Holyday, and most People were at Church. Being got out of the Town, we concealed our selves in a Wood for three Days, and at last resolving to return to *Grenoble* to my Parents, I arrived here this Night. I think my self very happy in having met you

you, Sir, in this Inn, and flatter my self that being moved with my Misfortunes you will carry your Compassion so far as to be willing to defend me against the Insults that *Mont-lyon's* Friends may happen to offer me.

CHAP. III.

How fatal this meeting proved to Mirandor.

HERE the distressed Lady ended her Relation, and shed a Flood of Tears; whereupon I did my utmost to comfort her, and offered her my Service against any one whatever, after which, as it was late, we parted and went to Bed. As handsome as this disconsolate Beauty was, I was only touched with Compassion for her, for my heart being entirely devoted to *Clarice*, I took care not to found her, to know what her Character might be. I slept like a Man very much fatigued with his Journey, and my Footman being willing still to exceed me, would not vouchsafe to lend an Ear to the Landlord, when he came to tell him it was Time to rise. I was forced to get out of Bed first, and lug him by the Ears, to make him comprehend that he would oblige me very much if he would be pleased to give himself the Trouble to rise and saddle our Horses. I found the
Lady

Lady standing, and in Order, who told me that she had not closed her Eyes all Night, for thinking of her Misfortunes, and the Condition wherein she had left her dear *St. Clow*. After having Breakfasted together, and paid the Innkeeper, who exacted upon us a little, we got on Horseback, and took the Road to *Monlins*. The Lady's Servant, telling us he knew the Country very well, made us leave the High-way, and take another Road, which, he said, was not longer, and might hinder us from meeting with any unfortunate Accident. But as the Lady had given us to understand that she had galled herself a little by trotting too much the Day before, we were obliged to ride so softly, that Night began to draw on without our seeing *Monlins*, tho' it was but six Leagues from the place where we set out in the Morning. As the Way was very narrow, I rid before the Lady to remove the Branches, which might otherwise have struck her in the Face. But whilst I was employed in this Office, she shot me in the Back with a Pistol, and her Footman serving mine in the same manner, fetched him off his Horse. At the same Time I saw my self surrounded by several Horsemen, who rushing upon me from behind the Trees, soon deprived me of my Senses. What more they did to me I don't know; but some time after having recovered my Spirits, I found my self upon a heap of Leaves and Branches, without any other covering than my Shirt which was all over bloody. Thereupon I looked on all sides to see what was become of

of my Servant, and my Horses; at last I found him likewise in his Shirt, and already quite stiff. I leave any one to judge how melancholy my Condition must be; I was pierced thro' and thro', without Cloaths, and alone by Night in a Wood. However, as bad as my Condition was, the Love of Life made me contrive Ways to preserve it as long as I could. As my Wounds continued still bleeding, I tore my Shirt, and bound them up as well as I could, after which I got up being supported by a Branch of a Tree, which served me instead of a Stick, and began to walk softly along a narrow Path. The Cold I suffered, my extreme Weakness, and the exquisite Pain which my Wounds caused me were just going to make me sink, when at last being got out of the Wood, I heard some Dogs bark, and perceived a Light at a distance, which gave me Courage, as judging I could not be above a quarter of a Mile from some House. This adding fresh Strength to my wearied Limbs, after walking a little in the greatest Torture imaginable, I at length came to a Village, and knocked at the first House, which was that where I had first seen the Light, and where I heard somebody cry out very mournfully. After having knocked a good while at the Door, at last an old Woman came and opened it, who as soon as she saw my horrible Figure, gave a Shriek and would have shut it upon me, but that I had had the Thought to thrust my Stick between the Door and the Threshold, which made

made her run into the House shrieking louder than before.

I followed her, and entring into the Chamber where she had taken Refuge, saw a Woman sitting in an arm'd-Chair, with some Pillows at her Back, and two or three Women standing round her; who by her Complaints I found was in Travail. As soon as she set Eyes on me, she gave a terrible Shriek as well as her Companions, wherein she was not altogether in the wrong, for I was a very frightful Spectacle. Her fear was so great that she was immediately delivered, after having been three Days in strong Labour as I was informed afterwards. Such a speedy and happy Deliverance rejoiced them all extremely, and ceasing to be afraid of me, they gave me a thousand Blessings, as if I had immediately wrought this Miracle. Having but little Inclination to answer all their Compliments, I begged them to have the Charity to give me a Lodging. The old Woman who opened the Door to me, and was Mother to the Woman in Labour, swore there were but two Beds in the House, one of which was taken up by her Daughter, and the other by her self, so that even her Son-in-law had been obliged to lye that Night at the Tavern. She offered to conduct me thither, and assured me I should be well used, because the Vintner was her Son, after which she enquired by what Accident I came to be in such a deplorable Condition: But as I was quite spent, I begged her to lead me where

where I might get some Rest, and afterwards if I was able I would tell her what had befallen me. Thereupon the good Woman took me under the Arm, and lugged me along as well as she could to her Son's, where they were as much surprized at seeing me in that Equipage as at the first House. A Company of Peasants, who had spent the Night in drinking, immediately surrounded me, and after having examined me well, seemed moved with my Condition. The Husband of the Woman who had newly lain-in caressed me highly, after being informed that but by my means she had not been so happily delivered. and that she had brought him a Chopping Boy: The Father leaped for Joy, and ran to his Daughter's to embrace his pretty little Puppet: But Mr. Vintner, the least compassionate of all, had the Precaution to ask me, after my saying that I had been robbed by Thieves, whether I had not saved some Money; and on my answering that I had saved nothing but the torn Shirt upon my Body, he told me very plainly that then he could not give me any Lodging. The Peasants were a little more human, for they interceded for me, and intreated the Landlord so much, that at last he consented to my lying in the Stable upon a Truss of Straw; which was all that my Mediators could obtain for me. By good Luck the Curate of the Village, happening to be in another Room, tho' his Vocation did not call him to such a Place, nor at such an Hour, came to know what was the matter; and being more charitable

ritable and more human than all the Rest, he offered me a Bed at his House, which I accepted, as may be imagined, very thankfully. He carried me then with him, and placed me in an easy Chair before a good Fire, so that my Posture was not much unlike that of the Woman newly delivered: And certainly I had need enough of such a Convenience, for the Cold, my Fatigues, and the Loss of so much Blood, had brought me within an Ace of Death. Whilst he went to fetch the Barber of the Village, the Countrymen and Women who had guided me thither, stunned my Brain so much in begging me to relate my Misfortune, that to get rid of these importunate People, I was at last obliged to satisfy them in few Words. Mr. Surgeon, as he called himself, soon came, tho' by his Air he seemed more proper to scrape the Muzzle of some of the Villagers, than to perform any Cure of Consequence. However thinking it necessary to give me at first a good Opinion of his Capacity, to the End that being prepossessed in his Favour, his Drugs might produce a better Effect, after having prob'd my Wounds. and stared me gravely in the Face, he told me in a more barbarous Style than I am able to repeat.

“ Sir, my great Experience in Surgery makes
 “ me judge that the Wounds in your Head
 “ are the most dangerous, because the *Nervus*
 “ *Opticus* and *Durum mater* are touched.
 “ Wherefore it will be necessary to stop the
 “ Blood with some *Crocum Martis*, and bind
 “ the Wound with some *Emplastrum Opodeltoch*,
 “ after

“ after which we shall have less trouble to
 “ mundify, and incarn it. I also see that you
 “ have a great Contusion in the *Nuchus* of
 “ the Neck, which makes me believe that
 “ you have fallen backwards from some high
 “ Place. This *Collision* is great and dange-
 “ rous, and I think you are very happy in ha-
 “ ving fallen into my Hands; for I shall be
 “ able to prevent the fatal Inconveniencies
 “ that you might have been troubled with
 “ all your Life, in which a good *Emplastrum*
 “ *defensivus & preservativus* will be of great
 “ Service. As to the Pistol shot, continued
 “ he, which you have received in your *Lum-*
 “ *bis*, I hope we shall likewise conquer that,
 “ because the Parts affected are fleshy, whereby
 “ the Wound becomes less dangerous, for
 “ neither the *Arterie* nor the *Vene majores*
 “ are hurt, wherefore we will consolidate,
 “ and cicatrize it all with *Unguentum Aegy-*
 “ *tiacus*.

This Disciple of *St. Cosmo's* added a great deal more; and made such a long Preamble that I was in a perfect Rage, whilst all the Country Audience, admiring the Eloquence of this Coadjutor of Nature, for that is the noble Epithet the Barbers give themselves, continually cryed out: *Gadzooks, how well he talks! how learned he is! The Man is a great Scholar, he talks better than our Curate. It is a pity the King is not informed how great a Man he is;* and they all with one accord thought him worthy to supply the first Ecclesiastical Dignity that should be vacant amongst

mongst them, with many other such Exclamations.

After then this great Man had anointed, plaistered, and swaddled me well; and the Heat had a little recovered my Spirits, I told the Curate I had great need of a little Rest. Whereupon the good Man had me carried into a pretty good Bed, and set two Country-men to watch by me; but they did nothing but snore the whole Night. Assoon as it was Day the Bailiff of the Village made his Appearance before my Bed with his *Janizaries*, and after having taken information of what had happened to me, went to the Place where I had been so abused, where he found my Servant, whom he caused to be removed, and buried in the Church-yard.

At a Fortnight's end my Wounds were in such a fair Way, that my Barber pronounced in his usual Style that I was out of Danger. Then I begged the Curate that he would do me the Favour to write for me to *Belindor*, being as yet too weak my self to inform him of my Condition, and to my Merchant at *Ghent*, to remit to me a good Sum as soon as possible. To cut short, I found my self recovered in eight Weeks, which was a Miracle, for which I was obliged to thank Heaven, for there are few Examples of People's being restored, who have been in such a desperate Condition. I soon received an Answer from *Ghent*; *Belindor* in his assured me, how sensible he was of my Misfortune, and added, that had it not been for a Sicknefs which had

had confined him some time to his Bed, he would have left his Wife to come and see me; concluding his Letter with this comfortable Period, that he made me a present of a hundred Pistoles, which he had remitted me by a Bill of Exchange that was joined to my Merchant's, and that both those Sums would be paid me by a certain Banker at *Moulins*. Next Morning the good Curate went in my Name to that City, which was three Leagues off, for the treacherous She-Devil, who had laid that Snare for me, had led me out of the Road. As soon as I received my Money, I provided my self with all Things necessary to pursue my Journey, after which making a present to the charitable Priest, and rewarding my Barber Surgeon well, who before my Departure would likewise have an Attestation under my Hand, of his having performed an admirable Cure, and saved my Life, I set out for *Moulins*, where I overtook the *Paris* Carrier, who was going to *Lyons*.

C H A P. IV.

Being arrived at Lyons, he is informed by Clarice, that they are going to marry her to Brion.

AS SOON as I arrived at the City, I enquired after *Clarice* of my Landlord where I took up my Lodging; and was informed.

formed by him that she had been gone some Days before with her Father and Mother to an Estate they had on the Banks of the Rhone, about two Leagues from Town. Not daring to visit her there abruptly, because I had never yet seen her Father who, as I had been told, was a Man of a very odd Humour, and not knowing when my dear *Clarice* would return from the Country, I resolved to go to her House to see if I could find the Servant she had with her at *Paris*. I went accordingly; but a strange Servant opening the Door, told me that the Maid I asked for had been married some Weeks, and lived at such a Place, whither I went immediately, and had the good Luck to find her alone.

She received me with the greatest Joy in the World, and I having asked her the State of my Love Affairs, she acquainted me that *Clarice* was very much incensed against me, because that besides my long Absence, I had not vouchsafed to answer one of her Letters wherein she gave me notice of her sudden Departure from *Paris* by her Father's Orders: But this Letter never came to my Hands. *Melinda*, for that was the Servant's Name, informed me also that her Father hearing that his Wife had finished all her Affairs at *Paris*, had wrote to them to return speedily, because he intended to marry his Daughter to a Gentleman of *Provence* whose Name was *Brion*, and that the Marriage was to be consummated soon after their return from the Country. This News was like a Clap of Thunder to me, especially after *Melinda* had told me that my Rival was rich,

rich, well made, and indued with a great many fine Qualities, and that *Clarice* seemed to obey her Parents Orders with Pleasure. The Wench seeing how I changed Countenance at this News, was sorry she had said so much; wherefore to excuse her Mistress, and endeavour to comfort me, she added that this Alteration in *Clarice* with Respect to me, proceeded only from her suspecting that I had entirely forgotten her; but that if I was to visit her again, and could justify my self, she did not doubt but I should regain her Affection, and supplant my Rival, to whom *Clarice* had only shown some returns to revenge herself of my Inconstancy, and endeavour to forget me. She said farther, that she would do her utmost to favour my Amours; which News and Promises gave me so much Joy, that I leaped about *Melinda's* Neck to thank her, and presented her with a Pistole to strengthen her in her good Intentions; which done, after having given her a succinct Account of all that had befallen me, I returned Home the most contented in the World.

In the mean while I spent a Fortnight in the greatest Uneasiness imaginable, at the end whereof *Melinda* came to inform me of *Clarice's* Return to Town. She added, that she had spoken to her, and acquainted her with my Arrival, whereat *Clarice* had been very much surprized, especially after she found that I had been always constant, and I had not received her Letter; but, on the contrary, had wrote to her, to inform her of the Reasons which would detain me yet some Weeks longer at
Ghent,

Ghent, and that she had even shed some Tears on hearing the Recital of the Misfortunes which had befallen me on my Journey. This Messenger of good News said farther, that my Constancy, the Promises she had made me at *Paris*, the Love she still had for me, and her new, tho' forced Engagement with *Brion*, all together put her into an inexpressible Perplexity. At last *Melinda* told me, that her Mistress desired I would come and visit her, not doubting but her Father and Mother would be overjoyed to see me, after the great Services I had done them, and that as for herself, she found plainly that her Heart was still so much inclined to me, that she need make but very few Advances to rekindle her Affection, and render it stronger than ever.

Being flattered with these pleasing Hopes, I resolved to visit *Clarice's* Father that same Day; wherefore dressing my self very handsomely, I went thither, and asking the Footman who opened the Door to speak with his young Mistress, he conducted me into a ParLOUR where *Clarice* soon came to me. My presence, and what she felt in her Heart on seeing me, made her look down, and a blush overspreading her Face, heightened the whiteness of her Skin, and made her appear in my Eyes a thousand times more charming than ever. The Perturbation was great on both sides; however after having been some moments without speaking a Word, I at last broke Silence, and cried out: "How was it possible, *Clarice*, that a Heart like yours
" could

“ could be capable of forming against me
 “ such injurious Suspicions of an Inconstancy,
 “ whereof I never was susceptible? Confess
 “ the Truth, you was glad of a Pretence to
 “ change your self. What is become of the
 “ Oaths you have sworn so often? They have
 “ left no Impressions in your Mind; You
 “ have no longer any Remembrance of that
 “ unfortunate *Mirandor*, whom you made
 “ believe you would love as long as you
 “ lived. The Case is now altered; you are
 “ entirely changed; you turn your Back upon
 “ a faithful Lover; and are going to deliver
 “ your self for ever to a Hold, *Miran-*
 “ *dor*, cryed she out, interrupting me, don’t
 “ plunge a Poniard in my Bosom; I don’t
 “ deserve such outrageous Reproaches. ’Tis
 “ true, continued she, that I have flattered
 “ *Brion* too much, but you are the Cause of
 “ it. Not having heard from you in so long
 “ a Time, ’twas natural to believe that you
 “ had entirely forgot me; but now I know
 “ the Reasons of so long a Silence, and that
 “ you have always constantly loved me, I find
 “ very plainly you will recover your Power
 “ over my Heart. ” Whilst we were still
 complaining of each other, and justifying our
 selves as well as we could, her Mother enter-
 red the Room. She expressed an extreme Joy
 at seeing me again, and having heard my
 Misfortunes, seemed very much moved at them,
 but at the same time she made me the morti-
 fying Compliment to tell me, that she was
 glad I was come to *Lyon* just when her
 Daughter was going to be Married, which
 would

would be in two Months, to a Gentleman of *Provence*, to whom she had been promised above a Year. As killing as this News was, it was not policy in me to let her perceive my Chagrin; wherefore putting a Constraint upon my self, I congratulated them, and even wished them all manner of Happiness.

Clarice's Father coming in also some Minutes after, and being informed who I was, made me a thousand Compliments, and thanked me in a more obliging Manner than I expected, for the Services I had done his Wife in the Prosecution of her Law-Suits, and in delivering her with so much Generosity and Bravery from *St. Amant*. Besides, he begged I would not mortifie him so much as to lodge any where but at his House, during my stay at *Lyons*, and added, that perhaps I might not be treated there so well as I deserved, but that however I might be assured of finding in him a most grateful and most affectionate Landlord, and one who would be always ready to do me all sorts of good Offices. I should very willingly have accepted such obliging Offers, but I was afraid that having the Opportunity of seeing *Clarice* every Day, and at all Hours, our smothered Flames would break out too soon, and her Father might happen to cross us in our Loves. Wherefore I thought it would be better to be a little upon my Guard as yet, and push my Point unknown to her Father. I thanked him then as civilly as I could, pretending I had got acquainted with some Gentlemen of my Country who lodged at
the

the same Inn, and that we had promised not to part, but to make the Tour of *France* together; hereupon he pressed me no farther, tho' he seemed chagrined at my refusal.

After this we entered into a little Conversation together, wherein I was obliged again to relate the melancholy Accidents I had met with on the Road. At last a Footman coming to tell *Clarice's* Father and Mother, that a certain Person desired to speak with them, they went out, and left me alone with my dear Mistress. Thereupon I renewed my first Conversation with her, and spoke to her with so much Passion, that I added fresh Strength to her Flame, which was a little impaired by my too long Absence. She again assured me of an unalterable Affection; and at last flattered me with Hopes that her Father, in consideration of the great Services I had done his Family, seeing the Love I bore her, might prefer me to *Brion*, notwithstanding his Engagements to him; that her Mother who loved me extremely, and had always spoken very much to my Advantage, would second us, and help us to surmount all Obstacles; and that besides her Father, who had always had a great Affection for her, would not, no doubt, force her Inclinations. In fine, she advised me to come every Day to visit them, that I might endeavour entirely to gain her Father's Favour, and above all to speak often of my Riches, because that Article had more Influence over him than all the Merit in the World, Whilst my Charmer was giving me these Instructions, *Brion* enter-

ed the Room; being upon the Footing whereon he was with *Clarice*, he came freely into the House, without giving any previous notice. By his Air, and his Behaviour, I found I had a formidable Rival to deal with; but the fresh Protestations *Clarice* had just made me, encouraged me a little. He might easily have perceived that my Arrival had caused some Alteration in his Mistress's Heart with regard to him; for altho' they were in a manner contracted to each other, she received and spoke to him with a very cool Air; but believing himself assured that he was sole Possessor of her Heart, he did not much mind it, or else would not discover his Chagrin.

At last it being time for me to take leave of *Clarice*, and her Parents, I retired, altho' they pressed me very much to stay Supper. I returned home then as fast as possible to lock my self in my Chamber, and ruminate at my Ease upon the flattering Hopes given me by the Fair *Clarice*: From that time I did not fail going regularly every Day to make my Court to my Mistress's Father. *Brion* also was almost always there, the more because he began to perceive that *Clarice* grew every Day more cool in her Behaviour to him, and was very complaisant to me. This appeared very soon by his Uneasiness, and his observing all our Words and Actions, and even our Looks, but we did not trouble our selves much about it. That I might be thought a Man of an Estate, and Distinction, I bought several magnificent Suits and hired

hired two Footmen, to whom I gave a handsome Livery. I even made some rich Presents to *Clarice*, and gave her some Serenades, all which Bustle, and my Appearance, dazzled the Eyes of the old Folks, who believed me a Gentleman of great Fortune. The Money I had received at *Montins* being almost exhausted, I was obliged to send for another large Sum, being fully resolved to spend all my Substance in courting *Clarice*, and if I did not succeed in my Amours to return into *Belindor's* Service, or follow some other Course of Life. Altho' my Mistress, according to Custom of the Country, could only expect a nuptial Present on the Day of her Marriage, I counted the possession of her Person infinitely more valuable than all the Treasures in the World; so blind and foolish is Love. I sent then for two hundred Pistoles, which were paid me by a Merchant of *Lyons*, who often visited *Clarice's* Father, and did not fail acquainting him therewith; which confirmed every body in the Opinion that I was very rich.

Fortunately for my Love, *Brion* about that Time received News from *Marseilles* that his Father was desperately ill. Duty and filial Affection obliging him to depart forthwith, in taking leave of *Clarice*, he could not forbear telling her how much he was grieved at being forced to be at a Distance from her; and that he was very apprehensive that his Absence and my Presence might cause some Change in her Heart. As soon as he was gone I saw *Clarice* without any Constraint; but in

whatever Harmony we lived together, with what hopes could I flatter my self? Since the Engagement with *Brion* had been confirmed by *Clarice's* Father, both by word of Mouth, and Writing, was there any probability that either the one or the other either would or could retract it? Besides, I might depend upon it, her Father would not be so rash to give me his Daughter, without knowing first who and what I was; and it was impossible for me to prove that I was a Gentleman, and had an Estate, after I had endeavoured by my Behaviour and Expences, to persuade the whole Family that I was both the one and the other.

It is the same with Love, as it is with Tar and Musk, which exhales, strikes the smell, and thereby discovers it self, be it never so well concealed. In the same manner, altho' *Clarice* and I endeavoured to make a Mystery of our Flames, the Sparks at last discovered themselves to the Eyes of her Father. He could have wished to put a stop to its farther Progress, but the Obligations he had to me for the Services I had done him prevented it. 'Tis true, *Clarice* was ordered by her Parents to be more circumspect and reserved in her Behaviour to me, and to remember her Engagements to *Brion*, who would have sufficient Reason to be dissatisfied if he should perceive any Correspondence between us; but our Passion was too violent to give Ear to such Counsel; and as Difficulties only increase Love, all this only served to blow up the Flame that consumed us.

CHAP. V.

The two Rivals fight; Mirandor gains over Clarice's Father.

IN the mean while *Brion's* Father happening to recover; unfortunately for me, my Rival returned to *Lyons*, and came every Day to see *Clarice* according to Custom: This however did not hinder me from continuing still my old Course. This obstinate Assiduity at last entirely shocked *Brion*, who saw that the nearer the Time appointed for the Consummation of his Marriage drew, the more cold was *Clarice* in her Reception of him. Wherefore being no longer able to conceal his Vexation, he accosted me one Morning as I came from Mass, and told me in a haughty Tone, that he was very much surprized that tho' I could not doubt upon what Foot he was with *Clarice*, I should still have so much Assurance to be so familiar with his Mistress, and be more frequently with her, even than he was himself; that therefore as that displeased him very much, he advised me, and had a Title so to do, to avoid her Company, and not return any more to her House, if I would not put him out of all Patience, and hurry him on to some fatal Extremity.

The haughty Air wherewith he spoke these Words nettled me to the quick; and the Hatred I bore my Rival being converted into
Fury,

Fury, I answered him with a yet more haughty Air, and told him that he had prevented me, for I had taken the Resolution to make him the same Request, and give him the same Advice, because I was very much offended at seeing him so familiar with a Person who was promised to me, and whom I intended in a short time to marry. *You be married to Clarice*, cryed he out in a Transport; *Oh! I will take Care to prevent that*: Thereupon he drew his Sword, and flew at me in a Fury. The Rage wherein I was, did not let me consult long; I received him Sword in Hand, fully determined to make him pay dear for his Quarrelling. Wherefore we fought like Men who took no Care of our selves, and it would certainly have cost one of us our Lives, if those who were coming out of the Church had not run to part us. However, before they could do so, I had the advantage to wound him in the Arm, and make him drop his Sword, which I was going to take up, when I was prevented by the Crowd. Seeing that every one pitied him that was hurt, as it is usual, and murmured highly against me, thinking me the Aggressor, I was afraid of some Insult, and made Haste home to my Lodging, whilst some of *Brion's* Friends, who happened to be there by Chance, carried him to a Surgeons to have his Wound dressed.

Assoon as I arrived at my Lodging, I shut my self up in my Chamber, where I was assaulted by a thousand dismal Thoughts, on reflecting on the Chagrin this Affair would cause *Clarice* and her Family; and considering what

what an ill Opinion the Publick might have of the Conduct of my Mistress, on whose account this Quarrel had happened. I did not doubt but the Father and Mother, whatever regard they ought to have for me, would take their future Son-in-law's Part, and forbid me the House; all which distracted my Head, and my Sorrow was at the height. However, as much as I feared appearing again before them, my Passion for their Daughter was too violent to submit to so many Considerations; and I went to visit her next Morning. She was extreamly moved at the Sight of me, and making me go into her Chamber, told me that her Father being informed of my Quarrel with *Brion*, had spoken to her very roughly, and said that it had not happened without some Reason, that my Views certainly went farther than to come and visit her so often only to spend an Hour with her in Conversation, that he was assured that this Difference had only been occasioned by the Jealousy of two Rivals, that consequently he ordered her to avoid me, to have all the regard for *Brion* that a Woman who is betrothed ought to have for one who is soon to be her Husband, and to beg me, or even enjoin me to come no more near her, or that otherwise he should be obliged to make me the same Compliment, in a Style that would certainly not be very pleasing to me. *Clarice* had scarce acquainted me with this shocking News, when her Father entered the Room, holding in his Hand an opened Letter, and giving me a Look that presaged me, no good. Having ordered his
Daughter

Daughter to retire, he turned to me and told me with a very serious Countenance, that it had always been very agreeable to him that a Person like me, and one who had done him such signal Services, would do him the Honour to come sometimes and see him, and frequent his Daughter, as long as it proved no Detriment to her Reputation, nor to the Engagement wherein she had long entered with *Brion*; but that having been informed of the Quarrel I had had with his future Son-in-Law, he saw to his great Regret, but too late, the fatal Consequences, by the Noise which it had made all over the Town, which certainly would not redound to his Daughter's Honour; that he therefore begged me to discontinue my Visits at his House, that thereby *Brion* might be appeased, whose Discontent was but too justly founded, and who had just then written to him, to inform him that if I continued visiting his Betrothed, he would break off his Engagements with her: He concluded with saying that he did not think me so unreasonable to cause him any Chagrin, and disturb the Peace of his Family.

I was so much confounded at these killing Words, that I could only answer him with a deep Sigh, and was even ready to shed some Tears, so much was I oppressed with Grief. Seeing that I made him no Reply, he resumed the Discourse, and told me that the Familiarity wherewith he had already observed I lived with his Daughter, joined with the Consternation wherein he then saw me, put him himself in a strange Perplexity; and that he should

should be lost in a Labyrinth of Thoughts, whence he could not extricate himself, if I would not use the same Freedom wherewith he had spoken to me, and also discover my real Sentiments, without making any Mystery of them to him; he added, that thus opening my Heart to him might perhaps produce a better Effect than I expected. I was also in a great Perplexity; on one hand, if I did not discover my Intentions to him, and on what Footing I was with *Clarice*, I might depend upon being forbid the Sight of her; and on the other, I had some Reason to suspect that her Father had spoke so civilly to me only to pump me, and afterwards forbid me his House. After some Uncertainty, I resolv'd at last to venture all, and disclose to him the very bottom of my Heart. I told him then, tho' not without great Emotion, that his Daughter's Merit and Beauty had deprived me of my Liberty the first time I saw her at *Paris*; that I had discovered my Sentiments to her, and by my Assiduity had obtained some Returns of Tenderness; that the Union of our Hearts growing hourly stronger, we had at last vowed an inviolable Fidelity to each other; that after this on my Return to *Paris* from a Journey I had been oblig'd to take into *Flanders*, and being inform'd she was gone to *Lyons*, I had followed her; and that on my Arrival in that City I had been acquainted that she was going to be married to *Brion*, to whom, as she own'd to me at *Paris*, she had been promis'd against her Will. I added, that after having seem'd to approve of *Brion*, because

she had suspected me guilty of Infidelity, as soon as she had again seen me, and I had acquainted her with the Reasons that had separated me so long from her, in spite of my Teeth, our Affection had revived again, and we had again sworn an unalterable Fidelity to each other.

As soon as I had done speaking, *Clarice's* Father, being struck with Astonishment, remained some time without saying a Word. At last recovering his Spirits, he told me he should be the most ungrateful of Mankind, if he did not prefer me to *Brion*; but that he did not know how to go about to break off his Engagements with him; that all the Town knew he was to be married to his Daughter; that things were so far advanced, that he would look upon it as an outrageous Affront for another to run away with his Betrothed; and that if *Brion* would not desist willingly from his Pretensions, it would be very difficult for him to oblige him to it by Law. He judged then that the best Measures we could take, would be, that, in Revenge for some certain Expressions in his Letter, wherein he spoke with too much Freedom and Contempt of him and his Daughter, I should continue visiting him more frequently than ever; that such a Behaviour disgusting *Brion* entirely with his Daughter, he might perhaps be willing of himself to break off all Engagements with her; but that if in spite of this, *Brion* would press for the Conclusion of the Marriage, he might pretend that his Daughter was young enough yet, and might stay some Years before she was married, the rather because

cause the Time was not limited in the Contract; and he judged by these Delays, and his Daughter's Coldness to him, he would at last be tired out, and be the first to desire to be off the Bargain. This Resolution being taken, *Clarice's* Father left me, because he had some Business which called him elsewhere, after having first embraced me, and assured me a-new of his entire Esteem. Soon after *Clarice* came in, having been ordered by her Father to go and keep me Company, and I could perceive by her Air that she expected no good News. But as soon as I had given her an Account of our Conversation, in a Transport of Joy she clasped me about the Neck, and gave me a thousand tender Kisses, Her Mother likewise, to whom her Husband had told what had passed between us, came full of Joy to express her Satisfaction. In fine, every thing seemed to bid fair for a happy End; and should not I have been a Block-head, if I had doubted one Moment of their preferring me not only to *Brion*, but even to a Prince?

In the midst of so much Satisfaction, I received a piece of News which gave a great Damp to my Joy; which was the Death of my dear Friend and Protector *Belindor*, by a fall from his Horse as he was Hunting, whereof I was informed by his Widow, and by my Correspondent. If the pleasing Hopes of soon enjoying *Clarice* had not mitigated my Grief for this Thunder-stroke, I should have been inconsolable, and perhaps have followed him to his Tomb, and thereby testified how sensible I was of so great a Loss. But as Tears
are.

are of very little Effect to recall the dead to life, I was obliged to be pacified, after having paid the due Tribute to his Memory.

I saw her then every Day with more Liberty than ever; *Brion* was not yet recovered of his Wound, and a little Fever hindered his coming so soon to interrupt our Pleasures. The Father and Mother of my fair one caressed me a thousand times a Day; and accordingly I deserved it, by my studying to shew them all manner of Regard, and by I know not how many Presents which I made every Day to *Clarice*. All this Liberality diminished my little Stock extremely, and by often importuning my Correspondent I must necessarily soon see the Bottom of my Bag, and the End of my Inheritance. But I did not disturb myself much about that, I thought that provided I was once Possessor of my Charmer, tho' she had not a Shift to her Back, I should be too rich and too happy. Herein I followed exactly the Rules of Chivalry; which do not allow one to have the least Regard to the Capital Stock of ones *Dulcinea*, as long as she has Beauty and Merit, that's enough; the Rest is not worth minding.

C H A P. VI.

*Brion and Mirandor jar at Clarice's;
the Disturbance the Abbot, Belindor's
Cousin, causes in his Amours.*

AS Love is always jealous, suspicious, and vigilant, *Brion* did not fail dispatching Spies to know what passed at *Clarice's*; by whom

whom he was soon informed of my Assiduity. Hereupon he desired nothing more than to be in a Condition to come and cause some fresh Disturbance. Accordingly as soon as he could stir abroad, he did not fail making his Appearance again, and one Day I met him alone with *Clarice*. I confess this first Sight, after what had passed between us, revived all my Hatred; I saw likewise by his Countenance that I was not less odious to him, and that if his Arm, which he still wore in a Scarf, could have seconded his Courage, we might have come to some new Hostilities, notwithstanding the Presence of *Clarice*. I had Possession of my Charmer's Heart, and the Consent of her Father; and the other thought himself the only one privileged; Wherefore by often looking at each other, we could not help letting some Words fall, which might have caused some fresh Alarm. Accordingly *Clarice* was apprehensive thereof; and to prevent it, used *Brion* with more Complaisance than she ever had before shewn him. At length my Rival grew the first out of Patience; and not being able to constrain himself longer in my Presence, sounded a Retreat; and left us together. Then *Clarice* told me, that *Brion* had been in a terrible Passion with her, and had reproached her with her Inconstancy in very sharp Terms; and had even sworn that (altho' she had rendered herself unworthy of his Affection) he would not suffer us to enjoy each other, not that he pretended ever to marry her himself, but to have the Satisfaction to thwart our Inclinations;

tions; and that he had added, that if the Law and Justice would not second his good Title, he had both Friends enough, and even Strength enough himself to plunge his Sword in my Breast. Tho' I pretended not much to mind these Menaces, I was very much disturbed at them. I knew that *Brion's* Pretensions were very well founded, and that having a Promise in Writing he might cut us out Work enough; Besides, I had reason to apprehend that he would endeavour to rid himself of me by Treachery, or otherwise. All these Considerations however were not capable of cooling my Affection to *Clarice*; but I went next Day to visit her as usual. I had hardly been with her half an Hour, when we heard a knocking at the Door; 'twas *Brion*. In vain did the Footman, who opened it, tell him, as he was ordered, that the Ladies were gone out, he entered boldly, and came with one of his Friends into the very Room where we were with great Assurance. "Madam, said he, "immediately to *Clarice*, if all the *Dutch* "could as easily supplant and drive away the "French, as this Man seems to have done, "our King would find it a hard Matter to "reduce them; but it will happen to the others "as it will to this Spark, whose Merit is "founded only upon the whimsical Choice "and Fancy of a Sex as inconstant as the "Wind; accordingly in a short Time my "Arm, as soon as it is in a better Condition, "shall make him sensible of his Weakness "and Insufficiency." Whatever Respect I had for *Clarice*, I could not forbear answering
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for her in a haughty Tone, and telling him, that if all the *French* were like him, and obtained no greater Advantages over the *Hollanders* than he had done over me, it was very probable that they would never erect to the Glory of his Monarch, or his Nation, those fine and magnificent Triumphal Arches, Trophies, Pedestals, and Brazen Horses, whereof they had so long before given the Draughts to the Architects and Carvers. I added, that I would never advise his King to employ such Subjects as him to undertake any Conquest, since he had given no great Proof of his Abilities, against a Stranger whom he styled so weak and contemptible; and that this same Stranger would prepare himself very soon to cut out fresh Work for the Surgeons, in obliging him again to have Recourse to their Ointments, Balsams, and Plaisters. This Raillery nettled him; and he was going to answer me; but *Clarice* being apprehensive of some Disturbance even in her Presence, commanded us in a Tone, which shewed she would be obeyed, to hold our Tongues, and contented herself with telling *Brion*, that she did not think herself obliged to give him an Account of her Actions, but was yet at Liberty to receive whom she pleased, and send away whoever she thought fit.

A Silence having succeeded these Words; I cast my Eyes by chance upon *Brion's* Companion; I fancied I had seen him somewhere, but could not recollect who he was, nor where I had met him: He observed me also with great Attention. Whoever had then beheld

us,

us, would have sworn we were acting some Scene in a Play: *Clarice* was standing and leaning upon the Window; *Brion* biting his Nails for spite; and his Friend and I were observing each other from Head to Foot. At last as it grew late, and no body talked of retiring, I thought my self obliged in Civility to take leave of *Clarice*, because I heard them laying the Cloth in the next Room. As I was going away *Clarice* smiled a little upon me, which was some Consolation to me for leaving him the Field of Battle.

I did not fail going again next Day to my Mistress's House. As soon as I knocked at the Door, a Servant who came to open it, having seen thro' a little Wicket, made in the middle of the Door, who it was that knocked, returned back again without opening it. I could not imagine what to think of such an extraordinary Way of proceeding: As in Love the least Thing gives Umbrage, I began to think, seeing no body came to let me in, altho' I continued knocking, that *Brion* was in the House, and that *Clarice* had given Orders not to admit me. Being impatient to know what was the Matter, I redoubled my Strokes, till at last *Clarice's* Father came himself to open it. I immediately asked pardon for knocking so hard at the Door, and told him that I did not expect such a Servant should have given himself the trouble to have let me in. Whereupon he asked me very coldly, and in an angry Tone, what I wanted, and who I would speak to? Surprized at such an unexpected Question, I answered that my De-
sire

fire of assuring him and his Daughter of my Respects, was the only Motive of my coming. He replyed that neither he nor his Daughter had any thing to do with a Vagabond, and a Skipkennel, which said, he shut the Door upon me. I was so much confounded at such a Compliment, that I hardly knew whether I was awake or no; and I was the more mortified, because some Rogues of Footmen, the Scum of the Earth, who were by chance passing by, having heard this *Laconick* Harangue, began to jeer me, and laugh till they were ready to burst. As they stopt every one that passed by, to tell them the rascally Compliment that had been made me, I saw plainly I should not be able to induce them to shew me more respect; wherefore I was obliged to quit the Place to them, and go home, heartily intraged at having met with such a shocking Reception. Assoon as I was got in my Chamber, I there abandonned my self to Despair; and put my Wits upon the Rack to endeavour to find what had drawn upon me such a mortifying Compliment; but it was impossible for me to fix my Imagination upon any thing. My Despair was so great, that if any one had seen me, he would certainly have taken me for *Orlando Furioso*. I beat my self for meer Rage, tore my Hair, and stamped with my Feet; in a Word, I behaved like a very Mad-man. Sometimes I cursed the Brutality of the Father, at another Time I abhorred the Infidelity and Inconstancy of the Daughter, without being capable however of divining the Cause of my

Mis-

Misfortune. Thus I spent all the Night in cursing, raving, and guessing; at last at break of Day I bethought my self of undressing and going to Bed, where I never closed my Eyes, for I had got too much a Flea in my Ear; however, in fine, I took a Resolution to go in the Afternoon to *Clarice*, and rattle her off.

At length however being tired by so many Agitations of Body and Mind, Sleep overcame me; but I did not rest long, for I had hardly shut my Eyes, when waking at the Noise they made in opening my Chamber door, I saw *Melinda* come in, who gave her young Mistress's Service to me, and presented me with a Letter from her. Not staying to give her any Answer, I opened it hastily, and read as follows:

Dear *Mirandor*,

WHATEVER Assurance I have given you of my Love, I am very much afraid the Reception you met with Yesterday from my Father, will make you suspect me guilty of Infidelity. But, my Dear, after the Oaths I have sworn to love you as long as I live, depend upon it my Heart shall be yours for ever. If you are as desirous of knowing what has happened, as I am to inform you, be to Morrow at *Melinda's* at Mass time; for I would not advise you to run the hazard of setting your Foot any more in our House. In the mean while rest assured that neither Fate nor Heaven, however obstinately bent against our Loves, shall be capable of preventing my living and dying your Faithful

CLARICE

As

As this Letter gave me as yet no Insight into any thing, I would have known of *Melinda* the Reason of my Disgrace, not doubting but *Clarice* had told her somewhat of it: But she protested she was entirely ignorant of it, and said, that when her Mistress delivered her that Letter, she wept bitterly; and would have spoken something else, but her Father entered the Chamber, and asked them with a very stern Look, what they had to impart to each other? Not being able to clear up this Mystery, I told the Messenger I would not fail to be at her House, and dismissed her. I then began to ruminate a long Time upon this Letter, and particularly upon that mortifying Expression, *never more to set Foot in her House*. At last being persuaded that *Brion* alone was the Cause of all this Disturbance, Rage took possession of my Soul, and I did nothing but trot up and down the City that whole Day, to try if I could meet him to pay for his Pains; but fortunately for us both we did not see each other. It may easily be imagined how I wished for the Hour when I should be informed of all; I cursed the Squire *Phæbus* a thousand times in the most poetical Terms, for snoring with *Madam Thetis*, because that Golden locked Coachman would not be so charitable to leap into his Car, and lash his Jades soundly to do me Service.

At last however, after much Impatience, the hour of Mass arrived; and I went directly to *Melinda's*; where her Husband received me with abundance of Civility, as
think.

thinking that being turned Love-broker, his Pot would boil the better, and he should have some Money to go to the Tavern. After waiting a long half Hour, *Clarice* arrived; and *Melinda* and her Husband, understanding their Business, left us together. Immediately my Mistress clasped me about the Neck, and said sobbing, that she was the most unfortunate Maid in the World. As afflicted as I was my self, I endeavoured to comfort her, and begged her, without making me languish any longer, to tell me the Cause of her Tears, and her Father's Anger. It was some time before she could recover herself, and utter two Words together, so much had Grief taken away her Speech. At last having disburthened her Heart by a flood of Tears, she informed me, that all this Storm had been raised by the Gentleman who had accompanied *Brion*; who was an Abbot, and Son to Count *d'Aspremont*, at whose House he said he had seen me at *Paris*; that he had sworn I was a pitiful Fellow, whom his Uncle had taken out of the Street into his Service; that he had seen me wear a Livery at *Antwerp*, when he went to see this Uncle; that he added, that afterwards his Cousin *Belindor* coming to spend some time at their House at *Paris*, I had attended him thither as his *Valet de Chambre*, and that whenever he was desired he would bring a Thousand convincing Proofs to confirm all this. *Clarice* continued to acquaint me, that her Father who immediately believed it all, finding that *Brion* being enraged that his Mistress had made her self so familiar with

with a Man like me, had asked him a thousand Pardons, and had promised that if he would forget their Weakness, he would put him in Possession of his Daughter in four or five Weeks; that *Brion* charmed with such a Discovery, and the Offers made him, had accepted them, on condition that *Clarice* should no longer have any Correspondence with me, or otherwise he would reject his Daughter, and hear no more mention of her. She added, that thereupon her Father had forced her to promise whatever he pleased, and she concluded by conjuring me, to endeavour to surmount these Obstacles, and especially to think of some way to see, or at least to let us mutually hear from each other.

This terrible News threw me into the most exquisite Despair, and the greatest Perplexity imaginable. With down-cast Eyes, and my Face covered with Blushes, I stood motionless as if I was turned into Stone, neither knowing what to say or do. I had great Reason to think that if I owned the Truth, and told her the Meanness of my Extraction, her Love would be changed into Scorn and Hatred; on the other Hand, how could I deny what the Abbot could so easily prove? And my obstinacy in maintaining so palpable a Lye could not fail of redounding greatly to my Shame, and draw upon me much more fatal Consequences than if I made a sincere Confession of what I had been, and then was, A little after, I fancied that on owning my Fault respectfully, the great Love

Love *Clarice* bore me, might perhaps induce her to have some Indulgence, and pardon me what I had done, because Love is blind, and being once rooted in the Heart, nothing in the World can destroy it; the rather because that since we had known each other, I had always appeared to her sincere, honest, and of some Merit, all which might incline her to pass over the Difficulties of my Birth. Then on the contrary again, reflecting that whoever will live in the World and gain his Ends, is sometimes obliged to put a Gloss upon the Truth, I resolved to deny all, and tell so many flagrant Enormities of the Abbot, that *Clarice's* Father should own that such a Miscreant did not deserve any Belief. I was certain that it would be easier for me to prove what I should affirm of him, than it would for him to confirm what he had said of me; and that the Count his Father, and the Marquis his Brother, would be too much my Friends to send to the Abbot, (who had rendered himself unworthy of the least regard from them) any Testimonial to the Prejudice of my Reputation or Fortune; in fine, that *Belindor* being Dead, there was nobody in the Family who knew my Extraction. Having then in some measure recovered my Surprize, I told *Clarice* that I was not all astonished, if he who accompanied *Brion* was the Count *d'Aspremont's* Son, that he should endeavour to do me an injury in giving her Father an ill Opinion of me, because he was the most irreconcilable Enemy I had in the World; that it was on my Account his Father had disgra-

disgraced, and turned him out of Doors; that by my Mediation he had escaped Hanging, but that his Companion who had assisted him in his Design upon my Life and his Cousin's, had paid for all, and been hanged for it; but that his Friends had forwarded the Abbot in making his Escape, because the Law would have regarded and used him as an Assassin, notwithstanding his Quality, and the great interest of his Father. After which I informed her of all the Abbots execrable Villanies, the least of which deserved the Gallows; and added, that it was very probable he had quitted his Habit of an Ecclesiastick, and assumed that of an Officer, only to avoid being known, and that I was surprized he durst own his Name, because he must believe that it would only cost me the trouble of giving the least Notice to have him seized and hanged. I said moreover, that *Brion* must have bribed him by some Presents or Promises to calumniate me in that manner, because the Abbot was a Man who would not only betray a Stranger, but even his own Father or Brother; in a Word, that he was capable of any thing, and that if what he had said of me had been Truth, he might as well have spoken it to my Face. I concluded with assuring her, that as to my Family I had not imposed upon her in the least, nor advanced any thing that I could not prove when it should be necessary.

Clarice seemed satisfied with my Justification; assuring me, that the fine Qualities she had always discovered in me, spoke in my behalf,

behalf, and were as good as a thousand Witnesses, and whatever my Extraction was, my Virtue and my Merits set me above those Counts and Marquisses, who, relying upon their Quality, believe they may be allowed to abandon themselves to all sorts of Crimes, and whose Manners are the most debauched imaginable; she added, that she did not doubt but if I gave her Father the same Account I had done her, he would receive me hereafter more favourably; and she begged me to find some Opportunity to speak to him, without coming to his House, for he had sworn to put some outrageous Affront upon me if I ever should return thither. After having conferred a little longer together upon what Measures we should take, we agreed to meet every other Day at *Melinda's*, who lived very near *St. John's Church*, where *Clarice* usually went to hear Mass, and to write to each other by that Woman, when we could not have an Opportunity of meeting.

CH A P. VII.

*Mirador has a fruitless Interview with
Clarice's Father.*

FROM that time I sought all Occasions of speaking with her Father; but found it very difficult to find one. At last, one Day when I was at *Melinda's*, my Mistress told

told me that her Father was to go in the Afternoon to one of his Friends, who lived a League out of Town, and that if I would make use of that Opportunity, I had nothing to do but to go before, and then return to meet him, which News was as agreeable to me as if she had brought me the Crown of France. I took her Advice; and after Dinner getting on Horseback with my Footman, I went that Road by which *Clarice's* Father was to come. I had already waited for him above three Hours, and began to despair of him, when at last I saw a Calash coming, wherein was *Clarice's* Father, who, because of his Ailements, could not well ride on Horseback. As soon as he perceived me, he seemed in great perplexity, having no Arms neither he nor his Servant, and he was afraid I was come thither to revenge my self for the scurvy Compliment he had made me at his Door. Whereupon he stopt short, in an Uncertainty what he should do. I observed him, and for fear he should turn back, spurred my Horse, and ordered my Footman to stay behind. As soon as I was come up to him, I begged him not to imagine I was come thither to do any thing contrary to my Duty, and the Respect I owed him, but that I would tell him the Reason which made me accost him in such a Place, as soon as he had sent his Man a little aside. When the Servant was withdrawn, I said to him, that after having received so many Civilities from him, I could not but imagine that the mortifying Affront he put upon me, in shutting

the Door in my Face, concealed some extraordinary Mystery; that I believed some Enemies, jealous of his Goodness to me, had perhaps forged some Calumnies, to give him an ill Opinion of me, that I was only come to know from his own Mouth, thro' what surprizing Accident I had incurred his Hatred, and who was the Author who had hatched this Mischief; that I flattered myself he would not refuse me this slight Satisfaction, after having made me suffer an Affront I no ways deserved, that I might revenge myself of the Impostor, and justify myself of what had been falsely imputed to me! After having ruminated a little, he answered me, that my Demand was just, but that before he satisfied me I must swear not to shew any Resentment against the Person he named to me, or even let it be known that he had discovered him to me, I was obliged to promise him all he asked of me, after which he told me that when I last left his Daughter, he had kept *Brion*, and his Friend who was an Abbot, and Count *Aspremont's* Son to Supper; that the latter had been obliged to quit *Paris*, on account of a Duel, and disguised himself like a Cavalier, that being at Table he had asked him if he knew me well; that he having answered that I was a Gentleman who had done his Wife very signal Services at *Paris*, he had burst out into a loud Laughter, and said I was one of those Gentlemen whose Coat of Arms is a Lazar's Clicket, or a Beggar's Wallet, since he had seen me wear a Livery at his Uncle's, who,

who, out of Compassion, had taken me from the Dunghil; that afterwards I had been *Valet de Chambre* to his Cousin at *Paris*, adding, that I only pretended to be a Man of Quality to deceive his Daughter. The Father of *Clarice* added, that this Discourse of the Abbot's had thrown him into the greatest Astonishment; but that the good Opinion he had always had of me, would have prevented his believing it, if the Abbot, to confirm what he had advanced, had not sworn the most execrable Oaths; that therefore being obliged to give Credit to him, he had vowed to put some shocking Affront upon me, if ever more I came to his House; and he concluded with saying that *Brion*, to compleat his Mortification, had reproached him a thousand times very sharply for his Credulity, his breaking his Word with him, after a Contract so solemnly made between them, and the Affront he did his whole Family, in giving Access, and the Preference before him, to a Vagabond, a Scoundrel, and a Cheat.

I listened to this Discourse in all Appearance with abundance of Tranquility, and answered, that I was not in the least surprized that a Rogue, who had narrowly escaped the Gallows, and entirely lost his Reputation, should do his utmost to blast another Man's: I added, that having known him for a Man of Sense and Judgment, I was surprized how he could so lightly give Credit to a Man of whom he had seen so little, and could run the hazard upon such a Deposition to abuse so cruelly an honest Man, whom his Wife had known

known at *Paris*, to whom he himself had given free Liberty to come to his House, and visit his Daughter, with a view of granting her to him as a Wife, and I assured him I had not advanced any thing concerning my Birth, which I could not easily prove as the enormous Villanies of the Abbot. Thereupon I fell foul on this illustrious Ecclesiastick, and related such flagrant, horrible Crimes of his acting, that the good Man was in amaze, and at last told me that if I justified my Birth, and what I had affirmed of the Abbot, he should be obliged to ask me a thousand Pardons, and give me all manner of Satisfaction; but, on the other hand, that I must not think it strange if he did not receive me at his House, he having solemnly sworn to *Brion* the contrary, but that when I had proved what I advanced, I should have all the Reason in the World to be satisfied with him. This Condition did not please me at all; because it was impossible for me to satisfy him upon that Article. Wherefore I begged him to let me visit his Daughter in the mean time; but he continued stedfast in his Resolution; and at last growing impatient, told me that he amused himself too long, that he had yet a good Way to go, that he must return that Night; that all that I had to think on was to let him see clearly into my Affairs, without which he would have nothing to say to me: After this calling his Footman, he left me hastily.

Hereupon I was in a strange Quandary, without knowing what Course to take. I would

would at first have rid after him, or have waited his Return to have made another Tryal; but considering I had an obstinate Man to deal with, and one who would not change his Resolution, I resolved upon returning to the City, and run the hazard of visiting *Clarice* during her Father's Absence. I did so, and her Mother who opened the Door, was surprized at my Boldness, altho' she loved me. She told me I could not see *Clarice* because *Brion* was with her, and begged me to excuse her this Time, because there would be a terrible Disturbance in the House, if her Husband should know I had seen her. She added, that he was very angry with her, and had been sullen for several Days, because she would have spoken in my favour; but that however she did not doubt but all would be well, as soon as I had proved who and what I was, which Satisfaction she desired me to give him speedily, lest *Brion* should oblige him to conclude the Marriage. I returned her abundance of Thanks for her Advice; however 'twas not in the least in my Thoughts, because it was impossible for me to prove any good of my self upon that Article. Wherefore after she had assured me afresh of her good Will to me, she obliged me to be gone, for fear her Husband should find us in Conversation together. I went away then sooner than I would otherwise have done, cursing a thousand times my Stars, and my Extraction, which were the Causes of all my Misfortunes, especially the Loss of my dear *Clarice*, for I as much despaired of ever pos-

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fessing

selling her, as I before expected to carry her away from my Rival. Finding then that it was impossible to obtain her, by the Methods I had proposed to my self, I resolved to have recourse to the last Remedy, which was to persuade my *Clarice* to go off with me, not doubting but after such a mad Prank *Brion* would no longer desire his Mistress, but be ashamed to insist upon his Pretensions, and her Father, after such a Clamour as that would occasion, would be obliged to consent to my having his Daughter, if he had any Value for her Honour. Wherefore having considered well of this great Enterprize, and answered all the Objections I could bring against it within my self, I wrote to *Clarice*, and begged her to be at *Melinda's* next Morning at Mass time.

C H A P. VIII.

What prevents his Flight with Clarice; he must think no more of her.

NEXT Morning I went to *Melinda's* where she did not fail coming; and I could perceive plainly by her Emotion that some other unlucky Accident had happened to cross our Loves; and indeed she told me, with Tears in her Eyes, that *Brion's* Father was arrived, and all were agreed not to defer the
Mar-

Marriage any longer because *Brion's* Father having been informed what had passed between us, was absolutely resolved either to conclude, or quite break off all Engagements. I answered *Clarice*, that as cutting as this News was, it did not however deprive me of all hopes of possessing her, if she really loved me with that Tenderness which she had always expressed towards me, and was ready to give me a convincing Proof of her Affection. Here she interrupted me, with again vowing an inviolable Fidelity, and protesting in the tenderest Terms in the World, that there was nothing so difficult which she would not undertake rather than be parted from me. Finding her so well disposed, I discovered to her my design of making our Escapes together; which Proposal at first surprized her extremely. But as a Lover thinks all Things lawful that conduce to obtain the desired Object, and I exhausted all my Rhetorick with endeavouring to persuade her, after a long struggle she at last consented to all. We fixed then upon the Day, the Hour, and the Means to put this great Design in Execution, and *Melinda*, our Confident, was of Opinion not to defer it too long, but to execute it next Morning, if possible. We resolved then to obey this Oracle, which was so favourable to our Desires, and concluded that next Morning at break of Day *Clarice* should steal from her Father's, get out of the City, and meet me at a Place agreed on, from whence we should take refuge at *Avignon*, which was but two Days Journey from *Lyons*,

that City belonging to the Pope, where I should be safe from the pursuits of Justice. As I was afraid my Baggage might incumber me if I took it with me, or that some Accident might happen to it, if I should leave it at my Inn, where the Magistrates might have seized on it. I resolved on having it removed that very Night to *Melinda's*, every thing being thus regulated, I went home to put all things in Order. I took care not to oversleep my self, having a Flea in my Ear, I was up before Day. The first thing I then did was to put my Arms in a good Condition, and furnish my self well with Powder and Ball, as if I was going to engage with a thousand Enemies; for I imagined as soon as *Brion* should be informed of our Escape, he would immediately pursue us with a good number of Friends armed Cap-a-pe. This done, I paid my Landlord, mounted my Horse, and being followed by my Valet, went out of the City to the Place where *Clarice* was to meet. I had hardly been there half an Hour, before I saw *Melinda* coming with a Countenance that presaged me no good; and as soon as she was within hearing, she cryed out: *Ab, unfortunate Mirandor! Clarice is no longer yours; perhaps she already is in your Rival's Arms.* Then presenting me a Letter, she said that *Brion* having discovered our last Interview, had acquainted *Clarice's* Father therewith, who thereupon had instantly carried away his Daughter to one of his Estates, with Design to make her marry *Brion* forthwith. She added that *Clarice*, far from making any Resistance, had

had done nothing but Sing and Dance, saying that she thanked Heaven she was at last rid of me, and had charged her to deliver me that Letter at the place of Rendezvous where I was to wait for her. This terrible News made me almost fall off my Horse, I thought it so killing and extraordinary; wherefore not being able to comprehend any thing in such an unexpected Adventure, I opened the Letter hastily, and read as follows:

'TIS in vain, Mirandor, for you to lose any more Time after me; having at last taken the Resolution to obey my Family, and, not let you languish any longer, I am set out for the Country with my Father, my dear Brion, and some Friends, where we shall be Married this very Day. My Conduct is excusable; and if you do Justice, you must own that a pitiful Fellow like you, who endeavours to trick a Gentlewoman like me, deserves no more Regard, 'Tis true, I did make you some flattering Promises; but I did not then know you. However, as much reason as I have to hate you, now my Eyes are opened, I will nevertheless have the Complaisance to advise you not to come to disturb our Joy by your Presence; for if you should once offer at it, all the Wood in our Forest will inevitably fall upon your back.

CLARICE.

On reading these Lines I remained some time motionless, as if I had been struck with a Thunder-bolt. At last I recovered my Spirits, but 'twas only to discharge a Volley of

Curſes and Reproaches againſt the perſidious *Clarice*, whoſe Writing I knew but too well. My Rage was at the very height, I did not imitate thoſe Heroes in Romances, who ſuffer patiently the Slights and Affronts of their Princeſſes, however outrageous they are, and are contented with bellowing like Calves. I thought my unworthy Miſtreſs did not deſerve the leaſt Tear, I only wiſhed to forget her, and deſpiſe her more than ever I had loved her. Having then nothing more to do there, I left *Melinda* haſtily, and returned back full Gallop. Being got into my Room, I abandoned my ſelf to deſpair; then my Eyes were opened, and I ſaw what Folly I had committed in lavishing all my Money in courting this *Clarice*. I had now no *Belindor* to whom I could have reſort, and all the Marquiſs's Inheritance was reduced to fifty Piſtoles, which was all I had to truſt to, and wherewith I certainly could not go very far. Yet could I only look upon that Villain the Abbot as the principal Cauſe of my being reduced to this Eſtate, and of the Loſs of all my fine Hopes. This Conſideration put me in ſuch a Fury, that I immediately went out with a deſign to go and poniard him at his Lodging; but, fortunately for us both, he had left the Town the Day before, without telling his Landlord whither he was gone. Not being able then to revenge my ſelf, and not knowing what to do, the ſight of *Lyons* became ſupportable to me, and I at laſt reſolved to quit a City that had been ſo fatal to me, eſpecially after that *Melinda* came and acquainted me that

that she had spoken to a Country-man, who said he had seen *Clarice* married to *Brion* that very Day. Wherefore, after having again detested *Clarice's* Perfidy, I took a firm Resolution never more to repose any Confidence in that deceitful Sex, and to shun them like the Plague. I then resolved to return to *Paris*, to see if, by Count d'*Aspremont's* Recommendation, I could not get some Post in the Army, for I had been informed that the King was Arming powerfully. I thought this the best Course I could follow to cure my self compleatly of all these amorous Follies; besides having lately been used to play the Master, how could I prevail upon my self to submit again to a Dependance, altho' I had been bred up, and subject to it almost all my Life.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

Mirandor leaves Lyons ; what sort of a Man he meets with upon the Road ; he goes from Paris to London, where he is mistaken by a Stranger for another.

SCARCELY had *Aurora* by her agreeable Light dispersed the Darkness of the Night, and renewed my Griefs by waking me, when I leaped from my Bed, left the City, and took the Road to *Paris*. I rid along like a Knight Errant, ruminating on my unfortunate Adventures, and giving my Horse the Reins, who, if he had had no, more Sense than I, would certainly have carried me out of the Road, and perhaps have thrown me down
some





some Precipices; but my Servant having more Reason than either my Horse or I, watched us both, and, in fine, in six Days Journey I found my self within five Leagues of *Paris*; which was at a Place where several Ways met. Whilst we were at a Nonplus which Road we should take, we perceived a Man with his Hat in his Hand, and quite out of Breath, running towards us full speed, and sweating till one Drop followed another, both by Reason of the hot Weather, and his violent Exercise. Assoon as he came near us, I asked him which was the Road to *Paris*; and I must inform the Reader of the ridiculous Answer he made me, which will perhaps serve to divert him from the Melancholy, wherein the Recital of my Adventures may have plunged him. "Sir, answered he, your
 " Question makes me judge that you are a
 " Stranger in this Country, and so am I, and
 " have never been at *Paris*. As you seem to
 " me to be an honest Man, I think my self
 " obliged in Conscience to give you some
 " wholesome Advice, which is to take care
 " not to take the Road to *Paris*, because I
 " have made imprecations against that abo-
 " minable City, and prayed to God that be-
 " fore Sun-set it may be consumed with Fire
 " from Heaven. As I have made a Vow to
 " offer up two large Wax-Candles in the
 " first Church I arrive at, I am persuaded my
 " Prayer will be heard, and that all *Paris*
 " will be reduced to Ashes in less than two
 " Hours. To avoid being involved in this
 " Misfortune, do like me, Sir, fly, fly from
 " that

“ that execrable City, where there is nothing
 “ but Injustice and Robbery, and most Stran-
 “ gers are ruined in their Purfes and their Per-
 “ sons.” As much as my Thoughts were taken
 with my own Affairs, and as little as I re-
 garded those of others, I had nevertheless the
 Curiosity to ask him what great Reason he
 had to be so exasperated against that City,
 which was the Altar whither all Nations
 flocked to offer up their Purfes, and what it
 had done to him to put him in such an ill
 Humour. “ Sir, replied he, were you not a
 “ Stranger, I should be careful how I disco-
 “ vered to you some Things which you per-
 “ haps might interpret to my Disadvantage,
 “ tho’ they might have happened to any o-
 “ ther honest Man. Know then, Sir, that
 “ being obliged to leave *Aix*, where I was
 “ born, on account of some little difference
 “ between me and the Law, having taken
 “ care to provide my self with a good hand-
 “ some Sum, which I had borrowed of sever-
 “ al of my Countrymen, tho’ against their
 “ Wills, I resolved to remove to *Paris*. I
 “ thought I might make my Markets better in
 “ that great City, and was in hopes of getting
 “ into the Service of some Nobleman who
 “ belonged to the Court. As some time
 “ past without any Opportunity offering; my
 “ Landlord at last began to worry me for his
 “ Money: But mine being all spent at Taverns,
 “ in Gaming, and in Company with Ladies
 “ of Pleasure, I was at a great Nonplus how
 “ to satisfy him; at last being resolved to
 “ content him at any rate, that I might keep

up

“ up my Reputation, I bethought my self one
 “ Day of accosting a Councillor of the Par-
 “ liament in the Street, and dextrously made
 “ my self Master of his Purse, whereof he
 “ certainly had not so much need as I. But
 “ tho’ I performed this piece of ingenuity
 “ with the greatest Address imaginable by
 “ the help of a sharp Penknife, which was
 “ bequeathed me by my Father of ever-ho-
 “ noured Memory, who had industriously used
 “ it himself above twenty Years, some curi-
 “ ous Impertinents perceived it, and very in-
 “ discreetly discovered it to the Councillor;
 “ and as some Imps of Justice happened to
 “ be passing by at the same time, they had
 “ the barbarity to seize me by the Collar,
 “ and carry me to Prison. Altho’ I gene-
 “ rously offered to restore the Purse untouched,
 “ it would not satisfy them; and by the greatest
 “ Injustice in the World I was obliged this
 “ Morning, *nolens volens*, to undergo one of
 “ the most outrageous Affronts in the World.
 “ for first they lashed my Back severely, and
 “ then adorned it with the King’s Arms, with
 “ Orders to leave the City before Sun-set on
 “ pain of the Gallows; which I should cer-
 “ tainly have done of my own accord. Judge
 “ then, Sir, continued he, if I have not Rea-
 “ son to abominate that City; for what I
 “ did was but to preserve my Reputation, and
 “ pay my Landlord what was legally his Due;
 “ besides which the Councillor has recovered
 “ all his Money. Wherefore, added he, I
 “ am convinced that this Affront was only
 “ put upon me because I was a Stranger.

I could not forbear Laughing at this sincere Recital of this new Knight of the *Flower-de-luce*; and, to get rid of him, I thanked him for his Advice, and promised I would stop at the first Inn I arrived at, 'till that City should either be entirely consumed, or else had made its Peace with Heaven; after which my Spark began to run forward as fast as before.

I did not arrive at *Paris* that Day, not that I apprehended his Prognostications of its Destruction, but because the Night obliged me to stop at an Inn about three Leagues from it. Next Morning I arrived at my Journey's end, and went to the Count d'*Aspremon*'s, who, as well as his Son the Marquis, received me with abundance of Goodness. As my Trouble and Melancholy was visible to them both, they pressed me so much to tell them the Reason of it, that I was obliged to inform them of my Misfortunes, whereof the Abbot, whom for my Sins I met with at *Lyons* was the only Cause. After the Count had expressed his concern for it, breathed out a thousand fresh Curses against this degenerate Son, I acquainted him with my design of going into the Army, and begged him by his Interest to procure me some credible Post. He endeavoured to dissuade me from this Resolution, telling me that as I had never served before, it would be difficult to procure a Post that would be suitable to me; but that having made pretty good Progress in my Studies, it would be more proper for me either to enter into some Nobleman's Service,

Service, or else be Governor to some young Gentlemen, and promised to do his utmost to procure me the one or the other. In the mean while, he would not permit me to have any other Lodging than his House, and offered me his Table till I should be well provided for; which I accepted very willingly. Having no more need of my two Horses, I sold them at a pretty good Price, which proved a seasonable Recruit to my Purse, which was fallen away sadly. I had hardly been two Months at the Count's, when one Day he had the Goodness to tell me, that a Nobleman of the Court being to go on an Embassy to *England*, if I was disposed to take that Voyage, he would procure me the place of Steward to his Excellency, which he advised me to accept, as it might prove advantageous to me in the end. Accordingly I did not hesitate upon it; but expressed my acknowledgement to the Count for his Favours, and in a few Days was sent for to the Ambassador's, who invested me in that Office, and gave me a handsome Purse to provide my self with all Things necessary. I set out then soon with the Baggage and most part of the Domesticks, and embarking at *Diepe* arrived fortunately at *London* before the Ambassador, who came by *Calais*, and rejoined us in a short time.

I suppose the Reader will excuse me, if I don't acquaint him with the subject of this Embassy, nor describe the Splendour and Magnificence of the Entry of an Ambassador from so great a Monarch as the King of *France*: 'Tis sufficient that I mention what
immedi-

immediately regards me. As to the Country, *England* seemed to me to have the preference of *France*; on account of the fair Sex, whom I found so courteous and so amiable, that it came one Day into my Head that the Word *England* might very well be deriv'd from *Angeland* or the *Land of Angels*. What however made me reject this fine Etymology, was, that I quickly found that Kingdom was inhabited by Men who were very Devils. If I had not forsworn Love, I should there soon have lost my Liberty; but *Clarice's* Perfidy had given me such an Aversion to the whole Race, that I avoided approaching them as I would the Plague; besides, common Prudence forbids one's exposing one's self wilfully to Dangers, and directs one to shun such Objects whose Eyes are arm'd by Nature with a Poyson, which in spite of one's Teeth will insinuate itself into every Vein, corrupt the whole Mass of Blood, excite dangerous Passions, and subject a Man to an unmanly shameful Slavery.

The only Woman I visited was a *Hollander*, a Person in Years, and Widow to a Captain of a Man of War, who had not been long dead! She lived three or four Doors from his Excellency's at an *English* Merchant's, with whom I was acquainted. This good Widow's Melancholy, and her continual Lamentations for the Loss of her dear Husband, made me sympathize with her; for I also was bereaved of what had been dearer to me than the whole world: This was the only motive of my Visits to her, for she was too old for me.

'Tis true she had a Daughter, but she could by no Means be reckoned handsome; all that rendered her a little agreeable was her Wit, and sweet Temper; besides this, she was very expert at drawing, and had done some very pretty Pieces; by these Talents she supply'd her own and her Mother's Necessaries, which last, besides the death of her Husband, had lost all her Effects in the Fire of *London*, not to mention a Law-Suit which had entirely ruin'd her; The Daughter's name was *Juliana*. As my Place gave me a little more Liberty than any other of the Ambassador's Domesticks, I used to take a Pleasure in carrying to these two, sometimes a Bottle of good Wine, sometimes Sweetmeats, or some other little Things to treat them; whereby I gained their Friendship, and became as free with them as if I had been one of the Family. This quiet life which we led together was to me the greatest Charm imaginable; and we had nothing at Heart which we did not communicate to each other.

One Day when I went to visit them as usual, I found there a young Gentlewoman, who, by her Dress and Language, seem'd to me to be a Stranger, and of my Country. She was leaning upon a Table, supporting her Head with one Hand, and with the other wiping a flood of Tears, which streaming down a Face where the Lillies and Roses seem'd to strive for the Mastery, were going to lose themselves in a bosom of Alabaster. Her Charms surprized me, and her Grief moved me to Compassion. I believe at this
Sight

Sight I should have lost my Liberty afresh, if the Vows I had made never to love more, had not come into my Mind at the same Time, and dispers'd those amorous Fumes which began to mount up into my Head. As soon as this fair Mourner saw me enter, she seem'd very much out of Countenance at my surprizing her in such a Condition; but having afterwards observed me with more Attention, I was in the utmost Amazement on seeing her rise precipitately run to embrace me, and cry out with Transport: *Ab, my dear Florimond! how happy am I! Heaven has restored you to me. By what Accident do I find you again here?* Altho' these Words made me comprehend that she mistook me for another, I suffered her to go on, and received from her several tender Kisses on this *Florimond's* Account. But as her Joy, on finding (as she imagined) him who was continually in her Thoughts, was to an Excess, I was afraid it might do her a Prejudice; wherefore believing my self obliged in Conscience to disabuse her, I disengaged my self softly from her Arms, and told her that without doubt she was mistaken, that my name was not *Florimond*, and that I even did not know that I had ever seen or spoken to him. *What, perfidious Man,* replied she in a Surprise, *do you no longer know me, after I have abandoned my Family and my Country, to become the most unfortunate Wretch upon Earth, in searching every where after you?* This Exclamation surprized me yet more, and obliged me to repeat to her what I had said before. Ah, *Florimond*, resumed she, *are these*

the

the Returns you make for my Tenderness? You know what I have done for you; I have sacrificed my Repose to you, I have abandoned all that could be most dear to me besides your self; and as the unhappy Rosamire after having wandered two whole Years from one Place to another, find you now at last only to undergo the Shame of seeing that you won't vouchsafe to know her; In vain I repeated to her that I neither knew her nor her *Florimond*, and that my Name was *Mirandor*, she persisted in venting a thousand cutting Reproaches against me for my Unconstancy, and Perfidy; and I believe that I should never have disabused her, if *Juliana* and her Mother had not seconded me. They assured her they had known me some Time, told her my Name and my Employment, and at last managed Matters so well, that recovering her Spirits by degrees, she examined me a-new with a little more Attention, and discovered her Mistake by some Marks and Features of my Face, which put her into the utmost Confusion. She did not know at first how to excuse this sudden Transport; but after having wholly recovered herself, she told me that if I had ever seen and known the Person for whom she had taken me, I could not but excuse what she had done, because that altho' she had viewed me attentively afresh, never two Peas were more alike than I was to the Man she named; and that, to convince me of it, I need only cast my Eyes upon a Picture which she carried always about her. Thereupon she drew a little Box out of her Pocket, and shewed us the Lineaments of a young Cavalier.

valier. We all owned that nothing could resemble me more than this Piece, and that all the World would have fallen into the same Error as she had done. I would willingly have known what Reason she had to be incensed against this Cavalier, but she begged to be excused, not being able to prevail upon her self to relate things, the bare Remembrance whereof was plunging a Dagger into her Bosom. After which, reflecting without doubt upon her Imprudence, in having open'd her Heart to a Stranger, she seemed in the utmost Confusion, and, in fine, being quite out of Countenance, and not knowing what Face to put on the Matter, she took leave of the Company, and retired.

Then I immediately asked *Juliana's* Mother who that Gentlewoman was, and what great Affliction had befallen her? But she protested she knew no more than me; adding, that she had never seen her but once at a *Dutch* Merchant's, where she got acquainted with her, and desired her to come and see her; that accordingly she came that Day, but had done nothing but sigh, and call herself the most unfortunate Creature living, tho' she would not tell them for what Reason. I was vex'd they could not inform me of the Place of her Abode, for I should have taken the Liberty to have visited her, with intent to have heard part of her Adventures, and what had passed between her and *Florimond*.

Much about this Time I received a Letter from *Diana*, *Belindor's* Widow; to whom I had before written, to acquaint her with the
State

State of my Affairs. She informed me that she was marry'd again, and that if I cared for returning to her House, she would do me all the Service that lay in her Power. But as I could not have lived with her but at her Expence, and did not know whether I should be Wellcome to her new Husband, besides which, I was pretty well contented with my Lot, I thanked her in as handsome a manner as I could.

One Day as I was returning from the Park, where I often walked, and passed thro' a little Street in *Westminster*, a Servant Maid coming out of a House there, ran up to me and told me that a young Gentlewoman who lodged there desired mightily to speak with me. I hesitated a long while whether I should follow her or no; for I was afraid this Messenger came from some Lady of Pleasure, wherewith *London* swarms, and whereon, without any Vanity, I never set a great Value. Having stood considering yet some Moments longer, I don't know by what Motive of Curiosity, I at last followed this Emissary. Being arrived at the House in question, I was very much surprized at seeing the same Gentlewoman whom I had met at my Neighbour *Juliana's*. She immediately made me a thousand Excuses for having taken the Liberty to send a Servant after me to desire my Company, and said that the great Mind she had to see once more a Person who so much resembled the Man she loved so tenderly, had in a manner forced her to transgress the Rules of Decency, that she might have a nearer
View

View of me. I answered her, that I had the greatest Reason in the World to be proud, that Nature, as ungrateful as she had been to me on other Accounts, had however made me in some measure resemble a Person who was so dear to her; and I added, that, if she was willing to have any Complaisance for me, I hoped she would do me the favour to satisfy my Curiosity, and tell me what Motive she had for loving, to the Degree she seemed to do, a Man of whom otherwise one might imagine she had Reason to complain. She replied, that she did not expect such a Demand, not believing I should interest my self so much in what concerned her; but that however she would oblige me, in spite of the trouble the Recital of her Misfortunes would give her. Thereupon taking me by the hand, she led me into her Chamber, and after we were sat, began thus:

CHAP. II.

The History of Rosamire and Florimond.

AS this is the second Time, Sir, you have seemed desirous of knowing the most material Incident of my Life, and you show thereby that you are in some measure affected by what regards a Person who appears to be forsaken of Heaven it self, I will give you that slight Satisfaction. You must know then

then first that my Name is *Rosamire*, that my Father, whom I believe is still living, is a substantial Merchant in the City of *Ter-veer* in *Zeland*, that he has had by two Wives two Daughters and one Son, whereof I am the Eldest. I will not amuse you with relating what happened to me in my Infancy; 'tis sufficient to say, that as soon as I was Marriageable I was courted by several young Citizens, who were all in pretty good Circumstances; but I had no inclination to any of them. I had got acquainted with a young Gentlewoman, who lived with her Mother in our Neighbourhood, and whose Father, who was a *Frenchman*, and Colonel of a Regiment in *Zeland*, was but lately Dead. This Gentlewoman, whose Name was *Herminia*, had a Cousin who was a Baron, and likewise *French*, who was come to make her a visit; his Name was *Clitander*. The very first time he saw me, he seemed inflamed with Love of me, and told me so without Ceremony, with so much Insolence and such rude behaviour, that I immediately perceived his Aims were dishonourable, which from that moment gave me an invincible Aversion to him. He came every Day to attack me without any Respect or Modesty, and finding at last that he lost his Time, he had the impudence to offer me a fine Diamond which he wore upon his Finger, and a purse of Gold, if I would give him one Night's Lodging with me. Such an Insolence put me out of all Patience, I gave him all the ill Language my Anger could suggest to me; and that with so much Pas-

sion, that my Father and Mother, on hearing my Voice so loud, came into the Room. Altho' for shame I would not tell them what had passed, they easily apprehended it on seeing my Emotion, and the Anger that was visible in my Face and Eyes. Insomuch that *Clitander*, fearing he should be affronted, was prudent enough to go out immediately, and my Father shut the Street-Door upon him, swearing that if ever he entered his House again, he would use him like the basest of Men.

From that time I took a Resolution never more to visit *Herminia*, that I might not meet her Cousin there; and as she came to see me some Days after, to complain that I slighted her Friendship, and was become very proud lately, I thought my self obliged, in my Justification, to tell her the Reason. Hereupon I said that her Company had always been very agreeable to me, but that I would always avoid her Cousin's, 'till I had learned better how to bear his Insolencies, and acquainted her with all that had passed. She seemed to be in the greatest Astonishment imaginable, and said she could hardly believe it, because her Cousin had always appeared to her a polite modest Cavalier, and one who was very reserved before Women; She added, that she could swear with a safe Conscience she had never heard him utter one indecent Word. She endeavoured thus to defend *Clitander*, because she was not ignorant of the Report that was spread that she was great with this Cavalier, whom she made pass for her Cousin, that she might let him lodge at her House with

with the less Scruple: Her Mother, who was a good Woman, and over whom her Daughter had a great Ascendant, being obliged to bear it all without daring to complain. She said farther, that she might wholly excuse him, that if her Cousin had spoken any Words which seemed to me too free, they were certainly only intended for diversion, because he was very merry; but that she did not doubt but as soon as he found it displeased me, he would be more reserved in his Discourse; that therefore I ought not to avoid her House, because she was sure that at her request he would be more upon his Guard in his Words, ask me thousand Pardons, and gave me any satisfaction I should require. I answered that all Satisfaction I desired was, that he would avoid my Company; and that for my part I would shun all opportunities of meeting him. Thereupon *Herminia* finding my Resolution, and how much I despised her Cousin, left me in a Passion, telling me I was a little ridiculous Fool, and did not deserve the regard that had been shown me.

About the same Time there was a Fair in one of the Chief Cities of *Zeland*; and as one of my Aunts lived there, I begged my Father to let me go thither with my Brother; which he did, and my Aunt, who was a Rich Widow, and had no Children, received us with open Arms. Amongst other diversions at this Fair, was a Company of *Dutch* Comedians. As I had never seen a Play, I begged my Aunt so earnestly to carry me to one, that at last she was willing to be so

complaisant; they acted that Night *Amphytrion*. The Actor who played that part had hardly appeared upon the Stage when I was taken with his handsome Mien; and he performed it so well, that I was ravished with him, and found my self his Captive, before I was acquainted with my Conqueror. I could not turn my Eyes from him, and could have wished him to have continued upon the Stage from one end of the Play to the other; for I was very much vexed when I saw him go off to give place to other Actors. 'Tis none of the least surprizing effects of Love, that as soon as we have caught the Poison at our Eyes, it insinuates it self immediately into our Hearts, and makes us plunge our selves deeper into his Snares. In the mean while, I was a little mortified at discovering so many fine Qualities in a bare Comedian, and inveighed in my Heart against Fortune for having been so ungrateful to a Person on whom Nature had bestowed her Gifts so liberally. In a Word, as long as the Play lasted, I found my Flame increase more and more, without being able, or even striving to resist it.

As soon as the Comedy was over, I returned home with my Aunt, with my Heart in quite another Condition than when I went thither; that is to say, in Love to distraction. I passed that Night in terrible Uneasiness, and deplored the loss of my Liberty, which I was very sensible there was no hopes of recovering. I easily judged that my Father would never let me marry a Player, that I must
not

Not so much as mention it to him, nor even let him know in the least of my inclination. But, on the other, had I considered that being wounded so deeply as I was, if I did not compass my ends, I must necessarily languish and pine away. I don't doubt, Sir, continued *Rosamire*, but you are surprized to the last degree that I should so soon fall in Love with an Unknown, and especially with a Person whose Profession only ought to make every one who has been well bred, and values her Reputation, despise him. But as this Man is as like you as two Pease, you ought not to be amazed at it; for I believe that being made as you are, you have pierced the Heart of more than one Fair Lady. This insinuating Compliment surprized me; I could not at first tell what to think, whether the whole Story was genuine, or whether it was a fetch to draw me in, and at last become my Mistress, or, in fine, whether 'twas with a design to trick me. However, I replied in the best manner I was able; and, as I was very desirous to know what would be the end of all this, begged her to continue her Narration. Altho' all these Reflexions, pursued she, ought to have cured and disgusted me with my Conqueror, and even have made me avoid all Occasions of seeing him, I could not however forbear going to the Play as often as it was acted, which, as you may well think, did but feed my Passion to that degree that I could scarce conceal it. Great was my Joy when I was informed the Magistrates had allowed the Comedians to

stay some Weeks longer. Being desirous to continue in the Town as long as they should be there. I wrote to my Father, and begged him earnestly to give me leave to stay a little longer; my Aunt sent a Letter also to the same purpose, whereby I at last obtained, with much ado, permission for a Fortnight more.

One Sunday Night when they did not Act, and consequently I could not have the Pleasure of seeing my dear Comedian, being willing to divert my Melancholy wherewith Lovers are commonly possessed, I went to visit a young Gentlewoman, whose Mother was a great Friend of my Aunt's, where they would force me to stay Supper. By this Means it was about a eleven a Clock when I took my leave, and was going Home in Company with my Brother, and our Servant-Maid who had a Lanthorn, because the Night was very dark. Having crossed a little Street, and being in an uninhabited part of the Town, thro' which I was obliged to pass, I found my self caught up behind on a sudden by somebody who was strong enough, in spite of my resistance, to carry me into an empty House, whilst another seized hold on the Lanthorn. The Maid, and my Brother who was but a Boy, not being able to give me any Assistance, and being terrify'd, ran away as fast as they could, leaving me in the Arms of the Ravishers. As the Man who had the Lanthorn was going to put out the Candle, I turned my Head, and saw that the Villain who held me was *Clitander*. I call'd him immediately by his Name, hoping that find-

finding himself discovered, he would make no attempts upon my Honour, which might in the end prove fatal to himself; but he was not a Man who valued another's Honour, or even his own. For without making me any Answer, he began to rye my Arms with strong Ropes, which he had brought with him for that purpose; whilst his Footman, another Miscreant, endeavoured to stop my Mouth with a Handkerchief. I own that Heaven favoured me at this dreadful Moment, and supply'd me with Strength enough to cause these Wretches a good deal of Trouble; for in struggling I gave them such Blows on the Face that I often stunn'd them. However I must at last have fall'n a Prey to these two Villains, whose Fury was redoubled by my Resistance, if the same Heaven, which at last protects the Afflicted, had not sent to my Assistance two that seem'd to be Gentlemen, who happening to pass that Way, and hearing my Cries, ran towards where the Noise directed them, and seeing the Violence done to me, drew their Swords. *Clitander* and his Servant were then obliged to let me loose to defend themselves, and they fought on both Sides without having any regard to their own Safety. Whilst they were thus engaged, I found Means to get away, and fled as fast as I could, but had not got far before I met the Watch who were coming up on hearing the Clashing of Swords. Assoon as these Fellows saw me running, and perceiv'd me all in a Confusion, they laid hold of me, whilst five or six of them mending their

Pace, ran up to the Combatants, whom they soon parted, by knocking them down with their Staves; and because they would not miss the Guilty, they would have carry'd them all four well bound to Prison. But on my protesting to them, that the two Gentlemen who came to my Assistance were in no Fault, but on the contrary had defended me from the Insults which the others would have offered me, they were satisfied with my Deposition, and only carry'd away *Clitander* and his Footman, the former of whom desired he might first be conducted to a Surgeon, because he was wounded. In the mean while one of the Watchmen, holding up his Lanthorn, Heavens! how great was my Surprize when I found that one of those to whom I ow'd my Deliverence, and the Preservation of my Honour, was the same Comedian with whom I was so desperately in Love: You can't imagine how my Heart panted, on finding its Conqueror so near. He immediately told me that he was very much obliged to me for preventing his going to Prison; and added, that he was charmed with having done any Service to a Person who expressed so much Acknowledgment thereof upon the Spot; to which I answered, that I should be thought very ingrateful if, whenever Occasion offer'd, I did not confess the infinite Obligations I had to him for the Preservation of what was dearer to me than any thing in the World. This said, he offered to conduct me Home, saying he should not think he had done any thing, if, before

before he left me, he did not see me in a Place of safety; I consented with a great deal of Joy, and was ravished with having met with an Opportunity I had so much sighed after. I placed my self then between them, and we went together to my Aunt's, who was at the Door with some Neighbours, and in great Pain what was become of me, for the Servant and my Brother had alarmed all that part of the Town. As soon as she saw me, she clasp'd me about the Neck, weeping for Joy at my return, as she did likewise to my Guides and Deliverers, as soon as I had informed her what they had done for me.

As they would have gone Home, because it was late, my Aunt would make them stay till they had drank a Glass of Wine, and recovered themselves a little from the Emotion wherein we had all been. When they were just upon going, I desired softly of *Florimond*, for that is this amiable Comedian's Name, not to fail coming sometimes to visit me, during the little Stay I should make in that City, that I might have an Opportunity of expressing my Acknowledgment for the great Service he had done me; which he promised and squeezed my Hand. Next Morning I was sent for to appear before the Magistrates, having told where I lodged, to give an account how the Affair happened the Night before. Had not I been afraid of censorious Tongues, and that the World would have judged amiss of me and my Conduct, I had the fairest Opportunity imaginable of being revenged on the Baron for his Villany; but Prudence made me not charge him with the

Crime he would have executed. Wherefore I only said, that I met two Men who seem'd to be Drunk, and would in spite of my Teeth have seen me Home; so that by this slight Deposition *Ciitander* and his Footman were released, without being punished as they deserved.

Three Days were elaps'd without my seeing *Florimond*, elsewhere than at the Playhouse; which gave me very great Uneasiness. At last the Fourth he came, and by good Luck, my Aunt being then abroad, I had full Opportunity to express my Gratitude in the amplest Manner for the Service he had done me. This I did in such terms that he might have found I was animated by another Motive; but I did not let him know I was acquainted with his Profession; and for his part he took care likewise not to tell it me. He came after that several times to visit me, and as he soon saw in what Manner I receiv'd him, it cost him no great Trouble to discover how dear he was to me. This Pleasure, which I enjoyed in his Company, was at last disturbed by a Letter from my Father, wherein he enjoin'd me absolutely to return with all speed. I durst not disobey; the Order was so pressing; however I would not go without speaking to *Florimond*, and discovering to him all that passed in my Soul. At first I was in suspense whether I should discover to him or not what I knew of his Condition. But at last I resolv'd to acquaint him plainly with my Sentiments towards him the first time I saw him appear upon the Stage, that
there-

thereby I might leave him no Room to fear his Profession's giving me any disgust. Accordingly when he came to visit me, I discovered to him, blushing, that his Air and genteel Behaviour, being smitten, which distinguished him beyond any of his Companions, it had caused an ardent Desire in me to be acquainted with him, even before his having done me such a signal Service as he had; and that 'twas for that Reason, I had continued so long in that City; but that at last I found my self obliged to obey the Orders of my Parents, who insisted absolutely on my setting out next Morning; that however I should find it hard to comply with Commands that were to me so rigorous, if he would not promise for the Love of me to forsake the Stage, and follow me; and I assured him that if he would share my Fortune, he might expect all the Advantages that were in my Power in an honourable Way. This Declaration cost me abundance of Pain; but as Love opens the Mouth of the most timorous, and banishes all Shame, I had rather it should cost me a Blush, than be deprived of an Object wherein I placed all my Happiness. *Florimond* was a little surprized at this Discourse, and seemed dashed at my knowing his Profession; but not being able to deny it, he said that he had ingag'd therein contrary to his Inclination, being forced to it by his Necessity, but that he was not Born to persevere in it; and that if he might rely upon my Declaration, he would that Minute quit the Theatre, with a Resolution to follow me every

every where, and live with me in any corner of the World. This promise put me in an Extasy; we swore an inviolable Fidelity to each other, and he promised to come to me in two Days.

I set out the next Morning; and as soon as I arrived at home, was severely reprimanded by my Father for my long Absence, and Disobedience. He had already been informed, I don't know by whom, of *Clitander's* terrible Attempt; and reproached me very sternly with having drawn this Punishment upon my self from Heaven, for my Disobedience to my Father; swearing that if *Clitander* ever dared to return to that City, he would have him seized, and not suffer such an Action to go unpunished. When he was grown a little Calm, I told him that a Gentleman of Distinction had ventured his Life to deliver me out of the Baron's Hands, and that he would come to *Ter-veer* about some business, whereat he seemed very glad, and resolved to see him, that he might thank him for the Service he had done me: Accordingly as *Florimond* did not fail coming as he had promised, my Father shewed him all manner of Civility: Altho' I had very little Liberty to keep Company, *Florimond* came to our House very familiarly, and we were often left alone together; my Father not thinking of the frequent Visits of a Person to whom I owed the preservation of my Honour, could any ways injure my Reputation; thus our Amours were favoured more than we durst have flattered our selves. My Lover, making use of
this

this indulgence, made his Court to me so openly; that my Parents soon perceived what he aimed at; and as my Father did not fall into any Passion about it, he at last told him his Design, and I was promised him in Marriage. The report of this was soon spread all over the Town, and every body began to talk of this Wedding; most Folks blamed my Father for his Imprudence, in giving his Daughter to a Man whom he did not know; and the young Women envied me for having so handsome a Gentleman. Our Affairs were upon this Footing, and every thing was preparing for our Nuptials, when one Night a Letter was thrust under our Door, directed to my Father. Therein he was advised not to make so much haste in the Business, for he was going to ruin his Daughter by espousing her to a Scoundrel and a Comedian, who had been seen upon the Stage in most of the Cities in the Province: they added, that if he doubted the Truth of this Advice, he might inform himself of the Company he had just quitted, who were then actually in such a City. On reading this Letter my Father was in the greatest surprize imaginable; and as for me, I thought I should have run Mad, when he forbid me, in a violent Passion, ever seeing *Florimond* more; then after ordering my Mother to have a watchful Eye over my Conduct, he set out at break of Day to enquire whether the Accusation was true. In the mean while the Domesticks having Orders to refuse *Florimond* Entrance, my Lover came to visit me as usual; and a Servant who had a Spleen against,

and

and took a pleasure in vexing me, was glad she happened to be at the Door, to have an opportunity to tell *Florimond* rudely, that I was gone out with my Mother, and should not return in a long time: Hereupon he retired very melancholy, and much surprized at the Tone wherewith the Wench spoke to him. Some Hours after he came again, and received yet a ruder Answer. My Father returning next Day, sent for me into his Chamber, and told me that what had been written him of *Florimond* was but too true, wherefore he commanded me to think no more of that Vagabond, nor either see him, write to him, or receive any more of his Letters; at the same time he swore he would confine me in a House of Correction on my first Disobedience, and that he would receive that Impostor, the first time he came, in such a manner as should prevent his ever having an Inclination to return: I leave you to judge, Sir, said *Rosamire*, if I had not Reason to be afflicted at this sudden Change.

As I was very much afraid that my Father who was a very passionate Man, would abuse *Florimond*, I took a Resolution to apprize him by Letter not to come near me in some Days, and tell him for what reason. But my Father had locked up all the Pens and Ink, on purpose to prevent me, and I knew not to whom to apply to procure it me: At last I bethought my self of employing *Narcissa*, our Mantua-maker. Wherefore having assured my self of her Fidelity by some little Presents, she brought me every thing necessary for Writing,
and

and after I had finished my Letter, carried it to him. Three whole Days were passed without my having had the Consolation of seeing my Lover, after which he sent me word one Morning by the same Woman, that perceiving the impossibility of ever possessing me, and being entirely a-ground, by reason of the Expences he had been obliged to be at, he was forced to quit the City; but that before his Departure the least he could do was to thank me for all my good Intentions towards him, which he should never forget whilst he lived. This Resolution was to me a Thunder-stroke, and my Despair would undoubtedly have made me tear all the Hair of my Head, if I had not thought of employing my time to more advantage in preventing it, to which end I immediately took some Jewels, and gave them to *Narcissa* to pawn, who brought me about a hundred and fifty Crowns, which I instantly sent to *Florimond*, with a Letter requesting him not to forsake me, and assuring him that, one way or other, we would soon find a way to meet again; but if that could not be, that I was resolved to follow him to the end of the World, and abandon my Family at the hazard of all that could happen. *Narcissa* brought me his Answer, which was, that he thanked me for my Goodness, and protested that his first design did not proceed from my abatement in his Love, but from want of Money; and that at present as I had been so good to supply his Necessities, he would not retire but by my Orders.

Altho'

Altho' this Answer compos'd my Mind a little, it was very hard for me to be deprived of the sight of my dear *Florimond*. As Persons in Love are continually racking their Brains to contrive means to obtain their ends, it came at last into my Head to take the impression of the Key of our Garden, and give it *Narcissa* to get another made by it. She went then to a Locksmith's at a distance from our House, and I had the Key some Hours after, which I immediately sent to *Florimond*, and bid him come to our Garden about midnight. He did not fail, and as we had not seen each other in eight Days, this Interview was the most tender that can be imagined. We continued a long while embraced, without being able to speak; after which we spent most of the Night in consulting what we should do, tho' without concluding upon any thing; at last Day beginning to break, he retired, promising to meet again the next Night. These Interviews lasted several Nights; but as all this did not satisfy us, *Florimond* at length told me that if my Tenderness was as great as I had always sworn to him, we had no other Course to take but to go together into another Province, and remain there till my Father should consent to our Marriage. This Proposal astonish'd me at first, considering that my Father and Mother would be mortally grieved thereat, and what the whole City would say of such a Prank. But Love soon getting the better, stifled all these troublesome Reflections, and I promised *Florimond* to do whatever he would. We agreed then

then that he should set out in the Morning for *Sas van Ghent*, and that in the Afternoon, when my Father and Mother were gone to a Wedding to which they were invited, I should meet him there; judging it most proper to set out thus, one after another, for fear any one seeing us together should suspect our design: And as it was absolutely requisite to have Money, and we were not assured whether my Father would ever receive us into Favour, *Florimond* advised me to take care of that Article. All things then being well settled, I parted, and went to Bed. Assoon as the House was up, I pretended to be Sick, that I might avoid going to the Wedding, whither my Father would fain have carried me, for fear I should endeavour to see *Florimond* in his Absence.

In the Morning *Narcissa* came to acquaint me that *Florimond's* Servant had been with her, to tell her that his Master would set out in half an Hour, and that at a certain place I should find a Fisher-boat which he had hired on purpose for me. Assoon as my Father and Mother were gone out, I packed up a bundle of my best things, and adding to some pieces of Gold which I had before, a good bag of Ducatoons, which I had the Address to get out of my Father's Cabinet, went strait to the Boat which waited for me, and the Wind being fair, soon got to the other side. Assoon as I had landed at *Sas*, I saw *Florimond's* Man coming towards me, who told me, that his Master having seen the Boat at a distance, was gone out of the City for the greater Precaution,

caution, and waited for me out of the Gate with a Waggon, that we might travel with more speed, and avoid being overtaken. There was no need of pressing me very much to run and meet him. Love gave me Wings; accordingly I did well to make haste, for I had hardly got out of the Town when they shut the Gates. About a quarter of a League farther I saw the Waggon, and *Florimond* muffled up in his Cloak. But as soon as I was got into it, and had seen the Face of him who was by my side, Heavens! what became of me! I thought in my fright I should have thrown my self out of the Waggon, when I found it was the same *Clitander*, of whom I had Reason to have so much dread. “ Ah, “ Traytor! cryed I out immediately, What “ Business have you here, and what have you “ done with my dear *Florimond*? Your dear *Flo-* “ *rimond*, answered he in a scornful Tone, will “ do us no great harm. But I advise you, added “ he fiercely, to give a little better Words, and “ not stun my Head too much with your “ *Florimond*, if you would not have me take “ a Course with you speedily.” Thereupon drawing a Pistol from under his Cloak, he swore that if I made the least Disturbance or Resistance against going along with him, in the Places we should pass thro’, he would give me no Quarter. “ How, Wretch, replied “ I, do you think I fear Death after you “ have deprived my Lover of Life. All that “ I know of your Minion, returned he, in a “ drolling Way, is, that if he is not already “ burst with Rage at my having made a Fool “ of

“ of him, and robbed him of such a Tid-bit
 “ wherewith he intended to have made such
 “ good Cheer, he is perhaps as well as either
 “ of Us. ” Thereupon he swore to me that
 he had not so much as seen *Florimond*, and
 that therefore he had done nothing to him
 which need alarm me. Seeing that this ap-
 peased me a little, he said, in a somewhat
 softer Tone, that his great Love for me had
 induced him to that Action, that being in-
 formed that *Florimond* had a Design to run
 away with me, he had thought proper to be
 before-hand with him, and he protested to
 me that if I would forget that Comedian,
 and share his Fortune, he would carry me
 into his Country, and there marry me ; but
 that if I persisted obstinately in refusing him,
 he wished all the D---ls in Hell might take
 him, if after having enjoyed me by force,
 both himself and his Footman, he would not
 Poniard me, and leave my Body to the Fowls
 of the Air. These terrible Threats made me
 tremble ; wherefore not knowing what to
 think was become of *Florimond*, and seeing
 his Footman in the Service of my Ravisher,
 I resolved to put a constraint upon my self,
 and conceal from *Clitander* the Aversion I had
 for him, that I might endeavour to find out
 what he had done with my Lover ; with
 design if he had killed him, no longer
 to have any Regard for that Villain, but
 to abuse and provoke him so as to make
 him murder me also ; but if he was still
 living, to do my utmost to escape out of his
 Hands one Day or other. Having thus re-
 solved,

solved, I told him that my fear of *Florimond's* being killed proceeded indeed partly from a kind of Tenderneſs-I had for him, but much more from my being to reproach my ſelf as the Cauſe of his Death. And I added, that if his Love was honourable, and as great as he would aſſure me, I ſhould not have ſo much reaſon to hate him; but, on the contrary ſhould be much to blame if I did prefer being a Baron's Lady, to the marrying a poor Stranger who had nothing to diſtinguiſh him. This, and ſeveral other ſuch Reaſons blinded *Citander* ſo that he could have ſworn my Love was entirely withdrawn from *Florimond*.

In the mean while our Waggoner whom the Baron had bribed well, drove his Horſes at a great rate all Night, leaving *Ghent* on the left; for *Citander* was afraid that if we paſſed thro' any City, I ſhould make ſome Noiſe, and the Officers of Juſtice come to my Aſſiſtance. In the Morning we ſtopt at a Village juſt long enough to bait our Horſes, after which we continued our Journey, without my knowing whither they were carrying me. At laſt after eight Days travelling we arrived at *Oudenard*, to which place, *Citander* had hired the Waggon. There he bought two Horſes, one for us both, the other for his Man, and *Citander* taking me up behind him, we went directly to *Tournay*. In the mean while I by degrees uſed the Baron with leſs Haughtineſs, and ſeemed eaſier and civiler to him, inſomuch that at laſt he had no miſtruſt that I would attempt to eſcape from him.

him. As I observed he began to repose some Confidence in me, I begged him one Night; when we were arrived at a Village where we were to Lodge, to tell me how he came to be informed that *Florimond* was to have run away with me. He at first made some difficulty of satisfying me, but I entreated him so earnestly that at last he consented. He told me then, that after being released from Prison, because nobody appeared against him, and being cured of his Wounds, he returned to *Ter-veer*, where he was informed by *Herminia*, who he then owned was not his Cousin, that a Letter, which at his request she had caused to be thrust under the Door, had produced such a good Effect that from that Time *Florimond* had been obliged to cease going to our House; but that he fearing we should find a way to Write to each other, and meet together privately, had bribed my Lover's Footman, and promised to take him into his Service, if he would inform him what had passed between us; that on being told that we met in the Garden, to be more certain of it, he had passed the Night following upon the Partition-Wall; that he had heard our Discourse some Nights together; and that at last having heard our Design, he resolved to supplant *Florimond*: that having gained his Servant compleatly over to his Interests, he had ordered him to tell his Master that he had been informed by *Narcissa* that her young Mistress being a little indisposed, he must wait a little longer for the Execution of our Design. *Clitander* added, that
he

he immediately hired a Sloop to pass over to *Sas van Ghent*, and ordered the Man to tell *Narcissa* that *Florimond* was going to set out, and begged her Mistress to follow him, he having hired a Fisher-Boat for her; that himself, going before, had hired a Waggon at *Sas*, and had ordered the Footman to wait for me, and tell me that *Florimond* was expecting me a little way out of the Town.

As much Reason as I had to express my Resentment at such a piece of Treachery, I dissembled, being overjoyed to hear that my dear Lover was still living. I continued then to look pleasant upon *Clitander*, being fully resolved to make my Escape the first Opportunity, and return into my own Country, where I hoped to find *Florimond*.

I don't doubt, Sir, continued *Rosamire*, but you are desirous of knowing how such a Villain as *Clitander*, who had the Insolence to offer violence to me in my own House, and in the Street, behaved himself to me upon the Road, in by-places and Inns where we were obliged to spend the Nights. Know then, Sir, that 'twas not to his Reservedness I owed the Preservation of my Honour; for he attempted me often, and pressed me very urgently to yield my self wholly up to him, it was rather to my Tears, and Supplications, and the Vows I was obliged to make, to grant him what he desired as soon as we arrived at his Estate; insomuch that the Esteem which he seemed to begin to have for me, served as a Curb to restrain his immodest Desire, that he might satisfy them after-

afterwards with the more Liberty. In the mean while, we pursued our Journey towards his Castle, which he said was near *Amiens*, when one Night we arrived at a Village two Leagues beyond *Arras*, where we were obliged to rest that Night. By much Intreaty he had always allowed me to lye in a Chamber by my self; but being afraid of my making my Escape, he had the Precaution to make his Footman lye at the Door on a Truss of Straw. That very Night I resolved in good earnest to take my Flight. Hearing the Servant snore, I rose, and flung out of the Window a bundle of my best Things, which done, I slid down by the help of the Sheets, and having the good luck to get open the Garden Door, went down a Path which I discovered by the light of the Moon. The fear of being pursued adding Wings to my Speed, I found my self in less than two Hours near a Convent, at the time the Bell rung to Prayers; fortunately for me it was a Nunnery. Having knocked at the Gate, they opened it, and on my telling one of the Nuns the Reason of my taking Refuge there, she informed the Abbess of it, who thereupon received me with great Civility, and promised to give me a Lodging there, as long as I should think proper. Next Morning at break of Day, she sent a Peasant to the Village whence I had fled, to hear what passed there. The Man returning told us that *Clitander*, on being informed of my Flight, had made a horrible Up roar, that he would have killed his Man, and had abused the Land-

Landlord and Landlady, as thinking they had been of Intelligence with me, and lastly, mounting on Horse-back, had taken the Road to *Arras*, after ordering his Servant to ride another way, and carry me to his Castle if he could find me.

My Impatience to meet again my dear *Florimond*, would have made me soon quit the Convent, but the Abbess advised me to stay eight or ten Days longer, to take Advantage of the Company of one of the Nuns, who was to go towards *Brabant*, and promised to have us guarded good part of the way.

I set out then with this Nun, and we were attended by six stout Peasants, armed each of them with a Fusée. They parted from us at *Valenciennes*; from whence the Nun and I went to *Ath* where we left each other, she to go to *Mechlin*, and I to *Ghent*, where I went in the Bark to *Sas*, and from thence to *Ter-veer*. I entered the last City, in the dusk of the Evening, and went strait to *Narcissa's* Mother, not daring to go to my Father, who was of such a passionate Temper, he would have killed me. *Narcissa* was in the utmost surprize at the sight of me, and told me that next Morning after my Departure having seen *Florimond*, she asked him what he did in Town, after his Servant had said he was set out before me, that he had answered that his Footman had Orders to tell him that I being Sick, would defer the Execution of our Design, but that being informed I was in good Health, and even gone
already

already, he had been thunderstruck at the News; that he immediately suspected *Clitander*, and that his *Mart* had betrayed him, because he had not returned that whole Day; that thereupon leaving her hastily, he had embarked with design to endeavour to overtake us somewhere. She added, that my Father was in such a Passion with me, that he had sworn he would confine me for the rest of my Days in one of the severest Houses of Correction, if I should ever have the assurance to appear again before him. This Threat did not move me so much as *Florimond's* Departure, not knowing whether I should ever see him again. Not daring then to appear in a place where my Adventure had made so much Noise, I resolved to go for *England*, where I had an Uncle who had always continued a Batchelor, proposing to do my utmost to gain his Friendship, and get him to look upon me as his Daughter.

I took leave then of *Narcissa*, without telling her which way I designed to go, and went to *Newport*, where I soon had an opportunity of embarking for *England*. I arrived there in three Days, but on my coming to *London*, had the mortification to hear that my Uncle had died lately. This obliged me to lye at an Inn, till I could find a cheaper Lodging with honest People. At last I did meet with one at a Widow's who took me in, where I have been about a Year, and endeavour to maintain my self poorly by making Lace, and doing Plain-work for one or another, being resolved to follow this

Trade all my Life, rather than return to my Father.

Here the unfortunate *Rosamire* concluded her Story, with a flood of Tears which moved me to compassion; wherefore to comfort her, I told her that Fortune being like a Wheel that is always turning, the Day might come when after so many Disasters, she might find again her dear *Florimond*, and be restored to her Parents favour. Then to divert her Grief, I related to her some of my Adventures, after which I took my leave with a promise to come and visit her sometimes.

C H A P. III.

Mirandor finds Florimond to be his Brother, who acquaints him with his Adventures.

ONE Day when I would have made her a Visit, after having been some Time without seeing her, I was told at the Door that she was very ill, had been two Days senseless, and was given over by the Physicians, Wherefore I was obliged to return without seeing her. That very Day passing by a Gate called *Temple-bar* I saw a great crowd of People. Altho' I knew any trifle would draw the Mob together, I went up to the Throng out of Curiosity, and found they were looking on two Strangers who were Fighting

Fighting furiously Sword in Hand. One of the two, who was the best drest, took up all my Attention; because I imagined I had seen him somewhere. He pressed upon his Enemy very briskly, and seemed not to stand in need of any help, which I should have willingly given him, through an unknown Motive; accordingly I soon saw him make a pass at his Adversary, which went quite thro' his Body, and made him drop. The Mob, who are more insolent and more mutinous at *London*, than in any other place, began to abuse the Conqueror, and perhaps might have beat him, if some Gentlemen had not assisted me in helping him to disengage himself from them, and make his Escape. He was hardly got out of our Sight, when some Officers of Justice came up, and finding the wounded Man almost ready to give up the Ghost, ran after the Fugitive, but they returned soon after without being able to take him.

At last I withdrew from thence, and being arrived at the Ambassadors, was informed that a Stranger who had been pursued by the Officers of Justice had taken Refuge there, and that he was in his Excellency's Antichamber. I imagined thereby that 'twas the same Gentleman whom I had seen Fighting. I was soon satisfied therein, when the Ambassador, sending for me into his Chamber, ordered me to take care of him, and provide him a good Apartment. Then I observed this Unknown more at leisure, and at last thought I discovered in his Face the Features

of my second Brother, whom I have mentioned in the first and third Book of the first Volume. He likewise examined me with no less Attention; however, what each of us revolved in our Minds was not sufficient to extricate us from our doubts; till at last Nature coming to our Assistance, and reviving more and more within us the Sentiments of fraternal Love, we could no longer resist them; but they broke out in spite of the respect we owed his Excellency, and running to each other, with Tears in our Eyes, we embraced with Transport, each calling the other his dear Brother. The Ambassador was moved at this meeting, the more when he was informed that we had not seen each other before in fifteen or sixteen Years. As 'twas towards Evening, and my Office calling me elsewhere to give Orders for Supper, I was soon obliged to leave my Brother with my Master, whom he acquainted with the Reason of the Quarrel.

When it was Supper-time, his Excellency not only would make my Brother sit with him, but also would grant me the Honour of being one of the Company; After which I conducted my Brother into the Chamber I had prepared for him, where we renewed our Embraces. I immediately desired of him to give me an Account of all that had befallen him; and he would as willingly have heard my Adventures first; but as he was the youngest, he thought himself obliged to content me, wherefore, after I had promised to

take

take my turn, when he had satisfied me, he began as follows.

Dear Brother, you may easily judge of the Affection we had mutually for each other, above any of the rest of our Brothers and Sisters, how much I was afflicted when I found that you were fled from our House, without knowing whither you was gone. However, our Mother, instead of being concerned, seemed very glad of being rid of you; for as you was the Eldest, and observed more narrowly what passed at Home, your Patience was a sort of Constraint to her, and she was obliged to use too much Circumspection. But as soon as you was gone, she gave herself a loose, and grew ashamed of nothing; inso-much that we have often seen her go to Bed between two of her Ruffians, which made us soon lose entirely the Respect that was due to a Mother, nor could any Blows bring us back again to our Duty. As a wicked Life is generally attended with all sorts of Misfortunes; we soon lost all our Customers, which obliged my Mother to shut up Shop, and sell one piece of Furniture after another to keep her self, and maintain her Gallants, whilst we were left to perish with Hunger, and often forced to beg a bit of Bread of such of our Neighbours, as knew the lewd Life our Mother led, and would have Pity on us, tho' in return they were often rewarded by her with abuses. In fine, being weary with suffering so much, I resolved to follow your Example, and abandon this Mother, who was both void of Natural Affection and Reputation,

tion, proposing to go to *Amsterdam*, where we had a Cousin, and where I hoped to find you. One Day then when my Mother was gone to divert herself out of Town with one of her Bullies, I left the House with but eight pence in my Pocket, which I had scraped together from some of my Mother's Paramour's, and since that Time you are the first of the Family that I have seen, neither have I heard any thing more of my Mother, or my other Brothers and Sisters.

Here I interrupted him, to acquaint him with my Mother's miserable End; that she died of the Venereal Disease in an Hospital, as also that our next Brother was become Clerk to a Councillor in the Neighbourhood; and that our Eldest Sister was Chambermaid to a Lady of Quality at *Utrecht*; that the next was a Seamstress in our City; and that the rest of the Family had died in misery, as I had been informed by a Soldier, who formerly lived with my Father, and whom I met at *Louvain*. Then after we had made some melancholy Reflections upon the Disposition and Misfortunes of our Family, my Brother resumed his Story thus.

C H A P. IV.

Florimond having left his Mother, goes to Amsterdam, where he is drawn in to commit a great many youthful Follies.

AS SOON then as I had left our Town, and arrived at *Amsterdam*, I went directly to our Cousin's, for I knew where he lived, having been once there with my Father. There I was informed that he knew nothing of you, which afflicted me very much, after which I acquainted him with the melancholy Condition of our Family, and what we suffered from our Mother, which moving him to Compassion, he generously offered to keep me with him, as long as that would suit with me. He added, that it should be my own Fault, if I was not Master of my Father's Business, since I already knew the Grounds of it; this agreed with me very well. I had not been long with this good Relation, when I became acquainted with an Arch-Cur about sixteen Years old, who lived near us with his Mother, whose Father, who had been Dead but a short time, was an Undertaker, a Profession very well known in that City; his Name was *Philax*. He was the most unlucky Dog that ever lived; and soon drew me into all sorts of Roguery. Instead of minding my Business, I followed him

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every

every where, and often at the Expence of my Back, would get into Gardens. and bring off a good load of all sorts of Fruit where-with we made merry. Amongst other fine Accomplishments, he taught me to Smoke, and drink Brandy; to which, being once used, it was impossible for me to wean my self from it; wherefore to supply my self therewith, I was obliged to put in Practice all sorts of Tricks. I make no scruple, continued my Brother, addressing himself to me, to acquaint you with all my Actions, however odious, to induce you to relate all your Adventures with the same Frankness. As I seldom staid in the House a whole Day, and often returned home almost drunk, and stinking of Tobacco and Brandy, it was no hard matter for my Cousin to discover my Inclinations very soon. Wherefore he watched me, and finding how familiar I was with *Philax*, easily judged that he spoiled me; for which Reason he forbid me keeping him Company, or even stirring out of the House, threatening to send me back to my Mother, if I did not behave my self better: After this Threat I was a whole Week without being able to speak to my Comrade. I knew no way to see *Philax*; for he durst not set Foot in our House, for fear my Cousin should break his Bones, as he had vowed he would, for his having often stolen his Poultry, and robbed his Garden. As my Cousin's House was very small, I was obliged to lye in the Garret with two of his Children, the eldest of which was not above Ten years old. One Night when

when I was in a sound Sleep, I felt my self pulled by the Arm, and opening mine Eyes, saw somebody standing by my Bed side. Being afraid it was either a Thief, or something worse, I was going to call out for help, if by his Voice I had not known *Philax*, who, whispering me, bid me rise and go with him. I would have known which way he got in, but he ordered me to dress my self quickly, and then he would show me. I obeyed, after which taking me by the Hand, he led me to the end of the Garret, where he had taken some tiles off the Roof. Thro' this Hole we got, and passing along the Gutter, came to a little Window, thro' which one might enter his House. There he bid me pull off my Shoes and follow him; and going down Stairs we got into the Street thro' the Garden Door. Then he asked what Money I had got, and having answered none, he cried: *No matter, that signifies nothing, I will carry you to a place where we shall have Credit enough.* Then conducting me from Street to Street, he at last knocked at a Cellar-door, where there was still a Light, altho, it was past Midnight, and we heard some Murtherer of of Cat-gut and Rosin scraping on a Fiddle. Assoon as he had knocked, the Candle was put out, and every thing was hush'd; but as soon as *Philax* had whistled, the Candle was again lighted, and an old Woman opened the Door. When she saw *Philax*, she scolded at him, for not having at first given the usual Signal, because she was afraid we had been some Birds of ill Omen, by which

she meant the Informing-Constables. He answered, that he did not at first think of it, whereupon we entered this subterraneous Dwelling, where we saw several young Fellows, of the very dregs of the People, with some common Whores, who began again to Dance, and withdrew by Couples from time to time into a little Chamber, for a little private Conversation. We were scarcely seated round a Table, where there were several other honest Guests, when the old Hag asked us what we would drink? *Philax* having answered, that he stuck to his old Faith, meaning by that his usual Liquor, she brought us a large Glass of Brandy, two Pipes and Tobacco. She also asked him, if he had not brought One? He told her, No; but that next Night he would bring her Two instead of One. I then asked my Comrade what that meant? he replied, she meant Fowls, which she took in Exchange for her Brandy, and wherewith he had often supplied her, by stealing them from one or another, particularly from my Cousin. At the same time he told me he would teach me a pretty Secret to catch as many Fowls and Turkeys as I pleased from the Broker our Neighbour, without any one's suspecting me, and advised me to put it in practice next Morning, because he had promised the Landlady to bring some the Night following, and would not break his Word with her upon any account, being obliged to keep fair with her. Having replied, that it was impossible to scale our Neighbour's Wall, because it
was

was too high; he told me, that, without giving my self so much trouble, he would show me a way to accomplish our design easily; thereupon pulling out of his Pocket a ball of Packthread with a hook at the end of it, he said I need only fasten a bit of Bread to it about the bigness of a Nut, and throw it into our Neighbour's Yard thro' our Garret Window, and draw it to me assoon as I should see any Fowl swallow it.

I thought this an admirable Contrivance; and accordingly promised *Philax* to put it in Execution; after which we staid in the Cellar till about four in the Morning, and drank till we could hardly find our way home; and yet I had much ado to get my Comrade away even then. However at last he withdrew, after having promised our Landlady to pay our Reckoning next Night in good Fowls. As drunk as I was, I knew how to find the passage in the Roof, and place the Tiles again in order; which done, no body being as yet stirring in the House, I threw my self upon the Bed, wanting no other Opiate to lull me asleep, than what I had already taken. Assoon as my Cousin got up, he was obliged to come and lug me by the Ears, to make me understand that it was time to go to work; but as I had no great Inclination that way, I answered him stammering that I was not well at all, and if he had not believed that I had not been out of my Bed, he might have guessed I was drunk, by my replying always quite foreign to the purpose. Hereupon thinking me Sick,

inno.

innocently let me rest, till at last being wakened by the clattering of the Knives and Plates, I leaped out of Bed to go to Dinner. After having eaten with a very good Appetite, I withdrew to my Garret with a good piece of Bread which I had crammed into my Pocket, and fastening a bit to the Hook, I threw it into our Neighbour's Yard, with some other little bits of Bread, to draw the Fowls that way. My Hook was soon gobbled up, and the greediest being taken, I drew it up as fast as possible, and wrung its Neck about to hinder its Cackling, and telling Tales. The first Success encouraging me, I caught two more the same way, I had indeed a little more difficulty the third Cast; for meeting with a strong old Cock, which struggled terribly, he made such a Noise when I raised him up in the Air, that the Mistress and Servant ran out into the Yard, just as I had shut my Window; but as they did not observe that the number of their Poultry was lessened, they thought that the Cocks had been Fighting amongst themselves.

At Midnight I loosened the same Tiles, and went with my three Fowls to *Philax*, who was overjoyed at such a Booty. We did not dally long, but creeping down Stairs softly, went to our Rendezvous; where the old Bedlam was charmed with our Prowess, and extolled us to the Skies. Then we began to drink Hand to Fist, but retired at a better Hour than the Night before, knowing well we could not follow such a course of Life long, without sleeping some Hours every Night

Night. I did not fail continuing this sort of Angling several Days successively, with such good Fortune, than in less than a Week I had caught a dozen of Hens, one Cock, and two fine Turkeys, which supplied us plentifully with Liquor and Tobacco to divert our selves. Neither my Cousin, nor the Mother of *Philax* suspected any thing of our Nocturnal Interviews, nor could the Broker believe it was I who robbed him of his Poultry; tho' he could not imagine whence such a terrible havock amongst them could proceed; the Garden Walls were too high for any one to Scale them, he had been upon the Watch some Nights together, not thinking the Theft could be committed in the Day, and having clipt their Wings, it was not probable his Fowls could fly away; neither could he believe that the Badgers, or any other Animals; stole them for he heard no Noise in the Night, nor could he perceive any marks of Blood, or any Feathers. In the mean while all the Neighbourhood talked of it, without being able to comprehend the Reason. But as all Rogueries are discovered sooner or later, I was at last caught in the Fact.

One Day then when, according to Custom, I had cast my Line, I heard my Cousin coming up Stairs, to look for something in the Garret, and had only just Time enough to shut the Window, without pulling up my Packthread, whilst he was examining me what I did above, and I robbed him off with a Sham, we heard a Dog howl, and a Moment

Moment after the Voice of the Broker's Wife, crying: *Now we may see what becomes of our Fowls.* Thereupon my Cousin open'd the Window, and saw his Neighbour doing her utmost to draw the Hook out of the Dog's Throat, and that the Hook was fasten'd to a Packthread which hanged down from our Window. Assoon as she perceived him, she began to abuse him violently, and called Pricklouse and Robber of Henroosts. To which he answered, that she lyed, and he should count her a Whore till she prove her Words. So they continued Scoulding till her Husband came Home, and being informed of the Case, took his Wife's Part, as he had Reason, and swore he would be revenged in such a Manner as should make Mr. Hen-Stealer pay Sauce for it. Hereupon my Cousin, seeing plainly that it was a Trick of my Playing, and being afraid that this Affair might prove of ill Consequence to himself, went immediately to his Neighbour, and begged him to make no Noise about it. He swore also, that he had no Hand in it, and that 'twas a Prank of that Rogue his Cousin's, and promised to pay him for his Fowls, and to chastise me without Mercy. Hereupon the Broker, after having made some more Noise, accepted the Proposal, and took care to be well paid for his Poultry; after which my Cousin returning Home, demanded what I had done with the Fowls. I would at first have denyed the Faët; but his terrible Menaces soon made me own, that *Philax* and I had carryed them by Night to a certain Cellar;

Cellar-Woman, who took them in exchange for her Liquor. As I would not discover to him the Passage in the roof of the House; that I might make use of it again upon Occasion, I told him that I climbed over the Garden-Wall to meet *Philax*, and that we returned at break of Day. After this Confession, he sent for his Neighbour, and in his presence had me seiz'd by two of his Men, whilst he, unbuttoning my Breeches, began to lash me till the Blood trickled down my Backside, tho' I cryed out earnestly for Pardon: At last our Neighbour, taking pity on me, interceded for me, and an end was put to my Execution. My Cousin went also to the Mother of *Philax*, and, relating to her all that had passed, begged her to chastise the Rogue her Son well; but the good Woman told him, she would take care how she attempted any such thing, for that her Son would repay her Blows fourfold. Then he offered to do it for her; but she desired him to spare himself that Trouble, and promised to rattle him off, after which he was obliged to retire.

Next Morning he caused a strong Lock to be put upon the Door that opened into the Garden, thinking thereby to stop my rambling, and resolving I should not set Foot in the Street. One Day, being in his Garden, he saw *Philax* at the Window, and called out to him, that if he continued teaching me his Roguery he would break every Bone in his Skin, if ever he could catch him. The other laughed at him, and, instead of giving him

him any Answer, unbuttoned his Breeches, and showed his bare A--se, which did not at all please my Cousin, who was heartily mad he could not get him into his Clutches, In the mean while my Cousin having threatned to thresh me without Mercy, if ever I kept the Rogue Company again, I resolved to behave my self better for the future. But this was not of long continuance; for *Philax*, coming one Night to my Bedside, gave me the best Words in the World to make me rise; I was forced then to follow him. As soon as we were at a little distance from our House, he seized me by the Arm, and demanded in a Fury, why I had betrayed him? As I began to excuse my self, by alledging my Cousin's Threats, he took me by the Hair, gave me several Blows on my Face with his Fist, threw me down, and trod upon me. At last, as he was afraid the Watch would hear my Cries, he let me get up, swearing that if I did not do whatever he would have me, and meet him every Night, he would come and cut my Throat in my Bed, which said, he drew a Knife out of his Pocket as if he was going to do it that very moment; after which he carried me to the usual Cellar. Then he told me, that as our Angling for Fowls was over, we must think of some other Expedient to get Money; that till we could find some better Opportunity, I must pull off some pounds of Lead from our Roof, as he would likewise do the same for his part, and that I must bring it to him the Night following, or else he would be as good as his Promise: I then cursed a thousand times,

times, but too late, my having got acquainted with this Rogue, but durst not however provoke him by my Disobedience; wherefore I carried him the Lead, which he sold, without my having any of the Profit: As in a little time there was none left upon both Roofs, he was obliged to think of a new Fund. One Day he told me, he had thought of one of the best Contrivances imaginable; which was to fold up a good many blank Letters (upon each of them should be marked three pence or four pence Carriage with a red Pencil) and direct them to several Merchants, to whose Houses I should carry them when they were gone to the Change.

The Night following I went to *Philax* who gave me thirty Letters, and ordered me to carry them as directed at Change Hours. I was obliged to obey, for the Rascal had such an Authority over me, that I durst not contradict him. I stole then silently out of the House at the appointed Time, and in less than an Hour had got about ten Shillings. Having been successful this first Essay, I might have continued this Course some times more, because that not having been long in the City I was very little known; but as ill luck would have it, a Servant Maid, to whom I gave one of the Letters, had seen me more than once at my Cousin's: and her Master, on his return from Change, having opened the Letter, and discovered the Roguery, the Wench told him she knew the Bearer. Two of his Neighbour's having been served in the same kind, she came to my Cousin's. (who had already

already given me half a dozen Cuffs on the Ear, for going out without leave) and seeing me, knew me again, and told my fine Exploits, which I at first impudently denied. But my Cousin, who knew me but too well, immediately took a good Rod to lash me soundly; at the sight of which I became sincere, and owned my Fault, tho' without daring to say that *Phylax* had enticed me to it, for I was much more afraid of him than my Cousin. However he did not doubt but he had a great hand therein, believing that of my self I should neither have so much boldness, nor so much subtle Roguery. My Confession however did not save me from a Whipping; I was lashed soundly, besides which, my Cousin was obliged to render back the Money, I having concealed my Crop, and said that I had already spent the Carriage of those three Letters. He asked again, whether I had seen *Philax*; but I swore stoutly that I had not, well knowing that if I confessed it, I should have been very scurvily used by him.

When every body was in Bed, I went to my Comrade, who was rejoiced at seeing such a good Wind-fall, but far from giving me my share, did not vouchsafe so much as to thank me, thinking I had only done my Duty. He did not even express any concern at my having been so ill used for his sake, saying it was but a trifle, and no more than a quarter of an Hour's suffering. However, to encourage me to follow the same Game again, he gave me that Night as much Drink

as I would. This Money lasted us some Time, without any body's suspecting our Interviews; which at last happened to be discovered, as well as the rest of our Rogueries; for one Night when we were together, it began to rain so hard, that the Water, pouring down thro' the Hole in the Roof, soaked thro' the Cieling, and fell upon my Cousin's Bed. Being surprized at such an Inundation, he arose with his Wife, and took a Candle in his Hand to see whence it came; and on entering the Garret was very much surprized at finding a Hole in the Roof of the House, of the size of five or six Tiles, and my Bed empty. He immediately apprehended that I was at some blind Tipling House with *Philax*; but tho' he had no Reason to doubt it, he had the Curiosity to see how I would get in and shut the Hole, wherefore he hid himself alone without a Candle, and waited my return. I did not stay long, for having heard it rain, I was afraid of what had already happened. Having entered the Hole, and closed it, my Cousin bid me Good-morrow, and said that he was very sorry he had barricaded the Door so that I was obliged to get out at the Roof; which said, he took a great Stick, and gave me the whole length and breadth of it so handsomely, that 'twas a Miracle I had a whole Rib left in my Skin, and did not dye upon the Spot; after which, that my whole Body might feel it, he took a Rod and lashed me till my Breech was as raw as a piece of Beef; this done he retired.

In spite of all these severe Punishments which I alone bore, I continued the same Course of Life, and grew more and more hardened in my Wickedness every Day. At last my Cousin finding that all his Exhortations and Chastisements were ineffectual, resolved to send me to the *Indies*, with the Vessels which were to set out in a Month after, and entered me in the Company's Roll. But as I never loved the Sea, I resolved rather to seek my Fortune at the farthest part of the World, than make such a Voyage upon that Element.

About the same time *Philax* having abused his Mother very much, because she had refused him Money, he was taken up and confined in the *Rasphuis*, to saw *Braceel*; which terrified me so that I resolved to behave myself better than I had done hitherto. In the mean while, my Cousin from that Time allowed me a little more Liberty; and as he judged I was already spoiled, and that being going to the *Indies*, I had no longer need to sit upon a Taylor's Shop-board, he let me live my own way. My greatest inclination being towards Brandy and Tobacco, I had soon wasted in Publick Houses most of the Money given me by the Company. My Cousin would have had me trusted him with it; but I insisted on being Master of it, since it had been given to me. Amongst others I had scraped Acquaintance with a Mountebank's Servant; happening one Day to say to him that I was resolved to seek my Fortune elsewhere, rather than embark for the *Indies*, he

he advised me to enter into his Master's Service, who wanted a young Lad, at the same Time he extolled his Goodness, his sweet Temper and Liberality, adding, that I should lead the pleasanter life in the World with him; that I should want nothing, and travel thro' all the finest Countries and Cities in Europe, without being at any Expence. To cut short, he spoke so many Wonders of this Course of Life, that he made my Mouth water, and I begged him earnestly to try to procure me such a Settlement; which he promised, bidding me meet him at the same place next Day, which I did, and having met him, he told me, that having proposed it to his Master, he would see me first, and that he did not doubt but I should fit him. I was so overjoyed at this News, that pulling half a Crown out of my Pocket, I threw it upon the Table, telling him that we would not part till we had drank it all out; but he answered that we must first go to his Master, after which he would match me. We went then immediately to Mr. Doctor, (for that was the Title he assumed) who first asked me whence I came, who were my Parents, and whether I could Read and Write? Having answered all these Questions, he bid me to move my Fingers, as if I was playing upon the Harpsichord, that he might see if they were supple or no. I thought this Order somewhat extraordinary, however I did as he bid me, and performed my part so well, that he told Mr Fagotin, who was the Person that had recommended me, that he believed I should

should be one Day fit to handle the Scissars, and Penknife, seeing my Fingers were so supple. Thereupon he asked me if I would serve him faithfully, and follow him every where; to which I answered, that I would devote my self to his Service, and that he might be assured from that Time I would be wholly his, and follow him to the end of the World. Hereupon he told me that my Physiognomy pleased him very well, and that I had nothing to do but to come to him in four Days, to go with him by Sea to *Hamburg*. Having thus hired my self to Mr. Doctor, I went out with *Fagotin* to drink out the half Crown. We then made mutually a thousand Protestations of Friendship; for his part, to shew I had won his Heart, he promised to instruct me in the Mystery of *Fagotism*, and to push me so forward in this noble business, that I should soon be a perfect Master of the Art; assuring me I should want nothing, and should lead the pleasantest life in the World. We continued thus talking and drinking till pretty late at Night; but at last we were forced to part; for having spent all my small Money to boot, and my Gentleman being as Poor as a Church-Mouse, we were obliged to admit of a Truce in this *Bacchanalian War*, and retire each of us Home,





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK XI.

CHAP. I.

*Florimond leaves Amsterdam, and goes
Servant to a Mountebank to Ham-
burgh; where he plays a Trick which
has n the success he could have
wished.*

THE Day of our Departure being
come, I quitted my Cousin's who
knew nothing of all this, without
taking leave of him, and joined the
Mountebank's Caravan just as it was going
to embark. It consisted of six Animals; viz.
Mr. Doctor, his Lady-Wife, *Fagotin*, another
Servant, my worthy Person, and a great Ba-
boon. The Wind proved so-favourable, that
in

in three Days we arrived at *Hamburg*. After the Magistrates had granted my Master liberty to erect a Stage to sell his Medicines, he called me into his Chamber; and his Doctorship lolling in an Elbow-Chair, began to catechize and instruct me thus: He said, that the World being at present depraved, and no one having any longer any Charity for his Neighbour, it was fit every one should labour for himself, and endeavour to procure himself wherewith to go thro' the World handsomely and conveniently. After this Preamble, he added, that within the little Time that I had been in his Service, he had taken such a Fancy to me, that he found himself inclined to teach me certain very gainful Secrets, and Slights of Hand which would certainly be of great Service to me in helping me to provide my self with the Necessaries of Life. Thereupon he pulled out of his pocket a Penknife and a pair of little pointed Scissars; and told me, that the knowing how to handle those Instruments would be a better Revenue to me than if I had a thousand pounds Stock. I thought this very fine, and begged him to teach me this Secret. He told me then, that when he opened his Stage, and *Fagotin*, by his Buffoonries, had drawn all the Attention of the Spectators, I must get into the midst of the Crowd, and drawing near those who made the best Figure, thrust my Hand sily into their Pockets, and by the help of these Instruments carry off their Pur-ses and bring them to him, without touching what was in them; which if I did, I might expect

expect a thousand Favours from him, and should have in a short Time a more honourable Employment. Thereupon he shewed me how I must go about it; and which I was to imitate. But as the Adventures of *Philax*, and what had befallen him, were too fresh in my Memory to be so soon forgotten, I told my Tutor I had no great mind to exercise that Art, however gainful it might be, on account of the terrible Consequences attending it. But he answered that I had nothing to fear, only I must be bold, and that if the worst should happen, and I was catch'd in the Fact, I should come off for two or three Cuffs on the Ear, on account of my Youth. To be brief, he demonstrated to me that it was so easy, and there was so little danger, that at last I stretched out my Hand, and took these two Implements, which he very much recommended to me; but resolved at the same Time firmly not to run the risk of hanging for him.

The Night following we were employed in making Ointments and Plaisters, wherein we made use of Wax and Turpentine, which we afterwards coloured as we pleased. My Master also boiled up some Rain Water, and which he likewise coloured, and then filled therewith a good number of little Bottles, which was to be an excellent Remedy for all sorts of Diseases of the Eyes: Thus in less than two Hours I learned all his Science. Next Morning, before he appeared in Publick, he gave me some more Instructions, and promised that, if I returned with a good Booty,

he would give me a new Suit of Cloaths, whereof I stood in great Need, adding, that he would observe from the Stage whether I executed his Orders. I was obliged then to thrust myself in amongst the Spectators, tho' without designing to perform any Exploit. I was very much surprized to see that my Master sold all his Medicines that very Morning. This Success was owing to his Letters Patent, with the Attestations of several Kings and Princes, who therein acknowledged his great Skill and Capacity. It was likewise owing to his Velvet Cloaths laced with a broad Gold Lace, and the great Cures he said he had performed in all the Courts and great Cities in *Europe*. Being all returned back to our Inn to Dinner, he asked me what I had done; and was in a great Passion that I was come Home with my Hands empty. He called me a great Booby, and told me he had not brought me so far, and been at so much expence, for me to stand with my Arms a-cross, and eat his Bread without earning it, but to obey him in all Things, which if I would not, he would turn me off, after having broken every Bone in my Skin. Wherefore he advised me not to let slip the Time that was allowed me for the sale of his Medicines, without giving him a good Proof of my Obedience, Fidelity, and Address, if I had not a mind to be miserable. Nevertheless how much soever he threatened me, I was resolved not to carry my Complaisance so far, and to undergo all Manner of Outrages, rather than practise an Art that would at last give

give me a Gibbet for a Church-yard. However I promised him to do my best; but yet every Day I did nothing but listen to *Fagotin's* Drolleries and Mr. Operator's Rhodomontades, who boasted of having been Twelve Years Physician and Oculist to his Imperial Majesty, whose Service he had quitted, because a Nobleman of that Court had taken the upper Hand of him at the Emperor's Table, and he having demanded Satisfaction for it, his Majesty had neglected that grand Affair, which Affront had incensed him so much that he had left the Court. Amongst other astonishing Cures which he said he had performed, he swore, that at the Siege of *Candia*, he had in less than a Fortnight recovered between five and six Hundred *French* Men, whose Heads the *Turks*, in a Salley they made, had cloven down to the Chin; but that he would not take any Money for his Trouble, because it was in the Common Cause of Christendom against the *Infidels*. He added, that one Day passing by the Seat of a great *German* Nobleman, and hearing the Lamentations which the Domesticks made for their Master, who was just at the last Gasps, and would infallibly have dy'd, had he not smelt through the Window a little Box of excellent Balsam, which he had in his Pocket, restored him to Life, which extraordinary and miraculous Cure had made him looked upon as a second *Mark d'Aviano*, and recovering his Senses, he ordered him into be call'd to compleat his Cure; which having soon done, this Prince lived above sixteen Years after,

assuring them he had begged him with Hands uplifted to continue with him the remainder of his Days ; but that being provoked at their giving him but poor five thousand Pounds for such a signal Service, he would not be prevailed on ; that this Nobleman, seeing his Obstinacy, had ordered each of his Subjects to buy a Box of this wonderful Ointment ; that thereupon having sold it out of Complaisance, he had sold in less than a Fortnight 64728 Pounds at half a Guinea a Pound ; that, in fine, with this Sum, and what he had got elsewhere, he could live very well at his Ease, but that his Conscience, and the Love of his Neighbour, forbidding his hiding his Talents in a Napkin, he would employ them all his Life for the relief of the Poor, to whom, thro' the same Motive, he sold his Remedies at so low a Price, that every one might be supplied therewith without too much Inconvenience to themselves. This excellent Balsam, whereof he boasted so much, was nothing but a Composition of Cloves, Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Amber, and other Spices and Ingredients, which however, thro' its Perfume, made the Rabble believe it had some specifick Virtue. However his putting the pompous and barbarous Title of *Unguentum admirabile* upon all the Boxes, its wonderful Effects made him gain a great deal of Money. still this did not satisfy him, he was resolved I should work also for my part to bring Grift to his Mill. He pressed me to it again, and threatened me unmercifully, to encourage me to do my Duty ; wherefore finding him obstinately

finately bent upon making me venture my Neck, I resolved to leave this Quack, and endeavoured to get into some honest Man's Service.

The last Day of the Fair my Master bid me think what Usage I must expect if I let slip that Opportunity of getting some Booty. There was no going back then; wherefore with design to endeavour to get a better Master, I offered my Service to some Merchant's who were standing to hear *Fagotin's* Buffoonries; but my Tatterdemallion Dress, which I had worn Winter and Summer above four Years, and which was stocked with a good number of little Inhabitants, made every Body shun me like the Plague, and bid me go and be hanged, clapping their Hands upon their Pockets, for fear my design was upon them. Tho' I was thus repulsed on all Sides, I would not put in practise my Master's Lessons, neither would I return to him, for fear of being killed. Whilst I was ruminating where I should hide my Head, by chance I cast my Eyes upon a young Beggar, who, whilst he asked Charity Hat in Hand of a Man of good Figure, stole from him a handsome embroidered Purse, and got out of the Crowd without any one's perceiving him play that Trick but my self. Thereupon I followed him, and, accosting him, extoll'd his Address highly, telling him I would give a great deal to be as sharp as he. This Compliment surprizing him very much, he reply'd, that he did not know what I meant; but on my assuring him that he had nothing to fear

from me, because I was of the same Profession; he at last owned it, and added, that, to judge by the weight and bulk of the Purse, it should be one of the best Booties that had ever fallen into his Clutches. I answered, that if I had had as much Courage and as much Subtlety as he, I could have struck a much bolder Stroke than he, by stealing a Box of Jewels from a *Jew*, but that I was as yet too great a Novice. Thereupon having shewn him my Penknife and Scissars, he no longer doubted the Truth of what I had told him. He was vex'd that he had not discovered this *Jew*, and assured me that he should soon have found a Way to have eased him of it. I told him, that, if he would undertake it, it was Time enough yet, because I could shew him the Man who was still looking on. He accepted the Proposal with Joy, assuring me he would soon have the Box; whereupon we returned, and I pointed him out a *Jew*, who made the best Appearance, and, said he had the Jewels in such a Pocket. He bid me wait a little, and see how subtly he would bubble him. As he was turning about to go up to him, I called him back, and bid him leave the Purse with me till he returned, because if he should miscarry in his Enterprize, they might search him, and take away his Purse, which they would imagine he had stolen. I had much ado to persuade him to part with it, for he said that he was Cocksure, and that this Precaution was needless; but I alledged so many good Reasons, that at last he gave it me, after making me swear
not

not to touch what was in it. But he had scarce left me to attack the *Jem*, when I took to my Heels, and ran to the other end of the City. As I was very hot with running, I went into an Ale-House to drink a Mug of Beer, and happening to be in a Room alone, I opened my Purse to view the Contents of it. But how did my Heart leap for Joy at finding therein a hundred Ducats, which I thought honestly acquired, I immediately began to build a thousand Castles in the Air, which vanished as fast as I built them, without my being able to conclude upon any thing but this, that after being Master of such a Treasure, and rich enough to keep my Coach all the rest of my Life, I should be an arrant Fool to return to Mr. Quack, and that it would be better to go back to my own Country, there to enjoy my Fortune at my leisure. However, I resolved either to keep my secret concealed till my Master had left *Hamburg*, or to embark for *Amsterdam* with the very first opportunity.

Whilst I was thus feeding my self up with these fine Fancies, I saw some drunken Sailors enter; which Company not being agreeable to me, I paid my Landlord, and walked off, the rather because there was never a Bed for me. Wherefore I trotted up and down the Town, and arriving at last at the Harbour, I went into an Inn where I saw several Mariners. There the Landlord informed me that there was a Captain of a *Dutch* Vessel at his House, who was to set Sail next Morning for *Amsterdam*. A Moment after

saw the Captain come in, to whom having told my Design, we soon agreed for my Passage, and he bid me be ready next Morning at break of Day. I was so glad of this Rep-counter that I called for a Bottle of Wine, and after that another, and another, which the Captain, the Landlord and I soon emptied, which done, I went to Bed, and slept that Night the best in the World.

Next Morning early, the Captain coming to tell me it was time to depart, I leaped out of Bed, and, after having drank off some Glasses of Brandy together, and paid the Landlord, I went with him to his Vessel. I was just going on Board, when I discovered my Master with *Fagotin*, who, no doubt suspecting that I designed to convert to my own use some Booty which I had got, had been to look for me at all the Ale-houses about the Town. The severe Punishment I was to expect would have made me run away with all speed, but he having perceived me as soon as I did him, flew to me, and, seizing me by the Arm, *Ha, you Dog!* said he in a *Flemish* Accent, for he was of that Country, *Is it thus that you pretend to pay me for all my Favours and the Expences I have been at for you! I swear I will take a Course with you for it.* Thereupon he pulled me roughly, and placed me between him and *Fagotin*, who gave me to understand that my Crime deserved no less than a Hundred thousand Bastinadoes, whereby I found that his Friendship, like all other sub-lunary Things, was subject to Revolutions, and my Master made the Crowd which gathered

thered about us, believe that I had Robbed him. Being come to his Lodging, he dragged me by the Hair into his Chamber, and taking a Bull's-pizzle, he said, with a terrible Voice, and foaming with Rage, that he had not seized me to keep me any longer in his Service, but to make me feel that he was a Man of his Word, since I had not performed his Commands, and would have escaped by stealth. That therefore he would claw me off in such a manner that I should own he knew wonderfully well how to fulfil his Promises; after which he would turn me off like a rotten Member, to end my Days in an Hospital. This Exordium being over, he turned pale with Rage, and, gnashing his Teeth, was preparing to execute Justice with the utmost Rigour; but whatever Resolution I had taken to suffer all, rather than deliver the Purse, his Looks and his Threats terrified me so much, that, pulling it out of my Pocket, I presented it to him, telling him that I expected a little better Reception for about 100 Ducats which I had brought him, not being able to comprehend what had incensed him so much against me.

At the sight of the Purse he grew a little Calm, and, smoothing his Brows, *Is it possible, Child, said he, that you have taken care to improve so well by my Instructions?* And opening the Purse hastily, he began to count the Ducats. Being overjoyed at the sight of so much Gold, he extolled my ingenuity highly, and promised if I performed a few more such Exploits, he would augment my Gains, and

use me like his Son, and make me *Fagotin's* Deputy. Then he would know how I went about to steal this Purse, and why I lay elsewhere, which had caused him to suspect that I intended to run away with some Prize. Having had time to consider what I should say, I answered him, that having observed a Gentleman very well drest, who was very attentive to *Fagotin's* Drollery, I took courage, and, stealing my Hand into his Pocket, made my self Master of his Purse, without being perceived by any one but a little young Rogue of a Beggar, who followed me, and insisted on my giving him half, or else he would discover me; that being willing to get rid of this importunate Companion, I promised to satisfy him as soon as we were withdrawn into some Ale-house; that after asking for a pot of Beer, pretended to go and make Water, and went and hid my self in another Publick-House just by, whence I durst not stir out, for fear that Beggar should see me; that in the Morning having met a Lighterman, and asked him which was my Way to our Inn, he told me he was going that Way himself, and that if I would follow him to his Vessel, where he must go and give some Orders, he would shew me the Way, and that just at the Time Mr. Doctor met me. My Justification seemed very good, and my Master, after having excused himself for suspecting me of Infidelity, caressed me highly, and made me a thousand fine Promises. Besides, he not only left me the rest of the Ducats I had changed, but also would have

have given me another, which I refused, telling him I wanted a Suit of Cloaths more than Money. He promised me one, and accordingly had one made that very same Day of an old grey Cloak.

CHAP. II.

Florimond sets out from Hamburg with his Master; the Character of his Mistress.

WE continued at *Hamburg* some Days after the Fair, because my Master had taken in hand some Patients, in hopes of being well paid, if they had the good luck to recover of themselves, for his Remedies could not contribute thereunto in the least. One Morning he entered our Inn, seeming in a great Emotion, and ordered us to pack up all speedily, for he would be gone in less than two Hours. After giving this Order, he went out to hire a Boat to carry us to *Bremen*, and all this was done with so much Expedition, that in two Hours time all the Baggage was in the Vessel, and we set out. We hardly were put off from Shore, when the Doctor said to his Wife: *Now I laugh at him; the poor Man thought to catch me, but a fig for him, he is bit himself.* I could have wished to have known what he meant by that, but I durst not ask him, because this Fellow assumed so much

much Authority over his Servants. At Night, as I lay upon a Truss of Straw by *Fagotin*, and my Master and Mistress were snoring, I asked him the meaning of such an abrupt Departure, knowing well that he was the Corridant of my Master's Secrets, and more particularly the officious Servant of his Lady. The rest of my Ducats having restored me to his Favour, because we had drank it out together, he was pleased to satisfy me, and told me that the Doctor having engaged to Cure the Son of a Senator, who was a great Merchant, of a Cataract in his Eye, he had managed Matters so well as to make him stone-blind of both Eyes; that his Father in despair would have had him seized, but that our Master being informed of it, had the prudence to retreat suddenly without beat of Drum, contenting himself with fifty Crowns he had received before-hand, and leaving behind him the other hundred that had been promised him for the Cure. As I blamed this Action very much, and lamented the young Man's Condition, *Fagotin* related to me several more of his Tricks, that were much more heinous and wicked than that; but does a Quack ever do any otherwise?

At last we arrived at *Bremen*, which Place did not answer my Master's expectation, because the Chief Magistrate, who was the most greedy of Money of any that ever was in that City, which is more troubled with that Distemper than any other in all *Europe*, that I know of, would not permit him to expose his Trumpery to Sale, till he had laid
down

down a good Sum. Wherefore he was obliged to go to seek his Bubbles elsewhere, and quit that City, against which he uttered a thousand Imprecations. We travelled from thence thro' several Cities in *Germany*, where my Master feathered his Nest very well by cheating every body. I then saw the Folly I had committed in making him believe he owed the Purse I had brought him to his good Lesson; for being tempted by such a Windfall, and thinking it would be turning his Back upon Fortune to suffer my Talents to lie idle, he resolved I should perfect myself at any rate in this fine Calling. But finding that neither his Exhortations or Menaces had brought him one single Penny by my Industry, during five Fairs successively, he was out of all Patience, and believing that this my Behaviour proceeded from an obstinate Disobedience, and an inveterate Malice, he began to abuse me more and more. Not a Day passed but he beat me sadly; without my committing any Fault; if he did but see me, and I was within his reach, I was sure of some good Cuffs on the Ear, and Kicks on the Breech. All were incensed against me, *Fagotin*, and the other Servant, who did not share their Master's Favour, so much as they did their Mistresses, took a delight in threshing me by turns. Besides these three Devils, we had a cursed Baboon, which seemed to be in the Plot with them, as it was my Office to give him his Victuals, whenever he could reach me, he would pull me by the Hair, scratch me, and bite

bite me till the blood came; and, besides all this, my poor Belly suffered likewise, a crust of brown Bread being my most usual Fare. There was none but the charitable Doctores, who would sometimes give me a penny or two-pence to prevent my dying with hunger. This good Woman saved me from a great many blows, she was a notable Woman; she had both Strength and Courage enough to bang her Spouse sometimes; wherefore, as she seemed to patronize me, the other Devils durst not maul me but in secret. The good Woman kept fair with me for more than one Reason; for besides my being of the same Country and the same City with her self, I had surprized her by chance with *Fagotin*, and the other Servant, in a posture that was very detrimental to her Husband's Forehead. However, she did not much trouble herself about what I had seen, or what the others did with her, for if her two Assistants forgot the Respect that was due to her, she was very ready at giving them a good slap on the Face and kick on the Breech. As I had always appeared very discreet to her, and had never spoken of her directly nor indirectly, she bore me some good Will. Being willing to give me some Proofs of it, she called me into her Chamber one Morning, when her Husband and the two Servants were gone out. "You can't
 "imagine, Child, said she then to me, how
 "much I suffer in seeing you so abused. I
 "have always had a great Affection for you,
 "because you have appeared to me to be of
 "a very good Temper. You may have per-
 "ceived

"ceived it by the Favour I have always
 "shewn you, having often taken your part,
 "and laid the Storm that was going to fall
 "upon your Back. I always will do so;
 "for I love you as if you was my own
 "Child, as a proof thereof, here, added she
 "putting a piece in my Hand, there is a
 "Crown for you to drink my Health." I
 accepted it without any great Compliments,
 and hurried it into my Pocket, thanking her
 however for her Present, which she seeing.
 "What, said she, shall I only have a few
 "Words in return, and have you so little
 "Gratitude not to clasp me about the Neck,
 "to testifie how acceptable this little Present
 "is to you." Such a Speech surprized me
 so much that I remained motionless, and
 dumb, blushing, and not daring to lift up
 my Eyes. Seeing my Timorousness, she was
 willing to cure me of it; wherefore she pul-
 led me to her, clasped me in her Arms, and
 kissed me in such a manner, that, as great a
 Novice as I was, I apprehended what she
 would be at. Yet more, she threw her self
 upon the Bed with me, and began to paw
 me all over. As I was already Seventeen, I
 began to feel the Effect of this Toying, and
 she saw plainly by my Looks, that I was in a
 Condition to revenge my self of my Master
 for all his Drubbings with a good pair of
 Horns; nevertheless the bait was not very
 enticing, for nothing about her being in
 the least inviting, it made me very slow
 in my Advances; but however, at last so many
 Caresses, and especially her Promises to stand
 my

my Friend, fully encouraging me, I shot the Gulph, and offered her the first Fruits of my Virility.

I had hardly made her this Sacrifice, when my Master entered; and was surprized at seeing us in such a Heat. As his Forehead had been long inured to such Affronts, he did not feel the Addition I had just made to his Brow-Antlers; and having asked his Wife what was the Matter, she told him I had broken a Bottle, for which she had both scolded and threshed me heartily; which cost me half a dozen good Cuffs on the Ear, which the Old Guckold gave me upon his Wife's Evidence. I was sensible I had deserved them; not for the Bottle, but for my criminal Complaisance to her; but I comforted my self with the hopes that having my Mistress's favour she would take care I should not be so much abused for the future. However I was mistaken, for from that Time she mauled me worse than her Husband; which made me judge she had not found me answerable to her Expectations. Nevertheless I was often obliged to lead up the same Dance with this *Megara*, without being used ever the better by her, she being as capricious as a Mule, and without doubt of the Nature of some Mares, which return the Caresses of the Horses with Kicks.

C A H P III.

The Operator robs one of his Brother-Quacks, who attempting to revenge himself, brings himself into an ugly Scrape.

ABOUT the same Time as we were upon the Road to settle our selves in some good City, we stopp'd at a Village to pass the Night there. In the Inn where we put up, we found a *German* that was an Original, and was just arriv'd likewise. I immediately smelt him out to be of the same Profession with my Master, for a Quack may be known by his Air, his Dress, and especially by a particular Perfume which surrounds like a *Vortex*. Assoon as he was informed of our Doctor's Vocation, he ran to embrace him, and complimented him in such familiar Terms that one would have sworn they had either been two Brothers, or two intimate Friends, altho' my Master, who was the most reserved, and the most full of Vanity, of any Man in the World, would hardly vouchsafe to look at him. After he had expressed his Joy at having met with one of his Brother Operators, he said to my Patron in *High German*; *I wished the Thunder had destroyed Strasburgh, where I have been to my Misfortune, and where my Fortune has suffered such a Ship-Wrack as I never can recover as long as I live.* My Master would not have car'd Two-pence for

for all this Man continued to say of that City, for the poor Man had a Phyz that did not speak much in his Favour, and his Velvet Coat, which was Thread-bare on all sides, and old Fashion, gave him no great Opinion of the rest of his Equipage; but as he designed himself to go to sell his Drugs in that City, he was willing to be informed of the Motive that incensed the other so much against it. He satisfied him immediately, and told him that having cured a Nobleman at *Strasburgh* of a Cancer, the Physicians of that City, envying him for the great Cures he had performed there, had conspired together to ruin him, and that having given one another the Watchword, they all came together one Day to his Patients, the Moment he had cut off the Cancer, and had the insolence to maintain before the sick Man, that 'twas not a Cancer, but only a *Phlegmon*, or a Tumour with Inflammation, and that he had only made the Nobleman believe it was a Cancer, to bubble him out of the more Money. He added, that his Patient having given credit to those Gentry, they had seized him, and thrown him into a Dungeon; that three Days, after having been condemned to be whipt by the Hands of the Hang-Man, and have his Back adorned with the City-Arms, to prevent such an Affront, he had had the Ingenuity to break thro' his Prison, and got out of Town, but that he was in despair at having left in the Hands of the Officers of Justice above five thousand Pounds in Money, Jewels, and Furniture, not being able to

saye

have any more than a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, which he shewed us. He assured us that this great Loss did not afflict him so much, as his having been obliged to abandon a hundred Attestations and Letters Patent from several Kings and Princes in *Europe*, which justified his Capacity, and had helped him to get considerable Sums. My Master hearing he had still some Money left, grew a little more courteous, and, to comfort him, bethought himself subtly to tell him, that those old Papers were but a trifle, the Loss whereof it should be in his Power to repair that instant, because he had himself above thirty which he would sell him if he pleased, being resolved to leave off the Business, and retire into his own Country; and that these Writing might serve him, if he would assume his Name. This Proposal suiting the other, they soon agreed on the Price, my Master delivered up to him his Letters Patent with their Seals for five Pound. I was surprized at his parting with such Papers; but *Fagotin* told me that the Doctor knew very well what he did, and that he would have taken care how he sold them, had not he known where to have found others soon, that he could have Parchment and Wax enough for a Crown to new-stock himself, and that having a good Number of Coats of Arms of several Sovereigns and Cities of *Germany*, cut in Wood, he could stamp them any where upon fresh Wax, as he had done by them he sold his Brother-Quack; who desired him likewise to spare one of his Servants,

vants, because his own had all deserted him on his being seized. To this my Master answered, he could not comply, because his Servants being his Country Men, he had promised to carry them all back with him into their own Country. However he that had broke Prison was very well pleased with his Bargain. When it was Bed-time, the Landlord provided one Chamber where there were two Beds, for my Master and Mistress, and the Parchment-Merchant, and as for us, our Kennel was in the Stables. We had hardly begun to snore, when my Master came to Wake us, and tell us that we must set out immediately, for the Horses were already put to his Waggon. So said, so done. We got in, and then drive on Coachman. We travelled hard all the Night, and next Morning stopt at a Village to bait the Horses, after which we pursued our Journey. At Night being within sight of Strasburgh, my Master turned to me and said: *See here, Mr. Rascal, shewing me the Purse which his Brother-Quack had pulled out before us, see how one may bubble Folks, and get a good Booty, one must run some Hazard to get Riches. But you, great Sor as you are, would have Quails drop into your Mouth ready-rosted.* Thereupon he told us, that as soon as he heard his Brother-Quack snore, he got up softly, picked his Pocket, and then marched off. After the Relation of this fine Exploit, we soon entered the City, and being arrived at an Inn, the Landlord told my Master, after several other Questions which he asked him, that an
Operator

Operator who had been seized for several Rogueries and Impostures, had escaped from Prison two Nights before, and that he had acted very prudently, because they had designed to reward him according to his Deserts. He added, that this Man had given them such an ill Opinion of those of his Profession in that City, that he did not believe my Master would obtain Liberty to appear in publick. He was in the right, for the Soldiers, who were upon Guard at the City Gate, having seen us pass by, and judging who we were by our Equipage, had already been to apprize the Magistrates of it, who thereupon soon after sent a Deputation to my Master, to compliment him in their Name, and desire him fairly to quit their City at break of Day, with all his Retinue, or else they should be obliged to shew him the same Honours as they had designed for a Nobleman of the same Quality as himself, who by making his Escape silently, had deprived them of that Satisfaction. Hereupon my Master, who was a great Enemy to all these troublesome Fashions, was willing to spare them that Pains, and next Morning retired with a good Grace from a City that was so much upon the Ceremonial; leaving behind him a Volly of Execrations both against them and their Town.

My Brother had proceeded thus far in his Relation, when the Candle going out, and not knowing how to get another, because every Body was a sleep, we likewise went to Bed, where I pressed him so much to go on with

with the sequel of his Adventures, that he began again thus, altho' he had a great Mind to rest.

I had had Patience till then, in hopes of my Master's returning soon into *Holland*, which made me bear with the ill Usage I daily met with, both from him and his Wife; but as I heard him talk no more of it, I cursed the Day a thousand Times that I ever entred his Service, and had not followed my Cousin's Advice of going to the *East Indies*, and resolved to shake off the Yoke one Day or another; however I travelled yet with him thro' some more Towns. About six Months after, my Masters meeting with his Brother Mountebanck, we happen'd to be in a little Town in the Electorate of *Barvaria*, where there was a Fair; and my Master set up his Stage pretty near another, without knowing who that belonged to. As he was the first who made his Appearance, having display'd his Letters Patent which he had made himself but a little before, and began to lie like a Tooth-drawer, he saw the other Operator mount his Stage, whom he immediately knew to be the same worthy Brother whose Feathers he had so well plucked. The other also instantly remembered him, but would scarce have believed his Eyes, had he not been confirmed therein by the sight of my Mistress and the old Baboon, and seeing that our Doctor had drawn all the Spectators about him, and sold a vast quantity of his Medicines, being doubly enraged against him, both for what was past and his present Success,

cess, he addressed the Audience thus: "I can't
 " imagine, O ye inconsiderate and ignorant
 " People, how a hare-braind Rogue of a Quack
 " and Impostor, for so the *Germans* call the
 " *Hollanders*, how an Arch-Thief can thus
 " debauch your Understandings, and how you
 " can suffer your selves to be so far seduced
 " by the enormous Lies he tells, as by a
 " foolish Credulity to lay out your Money
 " with an Impostor and Poisoner, for Drugs
 " which, far from doing you any Service, or
 " having the least Virtue in them, inevitably
 " prove fatal to you. Yes, Gentlemen, con-
 " tinued he, that Quack whom you see stand-
 " ing there, who has the Impudence to cry
 " up his Cures which he never performed, is
 " the greatest Villain and Rogue that ever
 " was. That is the very same Man, who,
 " some Months ago, (after I had discovered
 " to him, as to a Friend, the great Losses
 " I had unfortunately suffered) robbed me
 " in the Night whilst I was sleeping of all
 " the rest of my Money, and then fled."
 He would have continued his railing, but my
 Master thinking he had said enough in Con-
 science, and that he was obliged in Honour
 to shew that he was a Person of Merit, who
 was accused falsely, interrupted him with a
 Voice so strong and sonorous, that he was
 soon forced to cease his gabbling, and his
 Invectives. "Gentlemen, cryed he to the
 " Spectators, that you may immediately know
 " this Pick-pocket who dares thus asperse
 " me, know that between five and six Months
 " ago he killed about thirty honest People who
 had

“ had trusted themselves to his Ignorance, and
“ would have ended his Life upon a Scaffold,
“ if he had not had the luck one fine Night
“ to make his Escape out of Prison. Besides this,
“ that Rogue has stolen from me those very
“ Letters Patent and Attestations which you
“ now see in his Hands; and has the Impudence
“ even to assume my Name, which you will
“ find in those Papers; for, to my Misfor-
“ tune, he having met with me some Nights
“ after he escaped from *Strasburgh*, and hav-
“ ing cajoled me by his fair Speeches, I
“ thought innocently I had an honest Man
“ to deal with, and shewed him my Let-
“ ters and Attestations; but this Rogue, en-
“ tring my Chamber by Night, not only
“ carried off my best Papers, but also a
“ hundred pound, and I never could find
“ him since till I now met him here, and
“ where I hope to have strict Justice done
“ me. ” The Audience finding this latter part
true, because the other had called himself by
my Master's Name, believed all the rest, and
called out to the other Speech-maker, that if
he did not retire from that place, they would
pull down his Stage, and break all his Gally-
pots and Bottles. And he would have be-
gun to Preach again, the Mob, gathering up
Dirt, Mud and Stones, began to bombard
him, and, pulling down some of the Boards,
made his whole Stage shake, so that the
shower of Stones making him afraid of his
Life, he abandoned all his Drums, and leap-
ing headlong into the midst of the Crowd,
he was there wellcomed with several good
Fifty.

Fifty-cuffs in the Chops, which put his Face all in a Jelly, and beat out some of his Teeth.

Assoon as this unfortunate Doctor had saved himself in a Neighbouring House, my Master, with his usual Eloquence, thanked the Assembly for having had the Goodness to protect his Innocence, and punish the guilty. He did this with so much Politeness and Modesty, that they took him for the honestest Man in the World; the more because in gratitude for the Service done him, he was willing to part with his Medicines at a cheaper rate than he had done at first. By this means he sold all he had in his Shop, and got that Day more Money in that Dog-hole of a Town, than he had in the chief Cities in *Germany*. He reckoned upon the doing the same next Day, and making as much Advantage as he could of the People's Good-will; but the Magistrates being informed of the Quarrel and Disorder that had happened, and gave him a private hint to pack up his Awls, and march out of the Town assoon as possible, adding, that if he had made any Delay, they should be obliged to send the Master of the Ceremonies to him, to shew him the usual Honours due to his Profession, and conduct him out: Wherefore he was forced to obey.

C H A P. IV.

Florimond leaves his Master ; and falling into Company with three Tinkers, is in danger of being hanged with them.

IN the mean while finding that my long Services did not make my Life at all easier and that they still continued to misuse me ; one Day especially, being beat to a mummy for a trifle, I grew past all Patience; wherefore, packing up my Rags, and being furnished with four Crowns, which I had the Address to steal from my Master, I took some Scamper-Powder, and vanished in good earnest. I had no need of any other Spurs than the fear of being flayed alive, if my Hangmen should catch me ; insomuch that after having run the whole Day, I found my self at Night in a Village, eight good German Leagues from the place where I left my Master. Going into an Ale-house to rest there that Night I saw three Tinkers of *Liege*, who were travelling the Country with their Tools. The first of them who accosted me, looked like an *Aethiopian*, he was so very black and nasty. By his gibberish, half German half *Walloon*, I made a shift to understand they were going towards the *Rhine*. This News pleased me highly, for not knowing the Road, I could not have met with better Company, wherefore I asked leave to go with them, which they very willingly granted me. And as the

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Landlord himself was always used to lie upon Straw, it would have been ridiculous in us to have desired a Bed of him; besides, it was very evident, that there never had been any such thing as Sheets in such a Hogs-stye. Accordingly we all lay down side by side upon the Straw, which had served as a litter for all sorts of Animals. Assoon as old Cock, which had been a Servant of the House for fifteen Years, had sounded his usual Alarm, every one got up. For my part I had not closed my Eyes all Night, because a whole Regiment of Fleas, Bugs and Lice, were living at discretion free-quarter upon my Territories, and I thought I should have been stifled by the infectious Blasts of Garlick which my Bedfellow discharged continually in my Face. The Tinkers had much ado before their Departure to agree with the Inn-keeper about their Reckoning; and after abundance of Noise and Disputes, the Landlord was at last obliged to be contented with Three-pence for them all, instead of Six pence which he demanded; which done, they went out cursing the Landlord and all his Generation. We had hardly travelled half a League, when one of these lousy Rogues desired me imperiously to ease him of his Kettles, which incommoded him a little, and the others, not to cause any jealousy, clapped likewise each of them one upon my Back. Being thus loaden like a Mule, I was forced to keep up with these Boors, till at last we arrived at a Country-House, where we entered, to see if none of

the Kitchen-Utensils wanted mending. An old Woman told them, that indeed she had a large Kettle which had a hole in it, but no Money to pay for the mending, because her Husband was gone to the City to sell his Butter, and had left her alone. They answered they would be satisfied with a Cann of Butter-milk. One of these Villains then being set about the Work, he asked for the Cann of Milk, which the good Woman had scarce turned her back to fetch, when they locked her into the Dairy, after which they broke open a Trunk, with one blow of a Hatcher, whence they took out some pieces of Linnen and other Goods, whereof they soon made a large Bundle. And laughing at the old Woman's Cries, who heard all this hurly-burly, they continued taking all that suited them, and loaded me like an Ass. I durst not speak the least Word, for a moment before happening to bemoan the poor Woman, they had vowed to wring my Neck off, if I did but whisper. Insomuch that I had reason enough to curse my Stars, which had brought me out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. What was yet worse, finding I had some Money, I was obliged to pay for them at all their Places where they lay, as long as it lasted; altho' these Cut-throats had each of them a Leather-belt about them well lined with Money.

I had already been four Days in this Rascally Company, when one Morning we met a Man in a Wood, who seemed a good substantial Country-man, and had upon his
Shoulder

Shoulder a Traveller's Wallet, which seemed to feel heavy to him, tho' it was not very large. He saluted us very civilly; but was hardly got a Musket-shot from us, when the Villains stopt, consulted together, laid down their Baggage, ordering me to watch it till their Return, and ran back after him. They came again in half an hour, seeming very well pleased with their Expedition, and bringing with them the Wallet and Cloaths of the Man we had seen pass by us. Having taken up our Bundles, we walked on faster towards *Mentz*, which was but three Leagues farther, where they had resolved to turn their Things into Money, and sell their Kettles. But we had hardly got half a League, when, entering upon a great Heath, we saw a dozen Country-Men on Horseback, and armed with Fuses, Forks and Flails, rush out of the Wood. At this sight the Villains changed as pale as Death, well judging they were in pursuit of them. There was no way to escape, much less to resist them, and, for my part, I thought they were Highway-Men, who, seeing us so laden, were come in Compassion to ease us of our Burthens. But I changed pale in my Turn, when having overtaken us, they dismounted their Horses, and tying our Hands behind us, made us return back the way we came. Being arrived at the place where my Companions had overtaken the Man with the Wallet, we saw another Company of Peasants standing round a dead Man, who was stript to his Shirt, and stabbed with a Knife in several

ral Places, whom I could perceive, by the Lineaments of his Face, to be the same who had before met us. Thereupon the Bailiff of the Village, who was also there, turning about to us, *Do you know, Wretches*, said he, *what Punishment such a horrid Murther deserves?* Go, added he, *to those who had made us Prisoners, carry these Villains to the Village, and put them in the Dungeon in the Steeple till they receive their Tryals before the Judges.* After which I was obliged to march with them, without my Tears or my Protestations of my Innocency's being of any Service to me.

We were thrown then all of us into the Dungeon, and well guarded Night and Day; and three Days after we were conducted to *Mentz*. There we were all examined, and the Tinkers at first would have denied the Fact; but what had been found upon them, and the deposition of a Peasant, who was cleaving of Wood near the Place where the Murther was committed, caused them all to be put to the Torture, where they were forced to confess; and in a few Days after ended their Days between Heaven and Earth, altho' each of them had above two hundred pound, which they offered for their Lives. As for me, as these Wretches owned I had no hand in this Murther, and had confessed how I happened in their Company, as also the Peasant had not deposed against me, I was set at Liberty, only they advised me to return Heaven Thanks, and beg to be preserved for the future from such Comrades.

C H A P. V.

*He arrives at Cologn; he meets Philax,
and outwits that Rogue.*

SOME few Days after, I found an opportunity of going down the Rhine, in a Vessel laden with Wine for Cologn, where they took me in almost gratis. On my Arrival at this City, not having one Penny, I was in the utmost perplexity, not knowing which way to turn me. At last Necessity obliged me to list for a Soldier, and I was sent to Bonn. Having served there about a Year, our Company returned to Cologn, where we were put in Garrison. One Day as I was walking there between the Ramparts, and some Gardens, feeding myself with the hopes of being soon advanced to a General or Velt-Marshall, I was accosted by a Footman in a red Livery, who told me he had Orders from his Master to desire me to come to him in a Garden just by. I imagined at first that the Fellow had mistaken me for another, neither knowing him, nor his Master; but he told me he only did as he was ordered, and that I need only follow him to know the Truth of it. Upon my entering the Garden, I saw in an Arbour a Gentleman magnificently dressed, whom I did not imagine I had ever set Eyes on, who, as soon as he perceived me, ran to embrace me,

me, and cryed out in a Transport of Joy; *Ah! my dear Friend! how little did I expect to be so fortunate to meet you here!* This Familiarity, and these Words from a Person who seemed so much above me, surprized me extremely, and, observing him with a little more Attention, I found him with the utmost Astonishment to be the same individual *Philax*, who had formerly set me such fine Lessons in Roguery at *Amsterdam*, and whom I had left in the *Rasp-buis*, or House of Correction. As soon as I was recovered from my first Surprize, and the respect due to his pretended Quality was vanished, I very frankly clapt on my Hat, without asking him leave, and enquired by what chance he got into that City, after he had been so well secured at *Amsterdam*? As he had as great a mind to hear my Adventures, as I had to be informed of his, we must have been obliged to draw Straws, who should begin first; but considering that I was the youngest, and his Pupil, I thought I owed him some Deference, wherefore I acquainted him from beginning to-end, with all that had befallen me since our separation. I had hardly finished, when his Footman, whom he had before sent on some Errand, came in with joy in his Looks, and told him that *Force-porte* had broke Prison the Night before, and would be there in half an Hour, because he was walking round the Ramparts for fear he should be pursued and seized again. *Philax* was so overjoyed hereat, that he leaped about the Footman's Neck, whom he filed his

his dear Friend, whilst the other did not so much as vouchsafe to put his Hand to his Hat, but drinking off a large Glas of Wine which stood upon the Table, sat down without Ceremony between us, which made me judge him to be one of *Philax's* Companions, and of the same Profession. After they had discoursed a moment together, in a Jargon which I did not understand, and which no doubt was the Cant of the Gang, *Philax* turned about to me and said, that having been confined about a Year, by the Assistance of two Thieves who were condemned with him to saw *Brazeel*, he had taken the Advantage of the opening of the Door of their Seminary, and slipping thro' a Crowd of curious People, who came to visit them during the Fair, had the good Luck to escape, and that, concealing himself some Days in the Cellar, where we had often been together, he at last got out of *Amsterdam*, not thinking himself safe there; that from thence he went to *Rotterdam*, where, listing for a Drummer, he was sent into Garrison at *Zwoll*; but that having robbed his Captain of a Silver-Fork and Spoon, they had made him run the Gantlope, which had forced him to quit the Service to go to *Westphalia*, and carry a Musket in the Troops of the Warlike *Bernard de Galen*, Bishop of *Munster*, that having there killed a Soldier, he had fled elsewhere, and at last taken Refuge at *Cologn*, where he had got acquainted with a Gang of Scholars; who lived at other People's Expence; that he surpassed them with so much Dexterity, that

that they soon declared him Captain of the Gang; that to the end he might not appear unworthy of this high Dignity, he had taught them, by his Example, to face the greatest Dangers, and to inure themselves to more noble Exploits than bare picking Pockets, as to stop Passengers by Night Sword in Hand, and strip them to their Shirts, which they had lately done by the Pope's *Nuncio*, as, according to Custom, he was returning late from a Lady, to whom, for want of an *Italian Ganymede*, he dispensed humane Blessings and Indulgencies in his Master's Name. He added, that his Gang was divided into three Companies; that the first, and least intrepid, frequented the first rate Ordinaries, endeavoured to insinuate themselves into the favour of Travellers, and did their business by bubbling them at Play; that the second, which had more Bravery, attacked Passengers by Night in the Streets; and that the Third consisted of such Fellows as understood admirably well how to break open Locks and Doors. He added moreover, that every one of his Emisseries were obliged to give him an exact Account of all their Expeditions, and if one Ace was wanting, he was banished with Ignominy, and cut off from that Illustrious Body as a rotten Member. In fine, he concluded by telling me, that one of the House-breakers had been taken in the Fact two or three Days before; that this fatal Accident had so much alarmed the whole Society, that all of them were gone to hide themselves here and there, and, for his part, he had kept
in

in that Garden; but that *Brule Gofier* (which was the Name of him who personated the Footman) had just told him that the Prisoner had found a Way to make his Escape, which good News would rally their scattered Forces, that they might, under his Conduct, continue the same heroick Exploits.

Philax was just come to this part of his pretty Story, when we heard a Knocking at the Garden-Door; and a Moment after I saw a young Man enter who had a terrible *Taledo* by his Side. He was the same who had broke Prison, and whom the noble Company would have regretted very much, if he had fallen into the Hangman's Clutches, for he was an admirable Fellow at his Business. He immediately asked the Captain in his Rogue's Cant, if I was of the Profession? To which *Philax* answered in a Language which I understood, that I was his Country Man, that he knew me, and that I promised well, he having seen me put in Practice very dexterously some Lessons he had formerly taught me. Thereupon the other informed him; without farther Ceremony, how he had extricated himself from the Hands of Justice; which Contrivance procured him thousand Praises.

After that *Philax* had dismissed this brave *Force-porte*, he squeezed my Hand, and told me that it seemed as if Heaven had sent me to assist him in an Affair; whereupon his whole Happiness, as well as mine, depended, without my running the least Risque imaginable. Having assured him with a good many Oaths

that *etc*

that in that Case I was entirely at his Service; he said that the hanging Situation wherein his Affairs then were, had made him often consider of some Way to lead an honest Life; that should not be so subject to the Wheel or the Gallows; that he could think of none better than to marry a Woman who had a Fortune sufficient to keep him without interfering in the hurry of the World; that to that End he had cast his Eyes upon one who passed for one of the Richest in the City; and did not doubt gaining her if I would play my Part according to his Directions. He added, that having seen this young Gentlewoman several times at Mafs, he had one Day accosted her, and had a pretty long Conversation with her, and that at last she had given him Leave to visit her at her Uncle's, who was an old rich Gentleman, and with whom she lived; that to gain the Affection of the good Man, who was her Guardian, he had always had the utmost Complaisance for him, and had lately made him a Present of a fine Horse, which had entirely won his Heart; and, in fine, that he found he was greatly in the Niece's Favour. I was not at all surprized at it, because *Philax* had an infinite deal of Wit, and was very well-shaped; insomuch that 'twas a Pity such a depraved Mind was lodged in such an agreeable Person. He added, that he had not as yet declared himself to the Uncle, but that I was come very opportunely to hasten the Conclusion of this Affair; because that he having said that he was of one of the best Families

in *Holland*, he would make the Uncle believe I was his Brother, and was come to meet him to take a Tour together into *France*; and that he was resolved to equip me in such a Manner as should make him believe he had not imposed upon him as to his Birth, or Estate. Thereupon he swore to me, that, if he succeeded, he would make me rich enough to go in a Coach to the Tavern, All this flattered me agreeably, to be well dressed, want nothing, and make my Fortune; this was very acceptable, after having run thro' so many Misfortunes: The more, because he promised me, besides a Purse of two hundred Ducats for Pocket Money, and to play with his Mistress, who was a great Lover of that Diversion, and who seeing my Pockets well-lined would have still the better Opinion of him. I pressed him then to put the Irons immediately into the Fire, and told him I was entirely at his Disposal. This however was not altogether my Intention; for having till then led a miserable Vagabond-Life, I resolved to scamper as soon as I was well Cloathed and had a good Purse, and to retire to *Amsterdam*, where I well knew *Philax* durst not come. My Conscience did murmur at it; for I thought to cheat a Thief was a meritorious Act. After that *Philax* had given me the necessary Instructions, we left the Garden, and went to a Tailor's, where he had two very handsome Suits of Cloaths made for me; which done, he bought me Linnen, and every thing else answerable to them. As soon as I was new-cloathed from Head to Foot, he

he conducted me to his Mistress's, being attended by two of his Gang to whom he had given a handsome Livery, and who were to pass for my Footmen. The Uncle caressed me highly, and I saw very well, by his Manner of receiving us, that he would not want much intreaty to give his Niece to a Cavalier, who was so well shaped, and made such a handsome Appearance as *Philax*. But I broke all his Measures; for knowing what fatal Consequences such Rogueries might produce, I took the Advantage of the Purse whereof I was already in Possession, bought secretly a good Horse and Cloack-bag to put up my Cloaths, and one fine Morning, when *Philax* was gone to Mass to see his Mistress, I mounted my Horse and got out of Town. I took the Road to *Maastricht*, in order to go from thence by *Flanders* to *Holland*. But was scarce arrived at *Hagerland*, when I was surrounded by a Company of *Spanish* Soldiers, who stript me of all, and left me only my Shirt. Even in that Condition, if they had but left me a few Ducats out of Charity, it had not been so terrible, but every thing suited them, and I found, by woful Experience, that ill-gotten Goods never prosper.

C H A P. VI.

Florimond enters into a Company of Comedians. By what Accident he gets a Mistress ; who is stolen away from him.

BEING reduced to such a miserable Condition, I was obliged however to have Patience, and to pursue my Journey very melancholy, with only a Shirt to my Back. It being then in the midst of Winter, the Cold pierced me excessively ; till at last, arriving at a Village, the Peasants taking Compassion on me, gave me some old Cloaths, and a Morfel to eat. One Day as I was continuing my Pilgrimage, and quite overspent with Weariness, I saw three Waggon's pass by full of Men and Women, with abundance of Baggage. To them I related my Disasters, in such a piteous Tone, that they were willing to give me a Place amongst them, but it was upon a large Trunk where I did not sit much at my ease ; for the Way being very rugged, my Backside suffered so much, that if my Shoes, whose Soles were quite worn away, would have served me any longer, I should have preferred the Capuchin's Horses to that cursed Waggon. These Gentry informed me that they were *Dutch Comedians*, and were going to *Mechlin*. Upon my telling the Head of the Company that

that I should be very glad to meet with a Master, he proposed my staying with them as a Candle-snuffer, till I could find another Service. I accepted the Offer very joyfully, and on hearing I could Read and Write, they said they might chance to employ me in some better Post, at last we came to *Mechlin*, where we remained about three Months, during which I performed my Duty so well that I was soon made Door-keeper; and as all the while I applied my self diligently to reading their Parts, I at last could repeat them as well as any of the Company. The Master, observing my good Memory, which is one of the principal Qualifications of a good Actor, and Desire of advancing my self, made use of me at first for a Mute, a Footman, or a Guard, as occasion served, but I had too much Ambition not to aspire at higher Posts. Wherefore, by continually teasing the Master, he at last entered me in good earnest, and allowed me the same Wages as the other Actors. As I was entirely pleased with this Way of Life, I soon made my self perfect therein; insomuch that quickly, excelling all my Comrades, they always allotted me the most difficult Parts in Tragedies, Comedies, or Farces, and all the World admired my Talents. In less than two years, we passed thro' the chief Cities in *Brabant* and *Flanders*, and at last arrived in *Zealand*, where I met with an Adventure of Consequence. For one Night as I was returning home, with one of my Comrades, thro' one of the Streets of a City where we
bad

had acted several Plays, we heard, in the Ruins of an old House, the Lamentations of a Woman, who called out for help with all her Might. The Compassion one naturally feels for the afflicted, and especially for the fair Sex, when any Insult is offered them, made us draw our Swords, and run to where the Noise was, where we saw two Men, who did their utmost to ravish a young Woman. Thereupon, without farther Hesitation, I gave one of the Villains a stroke on the Head with my Sword, which obliged him to draw his in return for the Insult, as his Companion did likewise, during which the young Woman made her Escape. Our Scuffle was very rough, for the darkness and want of room incommoded us very much, so that we should probably have been all four dispatched into the other World, if the Watch, coming up at the clashing of our Swords, had not parted us. We should all of us have been dragged away to Prison, if the young Gentlewoman returning had not witnessed in our Favour, so that the Watch, only carried the two guilty to Gaol, one of which seemed to be a Man of Fashion, and the other his Servant. The young Gentlewoman having returned us a thousand Thanks for the great Service we had done her; seeing her very well dressed and very handsome, I offered to guard her home, which, after some Compliments, she accepted. This first Acquaintance proved of great Consequence, since it was followed by Love, which occa-
sioned

sioned us a great many unfortunate Accidents, as you will find in the sequel.

Heavens! how great was my surprize on finding, by this Account of my Brother's, that he was the very Person, after whom *Rosamire* so ardently sighed! Insomuch that not being able any longer to contain my self, I interrupted him, and said: "Pass over
" all the Circumstances of your Amours,
" only tell me, what has befallen you since
" the loss of your Mistress; for I know the
" rest as well as you. As well as me, cried
" he, no less surprized! and whence could
" you be informed of it? From your Mistress's
" own Mouth, replied I, who happening to
" meet me in this City, and mistaking me
" for you, related the whole story of your
" Amours to me, and I will conduct you to
" her as soon as it is Day." Never was Amaze-
ment like my Brother's; he thought it was
all a Dream, and could not believe me till
I had acquainted him with some particular
Circumstances, which done, he was vexed it
was not Day, to fly to his dear *Rosamire*;
but he was obliged to have patience for some
Hours, wherefore, after having begged him
to continue his Story, he went on as fol-
lows: Since then, dear Brother, my *Rosamire*
has related to you all the Accidents that have
crossed our Loves, 'twill be needless for me
to recite the Particulars; I shall only tell you
then succinctly, that having left the Compa-
ny of Comedians, who regretted my Loss
very much, and going to *Ter-veer*, I was
very well received by my *Rosamire's* Parents,
who

who a little after promised me their Daughter. This good beginning would no doubt have been attended with a fortunate End, if that Villain *Clitander*, had not returned to the City, after having been cured of his Wound, and hearing how Affairs went, had a Letter thrust under *Rosamire's* Door. Her Father, into whose Hands it unfortunately fell, being informed thereby of my Condition and Profession, forbid his Daughter's seeing me any more. This however did not prevent our meeting by Night, where at last we resolved to leave the City together, in hopes her Father would be thereby obliged to consent to our Marriage. The Day being appointed for putting our Design in Execution, my Footman, whom I had hired on purpose to appear above my Rank, came to inform me, just as I was going to set out, that *Rosamire* was fallen sick, and we must wait another time, which I innocently believed. But next Day meeting the young Woman in the Street, who used to serve us in our Amours, she was surprized to see me, and asked where I had left my Mistress? I answered, that I had been told she was sick, and would have the executing our Design deferred till another more proper Time. " That is to say then, cried she out immediately, that you are both of " you betrayed; for, added she, I not only " never said a Word to your Footman of " your Mistress being indisposed, because she " was very well, but he came yesterday Morn- " ing, and bid me in your Name inform *Rosamire*, that, to take off all Suspicion, you " was

" was gone before, and waited for her at
 " *Sas van Ghent*, and that she had nothing to
 " do but to follow you in a Boat you had
 " hired on purpose for her: Thereupon she
 " set out, and I don't doubt but instead of
 " you she has met the Baron. " This News
 was a Thunderstroke to me; wherefore with-
 out answering *Narcissa*, I immediately ran to
 the Key full of Fury and Jealousy, where, hir-
 ing a Boat, I arrived that very Night at
Sas. There I made all the Enquiries ima-
 ginable, and at last was informed that a
 Stranger having hired a Waggon in that City,
 had waited without the Gate for a young
 Woman who was brought to him by a
 Footman, and that they had taken the Road
 to *Ghent*. Not doubting but it was those
 whom I was in quest of, I followed them
 to deliver my Mistress with the hazard of
 my Life. On my Arrival near *Ghent*, I bought
 a Horse, for I had had the Precaution to
 take all my Money with me; and being in-
 formed by the Innkeeper where I stopt, that
 the Day before, a Gentleman had set out very
 early in the Morning in a Waggon, with a
 young Gentlewoman and a Footman, I pur-
 sued them by the same Road. An Hour or
 two after I met an empty Waggon, the
 Driver whereof told me, that he had car-
 ried three Persons from *Sas* to *Oudenarde*,
 who were dressed in such and such a Manner,
 and that he had driven his Horses at such a
 Rate, that 'twas a Wonder he had not killed
 them, but that he had been well paid for his
 Trou-

Trouble. Having given him a piece of Money to induce him to make a farther discovery. he added that the Woman was at first perfectly in Despair, but afterwards she grew good humoured, and so complaisant, that he was amazed to see any one change so soon from black to white. He concluded with telling me, that the Gentleman had bought two good Horses, and had taken the Road to *Tournay*, but that he did not believe I could ever overtake him, tho' I should pursue him to the Day of Judgment, unless the look of my Horse was very deceitful. After this uncomfortable Prognostick, I urged on my Horse full Speed. 'Tis true, he was none of the most mettlesome of his kind; but my Heels being armed, to his misfortune, with a pair of good Spurs, I tickled his Flanks so handsomely with them, that I obliged him to put out his Strength in spite of his Teeth. I believe if he had always kept the same pace, and not been afraid of overstraining himself, he would have carried me in less than a Fortnight from the Arctick to the Antarctic Pole, and a thousand Leagues beyond the *Antipodes*, and thereby have eclipsed the Glory of the famous *Rabican*, a Horse, who, if *Aristo* is to be believed, would run swifter than the Wind. But my *Bucephalus* soon knew how to moderate the first fire; which induced me to believe he was both of the *French* Breed and Humour; for altho' I almost slayed him, and tore all the Skin off his Ribs, it was impossible for me to get this cursed foundred Jade

Jade above eight Leagues a Day: And at Night there was no making him advance one step, so much he loved a regular Life, and consequently the Stable to refresh himself after his Fatigues.

THE





THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MIRANDOR.

BOOK XII.

CHAP. I.

Florimond finds his Mistress's Ravisher, and kills him; goes to London, where he meets and fights with Philax.

WHILST I was thus in pursuit of my *Helena's Paris*, I met one Day a Man on Horseback, whom, on his coming near me, I knew to be my Rogue of a Footman, who had assisted *Citander* in stealing away *Rosamire*. As soon as he perceived me likewise, he stopt, and seemed as if consulting with himself whether he should turn back or no; but believing perhaps that my Horse might be better than his, and that his flight would redouble my Anger

Anger, he let me approach him. At the sight of this Wretch I felt my Fury revive, and, being in a By-road, I resolved to begin my Vengeance by shooting him thro' the Head. But as he saw me cock my Pistol, he immediately threw himself off his Horse, and falling down on his Knees before me, begged me with uplifted Hands to forgive his Crime, and spare his Life, promising to give me some Information of *Rosamire*. This comfortable Promise expelling the Fumes of my cholerick Temper, I granted him quarter, and made him mount his Horse again; when he told me that I need only keep on the same Road, for he did not doubt but *Rosamire* was at *Arras*, and that tho' he did not know exactly in what House she had taken Refuge, he would undertake to find her out. Then I demanded of him all the Circumstances of the carrying off my Mistress, and where *Clitander* was; whereupon he confessed to me, that the Baron had bribed him with Money and Promises, and that having devoted himself entirely to him, he had made me believe that *Rosamire* was too sick to set out on the Day appointed, after which he had caused my Mistress to be told that I was already gone to *Sas*, where I waited for her; that *Clitander* had hired a Waggon there, and that *Rosamire* being got without the Town, at the place where the Baron expected her, and discovering the Treachery, was at first inconsolable, but that afterwards she seemed so quiet and so civil to her Ravisher, that the Baron believed he had gained her

her Affection, infomuch that he purfued his Journey without any diftruff of her, till that at laft arriving at an Inn in a Village two Leagues beyond *Arras*, *Rofamire* found means to get down into the Garden thro' her Chamber Window; that *Clitander* being informed of her flight, would have killed all in the Houfe, imagining that they had been in the Plot with her. He added, that all the Baron's Fury would have fallen upon him, thinking perhaps that as I had betrayed you, I might betray him, if he had not promifed to do his utmoft to find out the Fugitive, and bring her back to the fame Inn. That there-upon mounting his Horfe, inftead of feeking after *Rofamire*, he had refolved to return to his own Country, not daring then to appear again before *Clitander* without her; that he was perfuaded my Miftrefs kept herfelf concealed at *Arras*, becaufe he had met with a Countryman who told him he had feen a young Woman a Foot, who had enquired of him the Road to that City; and that therefore he did not doubt but that fhe was ftill there, it not being probable that fhe would expofe herfelf fo foon again to be retaken, and that it would coft him no great trouble to find her, if I would but promife to protect him from *Clitander's* Violence.

Having promifed him, that if he managed matters fo as to find her, I would not only forgive him all he had done to me, but even would reward him handsomely; he feemed fo well fatisfied that he foon began to hum a Song, during which I was fo overtaken with Sleep,

not having any Rest for three or four Days; that I did not awake till a branch of a Tree, giving me a terrible stroke a-cross the Face, made me understand that it was very imprudent to sleep on Horseback, and dispelled my sleepiness as thoroughly as if I had never been drowsy in my Life. On turning my Head I was very much surprized at finding that my Rogue of a Footman was vanished; however believing he was got far enough by that Time, and that it would be lost labour to pursue him, I judged it better to let him ride to the Devil, and go on directly to *Arras*. There I entered into an Inn which I thought sympathized with my Purse, where the Landlord told me that I came very opportunely to take part of a good Soop, which was already upon the Table, adding that if I did not make haste, there were four sharp Gentry, with good keen Stomachs, who would soon devour it. Altho' *Rosamire* ran more in my Mind, than any other thing whatever, I thought it proper to have a little Complaisance for my Landlord, who seemed to me to be a Man that never neglected his own Interest. I sat down then by a Person whom I soon knew, with the utmost surprize when I had looked him in the Face, to be that Traytor *Clitander*. I had too often acted upon the Stage, the part of a jealous and revengeful Lover, not to know that on such an occasion People don't stand long consulting how to avenge themselves for any Treachery, and that a Knife or Fork are Weapons that may be used in such Cases.

I had a great inclination to satisfy my self, but fearing the Inconveniencies which might ensue, I bethought my self better, and, diverting my Fury to another Object, I rushed upon a Leg of Mutton which was before me, and gave that innocent Victim such a gash, that if my Neighbour had had it under his left Pap, all the Art and all the Drugs of *Str. Cosmo's* Disciples, could never have brought it to consolidate. He also soon remembered me to be the same Person, who had disturbed him so unseasonably one Night when he would have ravished *Rosamire*, and had drilled such a Hole in his Doublet as had made more work for the Surgeon than the Taylor. This reciprocal Knowledge caused us mutually to look at each other with Eyes sparkling with Fury, tho' we did not all the while say one Word. Dinner being over, I ran all about the Town, without knowing whither I was going, hoping that if *Rosamire* should see me from some Window she would call me; but I fatigued my self in vain above two Hours, and passing at last thro' a by-street I heard my self called. On turning my self about, I found it was my Enemy, who, with Sword in Hand, bid me draw, which I soon did. But before we engaged, he told me that I must expect to die by his Hands, if I did not tell him where I concealed *Rosamire*. I answered, that it should be me who would deprive him of a thousand Lives, if he did not restore my Mistress to me, thereupon putting my self in a posture of Defence, and

expecting him undauntedly, he said that if I did not know what was become of *Rosamire*, we might as well defer our Combat till we had found her, and afterwards fight who should enjoy her. Having agreed to this, we put up our Blood-thirsty Swords, and jogged along together, as if we had been the best Friends in the World. We rambled then thro' the Town three or four Days running like Madmen, enquiring at every House after our invisible *Urganda*; but all was to no purpose, this at last putting us quite out of all Patience, and re-inflaming our Passion, *Clitander* broke out one Day at Table, and had the Insolence to call me Stroler and Vagabond. As the Table was between us, I contented my self with answering him, that he was the greatest Villain, and the arrantest Rogue that ever kept honest Men Company. The whole Table being surprized to the last degree, did their utmost to reconcile us; at last we held our Tongues, after having uttered abundance of Absurdities, and Dinner being over, during which we darted looks full of Fury at each other, I made signs to him to follow me, which he did, without being perceived. Being got three or four hundred Paces out of Town, we drew our Swords; and whilst we were Fighting, without any regard to ourselves, we saw a Cavalier riding up to us, who dismounted and ran up Sword in Hand to part us; but too late for *Clitander*, whom I had run thro' the Body, and made him drop. Being afraid of being seized, I leapt hastily, without standing

ng long to consider, upon the Horse of the Stranger, who was endeavouring in the mean while to assist *Citander*. I took then as fast as possible the Road to *Flanders*; and stopping some Leagues from thence, to let my Horse take breath, I was sadly mortified at finding behind me a large Cloak-bag full of very good Cloaths; but not daring to carry them back to *Arras*, I was forced to keep them.

Never was Man in a greater surprize than I; finding by this Circumstance that the Person for whom I had been made Prisoner, and had like to have suffered an ignominious Death, was my own Brother. Nor was he less astonished, on hearing the Horse and Cloak-bag belonged to me, that I had been imprisoned for him, and how I had made my Escape. He would have excused himself on account of the Streights he was then in, but I bid him say no more of it, since my Horse and Cloaths could not fall into better Hands, and begged him to go on with his Story which he did thus:

The Fear of being pursued made me travel so hard that in three Days I reached *Ghent*, where I heard that the Company of Comedians which I had quitted was then at *Tpres*. Thither I went with design to enter again, for I had lost all hopes of seeing *Rosamire* again, much more of marrying her. I sold your Horse then, and putting on one of your best Suits, offered my self to the Company, which received me very joyfully. In less than a Year, we went thro' the chief Cities

in *Flanders*, after which the Master of the Company happening to die at *Bruges*, the Actors could not agree amongst themselves, every one pretending to be the Master. I should at last have carried the Day from all my Comrades, if a certain *German* Colonel had not seduced two of our best Actors, on promise of giving each of them an Ensign's Commission, tho' they were obliged afterwards at *Ghent* to carry a Musket. So that our Company was dispersed, and every one followed what Course he thought proper. As for me, I resolved to return to *Holland*, with design to endeavour to enter into the Troops of the States; and that I might not be exposed to the Rapine of the *Spanish* Soldiers, who robbed whatever Passengers fell in their way for Subsistence, I embarked at *Ostend* for *Middlebourg*. We set Sail then in Company with the other Vessels, which had resolved not to separate on Account of the *English* and *Dunkirk* Privateers, who were lying in Wait to make Prizes. However we were hardly got out into the open Sea, when there arose a furious Tempest, and Night coming on, we were all dispersed. The Wind, which was against us, having driven us up towards *Calais*, and growing a little calmer in the Morning. our Vessel was attacked by an *English* Privateer, who took us without any great trouble, we having but eight Men on Board, and carried us into *Dover*. I had the good Fortune to understand *French* well enough to be taken for one of that Country, wherefore they had the Complaisance to leave

the all my Baggage, and especially three hundred Crowns, with which I came to *London*, to endeavour to obtain some Post in the Army. After having been here two Days, this Morning as I was walking about the Town, I met a Man whom I immediately knew to be that Rogue *Philax*. As he instantly discovered me likewise, he placed himself full before me, and reproached me in lively Terms with the Injustice I had done him, adding that he was very glad to see me so well equipt, for he hoped I would be so good as to return him upon the spot the Money I had stolen from him, because he was there in great want of it. I answered him that I had taken nothing of his, because he had himself robbed honest Folks of it, and that therefore he need not expect that ever I would return him one peny. He replied, that then he must be obliged to pay himself out of my Bones, whereupon, drawing our Swords, we engaged briskly, till at last I had the good Fortune to disable him by a homethrust quite thro' his Body. The Mob (which is worse in this Country than in ours, tho' it is good no where) being gathered together, would no doubt have used me ill, without enquiring whether I was in the wrong or no; if some Gentlemen, of which I believe you was one, had not come to my Assistance, and disengaged me from them. A Man, who seemed of Distinction, seeing the Officers of Justice in pursuit of me, advised me to take Refuge in the *French* Ambassador's, where I

have the comfort of meeting again a dear Brother whom I had not seen for so many Years.

C H A P II.

Florimond having found his Mistress, is married to her, and they both set out together for Zealand.

H E R E my Brother ended the Relation of his Adventures; as it was pretty late at Night it would have been proper for us to have thought of Sleeping, but his Curiosity obliged me to satisfy him by relating mine also. My Story was long, however I concluded it; after which I fell into such a sound Sleep, that, had it not been for my Brother who had not closed his Eyes all Night, I should have been in Bed at Dinner time; But he disturbed me early in the Morning, to beg me to carry him to *Rosamire's*. As I was afraid if he stirred out of his Sanctuary, the Officers of Justice would lay hold of him, I desired he would moderate his Impatience till the Ambassador had obtained his pardon; but it being the Day for his Excellency to write his Dispatches, which would prevent his going to Court, I was obliged to promise to satisfy him the Night following, till then he was forced to have Patience. As soon

as Night came we went out at the Back-door, muffled each of us in a Cloak, and arrived at *Rosamire's* Lodging. The Maid opening the Door, and remembering me, told me, with Tears in her Eyes, that if I desired to see her Mistress alive I must make haste, at which melancholy News my Brother was ready to sink, especially after he had seen his dear *Rosamire*, who seemed every moment going to give up the Ghost. Several Women were standing round the Bed, and amongst the rest *Juliana's* Mother, who was employed in moistening her dying Lips; at which melancholy Sight my Brother cryed out: "Heavens! must I both find and lose at the same time what is dearer to me than all the World! and must I now suffer a thousand times greater Torments than when I was separated from this dear Object." Thereupon running up to her, he fell about the Neck of *Rosamire*, who seemed just then to come as it were out of a deep Sleep, and, half opening her dying Eyes, knew him, whose Absence was the only cause of her Illness. Then Love, that great worker of Miracles, restoring her to her Spirits and her Strength, we were all infinitely astonished at seeing her sit upright in her Bed, and hearing her pronounce several times the Name of *Florimond*, (by which my Brother was known amongst the Comedians) and even shed some Tears, tho' she was nothing but Skin and Bone. The Standers-by not knowing to what to ascribe this sudden Alteration, and fearing that these almost supernatural Efforts should cause some

Delirium, or hasten her Death, begged my Brother to go out of the Room. Which *Rosamire* hearing, recovered her Speech more and more, and called the Givers of such Advice barbarous and cruel Wretches, who would deprive her of the sight of him who was her only Comfort. Thereupon I informed them in two Words, what Tye there was between this New-comer and the sick Person, who, in all probability, had only been reduced to that melancholy Condition by her Grief at being parted from what she loved dearest in the World. But let us conclude all these mournful Stories, and say, that Love being willing to shew his Power, and the Efficacy of his Remedies, administered so many Cordial-potions prepared in his Laboratory, that he did Wonders. For *Rosamire*, who a little before was ready to be turned off, and as near Death as a Louse between the Nail and the Comb, or to speak less trivially, who already had one Foot in *Charon's* Boat to set Sail for the other World, gave at break of Day so many signs of recovering, that one would have thought he might venture, without fear, to lay Millions upon her Head. But having at last said to my Brother, who, as well as her couple of Tanners Dogs, had been as wakeful all the Night as a Potful of Mice, that it was Time to retire, and let the sick Woman repose herself a little, I saw her ready to fall into Convulsions. I was obliged then to leave them together, and go away without him. That same Day I heard that the Wound of *Pbilax* was not mortal; info-

inſomuch that his Excellency was not at much Trouble to obtain my Brother's Pardon, who from that Time was at liberty to go where he pleaſed without fear.

In the mean while he knew ſo well how to expel the Poiſon that preyed upon his Charmer's Vitals, by the Antidote of his Preſence, or perhaps by ſome other more effectual and more cordial Remedy, that in leſs than a Fortnight, the Roſes and Lillies began again to make their Appearance in *Rofamire's* Face, and rekindled her Lover's Flame, which was ſomewhat damped, with more Violence than *Vulcan's* Bellows, and all the Subjects of the impetuous *Eolus* could ever have done. The Beauteous *Rofamire* having then recovered all her Charms, and both their Paſſions being come to the height, my Brother, being weary of ſighing, inſiſted on ſomething more ſolid. Perhaps alſo, on the other Hand, his Miſtreſs, dreading the Conſequences of certain Familiarities ſhe might have granted her Lover, was deſirous of ſecuring her Honour by a good Marriage; and my Brother loving her too well to reſuſe her that Satisfaction, reſolved to eſpouſe her. On my hearing his Deſign, I would, have diſſuaded him from it, by repreſenting to him the low Ebb of both their Pockets, and what an abyſs of Miſery he was going to plunge himſelf into, eſpecially if he ſhould find his Family increaſed from Time to Time by a number of Children, who would pierce his Heart with inexpressible Sorrow to hear them Cry for a morſel of Bread, which perhaps he might

not be able to give them. However all my Remonstrances were in vain; Love got the better; and he told me that even if he should suffer, he would submit to it, rather than break the Promise he had made to *Rosamire* never to forsake her, altho' nevertheless he was not so blinded by his Passion, but that he had naturally considered every Thing; but that he hoped, with what little Money he had left, to get into the Horse-Guards, as believing he might thereby at least procure himself Necessaries, because the King of *England* gave them a much better Pay than other Sovereigns. Finding then that he was resolved upon it, I disputed it no more, but promised to speak to his Excellency to help him into the Guards at an easy rate. Some few Days after my Brother was married in our Chapel, for he was a *Roman Catholick* as well as me, and at last enjoyed his Chamber in all the Forms, after having undergone so many Crosses. In the mean while he made his Court assiduously to his Excellency, who shewed him every Day more and more Favours, and in a little Time got one of the Captains of the Guards to receive him into his Troops, without any other Charge than providing his own Equipage.

About the same Time *Juliana's* Mother received News from *Holland*, that one of her nearest Relations was dead, and had left her a Legacy, which obliged her to quit *England*. Altho' I was very glad of any good Fortune that befel them, it was a sensible Mortification to me to be separated from two such good

good Friends, with whom I passed some such agreeable Moments, and to whom I could open my Heart as to my most intimate Friends.

Some Mornings after their Departure, my Brother came to wake me, and told me in a Transport of Joy, that at last Fate, weary of persecuting him, had sent him a piece of good Fortune, which was so much the greater, as he could never have expected it. It was this; that the Night before, walking in *St. James's* Park with his Wife, they had met her Father, which at first put them both in a strange Perplexity; but that her Father having likewise perceived his Daughter, ran up to her, and embraced her tenderly, crying out, that he thanked Heaven he had the Comfort of seeing his Daughter again before he died; that afterwards, turning to him, he broke out into all the Invectives imaginable, calling him the Seducer and Ravisher of his Daughter, and the greatest Villain upon Earth, without the presence of so many People as heard him, being capable of making him moderate his Anger; that *Rosamire*, being in the utmost Agony at seeing her Father's Passion, begged him, if he would not be her Death, to cease abusing her Husband, who had neither stolen her directly nor indirectly, but meeting her by chance in this City, had Married her publicly some Days ago, and that she was resolved never to part from him for any thing that could happen to her. My Brother added, that her Father at this News having stood some Moments motionless, and

and in a deep Study, said at last, that since things were so, and there was no Remedy, he would forgive them all the Sorrow they had cost him, and approve of this Marriage as if it had been consummated entirely with his Consent, bidding them at the same Time follow him to his Inn, where they might inform him of their Adventures more conveniently; that her Father having heard the Account of their Crosses and their Sufferings, was moved at them, and had cursed a thousand Times *Clitander's* Treachery, adding, that he should be unjust if he did not approve a Marriage which he plainly saw had been determined in Heaven, since it had brought them together by such great Chance, to alleviate all their Troubles by their Union; that after this her Father had acquainted them, that, hearing his Brother at *London* was dead, he had come over to take Possession of his Effects, wherein at first he had met with a great deal of Difficulty, they having before been seized by some Strangers, who had been the Deceased's Friends; but that at present having compassed his Ends, he was resolved to return, and begged them to go with him to keep him Company the rest of his Days, his Wife having been dead some Time, and he left alone. " Well, said I then to my
" Brother, will you stand one Moment considering whether you should accept such
" Offers? If I should reject them, replied
" he, I should be unworthy of the good
" Fortune Heaven has sent me; and altho' it
" will be hard for me to leave a Place where

“ I have a Brother who is so dear to me,
 “ I believe that the Affection I have for
 “ my Wife, whose Interest ought to be dear
 “ to me, should have the Preference, in hopes
 “ nevertheless to see you soon near me, to
 “ take share of my Happiness, which can
 “ not be perfect without you.” After this,
 he begged to go with him to his Father-in-
 Law, who was very desirous of seeing me.
 The good Man received me with the ut-
 most Civility, and being informed that I
 was in a very credible Post at the Ambassa-
 dor’s, seemed to have a pretty good Opinion
 of our Family. He was a Man of Substance,
 and a good Understanding; which he shewed,
 for from that Time he did not express the
 least Dissatisfaction to his Daughter or Son-
 in-Law for what was passed: And indeed
 what can be greater Folly than to chagrine
 one’s self for what can’t be recalled? At last
 they set out, and our Parting was very mov-
 ing. Some Time after, I received a Letter
 from them, which informed me of their safe
 Arrival, and the Satisfaction they enjoyed.

From that Time being left alone, without
 my Brother, without my good Neighbours
Juliana and her Mother, I grew oppressed
 with Melancholy, and did nothing but re-
 flect upon the loss of my dear, tho’ per-
 fidious *Clarice*. I avoided all the World,
 and courted Solitude, nothing being capable
 of diverting me at the Ambassador’s.

C H A P. III.

The Speech Philax makes to Mirador as he is going to be Hanged. The latter goes to Paris to execute a Commission.

THE whole Town-talk at London, ran then upon the boldness of some Thieves, who for some Time had committed the most rash and surprizing Rogueries in the World, even so far as to rob the King himself. There was no House, nor no Palace but they would enter it, and carry off the most valuable Effects. And as their Robberies and Murthers increased every Day, People were at last so much upon their Guard, and set so many upon the Watch at Night, that they caught three of them in the Fact. These Gentry on their Examination made such Discoveries, that they seized most part of the Gang. As there is no Country in the World where Hanging is more in vogue than in *England*, where several are frequently pleased to divert themselves with that Exercise, the Reader will not be surprized, that, to spare the Charge of a long Law-Suit, and not make the People languish, who are infinitely fond of that Dance, they entertained them with that Sight in a few Days. Having a great Mind to see these Vaulters on the slack Rope, cut their last perillous Caper in the Air, made me mount my Horse, and

and ride with some thousand curious Spectators to *Tyburn*, the usual Place of their Ascension. I had not been long there before I saw the mournful Vehicles appear with these Gentry, who, by their dismal Looks, seemed not to be mightily pleased with such a Cavalcade. Whilst the Master of the Ceremonies was busied in tying Slip-Knots about the Necks of nine of them, to introduce them into the Palace of the other World, and fastened them all together to the Gallows, that they might hang like a pound of Candles, according to the Custom of the Country, I did my utmost to approach these illustrious Knights of the *Hempen Order*, to hear their last Harangue, but I should never have got near them if I had not been Mounted on a brisk strong Horse, who by his Kicks kept off the Crowd so well, that no Body durst come within two Yards of him; inso-much that without troubling my self much about that, usual Compliment of the *English*, *Pox on that French Dog*, I got almost up to these Candidates for the Gibbet. After I had considered them one by one, I at last fixed my Eyes upon one whom I thought I had seen fight with my Brother, and thereby imagined it might be the same *Philax* whereof he had made mention to me. I was surprized at finding him ready to take such a Leap, for I believed he had quitted the Country a good while. The Ordinary, who was to prepare him for his long Journey, did not amuse himself long about him; for *Philax* gave him to understand, as well

well as he could, that he could not speak *English*, and had sworn never to learn it as long as he lived, to be revenged on a Nation that was capable of hanging honest Men for a trifle; wherefore he might spare himself the trouble of preaching to him; that besides he had a Belief of his own; and that it would be difficult to find a Priest of his Profession and Religion. Thereupon he turned his Back upon the Comforter, of whom he did not seem to stand in any need, and casting his Eyes over all the Spectators, perceived me, because being on Horse-Back I was more discernable than a great many others. Taking me then for my Brother, who was very like me, he called out to me in *Dutch* very familiarly: *Ho, Ho! are you there Brother John?* (that was my Brother's Christian Name) *Altho' last Time you drilled a Hole in my Paunch, I am glad to meet you here to assure you that I forgive you all you have done to me. But I am enraged that this Dog, this Brule-Gosier, whom you have formerly seen with me,* continued he, shewing me one of his Comrades who looked pitiously, *has brought me into this cursed Country; and if I cou'd but get him one Moment in my Clutches, the D—l take ——. He would have gone on with this fine Harangue, but he was interrupted by the Carman, who, at a Signal given him by the Ordinary, whipt his Horses, and left Philax and his Comrades to decide their Quarrel in the Air. In the mean while I was ready to Die with Shame at this Rogue's speaking to me so familiarly before so many thousand*

thousand Persons, some of whom asked me what he had said; but I answered them that without doubt he had taken me for another; and that besides I had not understood him. Such was the end of this Wretch, who like all such Villains, must inevitably perish sooner or later by the Hands of the Hangman.

Much about this Time the Ambassador of *France* received Letters, which informed him that one of his finest Estates near the *Seine* had been very much damaged by the overflowing of that River, and that he must have some Care taken of it for fear the Consequence should prove yet worse. As his Excellency judged none of his Domesticks more fit than I to see his Orders executed, and inspect the Workmen, he would have me undertake it, and had my Place supplied in the mean while by the Clerk of the Kitchen. I made ready then for my Voyage, tho' not without a strong Aversion to going again into a Country where my sincere Love had been returned with Perfidy and Abuses; I set out then from *London*, and embarked at *Dover* for *Calais*, whence I went on to *Paris*, where I staid but one Day to pay my Respects to the Count *d'Aspremont*, and his Son the Marquiss, who expressed a great deal of Joy at seeing me again. I was surprized at finding them in deep Mourning, but much more when I heard 'twas for the death of the Abbot, who would formerly have assassinated me, and had done me such ill Offices at *Lyons*. The Marquiss told me, that his Brother having given himself some Airs at *Aix*,

in a Bawdy-house, had been killed there by some Bullies. The Count would willingly have detained me with him some Days, but the Affairs for which I went, not admitting of any delay, they suffered me to depart, on condition of my returning as soon as they should be finished. I went then to execute my Commission; and altho' the Inundation had made great Havock, I found means to repair it all in less than three Weeks with little charge. I returned to *Paris*, with design to go from thence speedily to *England*, but found my self mistaken; for seeing then that my presence was no longer necessary in a place where all things were restored *in statu quo*, the Count, being willing to give me some Diversion, managed matters so that I was allowed to make one at a Hunting-match with the King and all the Court; which lasted three Days together, and on my Return I received Letters from the Ambassador, ordering me to hasten my Departure, because he was not satisfied with the Person who supplied my Place: But as the Stage-Coach did not set out till two Days after, I was obliged to wait.

CHAP. IV.

By what Adventure Mirandor meets with Clarice, and is married to her.

IN the mean while to divert Melancholy, one Evening as I was taking the Air in the *Tuilleries*, being come to the end of a Walk, I saw a pretty little *Bologna Dog*, who running up to me leaped up against my Legs, and began to fondle me after his manner. Hereupon I took it in my Arms, and having examined it well, fancied I had formerly seen one very like it at the faithless *Clarice*. This Thought plunged me into a deep Study, whence I did not come out till the Arrival of a Footman, who told me it was his Mistress's Dog. I asked him who was his Mistress, and from whom she had that little Creature, which had once belonged to one of my best Friends? He answered that tho' he had not lived long with her, he knew that she was a Lady of Distinction of *Lyons*, whose Husband had been Dead about a Year, and that her Daughter, who was with her, and whose Name was *Clarice*, was in Despair at the loss of her Dog, and that he durst not appear before her without it. This News which I did not expect, caused great Emotions in me; however, I would not have the Fellow perceive that I was at all concerned at it, or knew the Lady or her Daughter,

ter, only I told the Man, that this *Clarice* his Lady had taken a certain thing of great Value from one of my best Friends, and that I, being entirely obliged to this Friend, would not restore the Dog, whatever Value she set upon it, till she had returned what she had taken. Hereupon the Fellow, who, like all those of his Profession, had an itching Mind to dive into the Secrets of his Mistress, was curious enough to ask what had been taken from my Friend; but I answered him in such a manner, that he retired after begging my pardon, and telling me that he would go and acquaint his Mistress therewith, who was in another Walk. My Mind was then extremely agitated; and I knew not what to do in such a Juncture; whether being near an Object in whom I once placed all my Happiness, I should go and reproach her for her Infidelity, and return her the Dog, to shew that I would not keep the least thing that should bring her to my Remembrance, or if I should fly the place without seeing her. "Yes, I must shun her, said I to my self; "false as she is, you may be overcome by "her, and see her again triumph over your "Weakness. This *Siren* will still have too "many Charms; and in spite of the Con- "tempt you ought to have for her, if you "see or hear her, she may perhaps seduce "you again, and disturb your Repose the rest "of your Life." As I was thus animating my self against her, I still advanced towards the end of the Walk, with the Dog under my Arm, and going to turn down a-
nother

nother which led directly to the Garden-door, Heaven! how great was my surprize, on meeting *Clarice* and her Mother full-but! We looked at each other as if we were all Thunderstruck. After *Clarice* had observed me fixedly, as if she doubted of what she saw, I perceived her change Colour, and at last her Heart was so oppressed, that, without being able to utter one single Word, she sunk down into the Arms of her Mother, who, without that Accident, would have leaped about my Neck for Joy at seeing me again. But her Daughter's Condition obliged her to defer that Civility, for seeing that *Clarice's* ruby Lips grew livid, and that the Lillies and Roses in her Face were changed to a deadly pale, she was in the utmost perplexity as well as I, who felt, in spite of striving against them, some inward Emotions revive within me, which were Symptoms of somewhat more than Compassion. Accordingly, I flew to her Assistance; but it was not till a long while after, and that not till she had been well Christened with Hungary-water, whereof her Mother pulled a little Bottle out of her Pocket, that we could recover her. Then half-opening her Eyes, she cryed out with a faint Voice: Ah! perfidious Man, how dare you
 “ appear again before me, after such a Treachery and Falshood as yours? Pray, said
 “ she then to her Mother, let us be gone
 “ from hence, I abhor the sight of him. And
 “ you, Madam, replied I to her in a haughty Tone, methinks, under Correction, you
 “ have injured me your self, without its
 “ being

“ being necessary for me to give my self the
“ trouble of justifying my self. Or do you
“ believe, added I with a spiteful Air, that
“ I am still simple enough to fall at your
“ Feet, to ask you humbly Pardon for the
“ Faults that are only of your own committing? Since after amusing me with vain
“ Hopes, and deceitful Civilities you made a
“ jest of me, and threw your self into another’s Arms, after having discarded me by
“ one of the most insulting Letters imaginable, which I always carry about me, as a
“ Monument of your Perfidy and Falshood.” Thereupon I drew out the Letter, and shewed
it her to make her blush. She took it, read
it, and seemed in the utmost Amazement;
then turning to her Mother, “ I beg of you,
“ said she, you who have seen my Writing
“ a thousand times, judge if that can be
“ mine, or those Lines ever came from my
“ Pen. Nevertheless, Madam, returned I,
“ this Letter was given me in your Name
“ by *Melinda*, who told me but too much
“ of the Contempt you expressed of me, as
“ well as your Joy at being rid of me, that
“ you might deliver your self up to my
“ Rival: Besides, I have seen but too many
“ of your Letters, to question that’s being
“ written with your own Hand.” Thereupon
she swore to me that she never wrote it,
with such Oaths that I must have taken her
for an Arch-Heretick, to have believed
her, and that doubtless *Brion* and *Melinda*
had contrived the Imposture between them,
by getting somebody to imitate her Character.
“ But

“ But as for you, false Man, added she, pul-
 “ ling in her turn a Letter out of her Poc-
 “ ket, how will you justify your self? Here
 “ is a Letter which will overwhelm you with
 “ Confusion. This said, she gave it me, and I
 “ read as follows :

M A D A M,

I F we lived in those Days when a Lover re-
 quired only the force of his Love and Amours
 to surmount all Obstacles, and cut his Way thro’
 a thousand opposing Enemies, I should joyfully
 embrace and put in Execution the attempt you
 propose in your Letter. But I am not yet despe-
 rate enough to add by my Death to the number
 of Tragical Histories; and, to tell you the Truth,
 Life has yet too many Charms, for me to trifle
 it away in the Service of an inconsiderate Wo-
 man; wherefore I would rather lose the trouble-
 some Acquisition of your Person, than to hazard
 that which Nature instructs us to value. In case
 all the Clarices must be bought so dear, Mirandor
 will never be a Chapman for any one of that
 Name, and notwithstanding my faithful Services,
 and repeated, deserved a better return, I thank
 Heaven that it has tempered my Love so well
 that I do not disorder my Brain. A sign
 then that I don’t envy your Happiness. I wish
 you as much content in your future State, as
 I hope to have joy in meeting other Objects of
 my Love less dangerous than you. Adieu,

MIRANDOR

VOL. II.

E

'Tis not to be expressed into what Confusion the Contents of this Letter, and the similitude of the Writing to mine, put me, which cost me as many Oaths in my turn to convince *Clarice* that it was not mine, but forged. At last we no longer doubted of *Brion* and *Melinda's* Treachery, after *Clarice* had told me, that her Father having declared to her that he was resolved, without farther Delay, to give her to *Brion* next Morning, finding that neither her Prayers nor Tears, together with her Mother's, (against whose Inclination this Match was very much) were able to move him, and that every thing was preparing for the Nuptials, which were to be consummated next morning at a Country House, she resolved in her Despair to let me know it in a Letter which she gave in Charge to *Melinda*, that she begged me to come well armed, and my Footman at break of Day to a Wood near that House, where she would meet me on pretence of taking a Walk in the Garden; but that *Melinda* in the Evening before their Departure, had brought her an Answer she little expected, and had repeated a thousand insulting Speeches that I had uttered, which had reduced her to despair; but that Heaven had had pity on her, and had brought matters about, so that that fatal Marriage was never accomplished.

"How, cry'd I interrupting her in a great Surprise, was not you Married to *Brion*. No,

"answered she, my Prayers were heard.

"Added she, to what Purpose are all your Vexations? If you are your self

"Married

“ Married, as *Melinda* has assured me, having
 “ spoken to a Man who, as she said, was
 “ present at the Ceremony. At last I opened
 “ my Eyes, and see that we have both been
 “ betrayed. But, resumed I, what could pre-
 “ vent your Nuptials, since all was ready,
 “ and nothing was wanting but a Priest.
 “ To satisfy you, answered *Clarice*, know
 “ that being forced to set out in Company
 “ with my Father, and some of *Brion*’s Re-
 “ lations, and being arrived at the House,
 “ they led me like a Victim to the Altar.
 “ The Priest was upon the point of finish-
 “ ing the Ceremony by his Blessing, when
 “ a young Gentlewoman, whose Shape was
 “ very unweildy, entered the Room followed
 “ by two Cavaliers and two Commissaries,
 “ who in the King’s Name forbid the Priest’s
 “ going on any farther. This unforeseen
 “ Accident did not surprize me so much as
 “ it overjoy’d me; but *Brion* seemed extreemly
 “ perplexed, when the young Woman, who
 “ was very handsome, looking at him with
 “ Eyes sparkling with Rage, said to him:
 “ False Man, is it thus you forget all your Pro-
 “ testations of Tenderness, and the Oaths you
 “ swore to be always faithful to me? Heavens,
 “ continued she, where is your Lightning, where
 “ are your Bolts to crush a perjured Wretch,
 “ who has conjured you so often to reduce him
 “ to Ashes, if ever he changed his Sentiments
 “ with regard to me? But, added she, ’tis enough
 “ for me that the Heavens, to punish you, have
 “ discovered your Character, put a stop to your
 “ Crimes, made Justice triumph, and prevented

“ my Shame; for don’t doubt but my Honour has found Protectors who will know how to force you to perform your Promises. She would have continued her Lamentations, if one of the two Cavaliers, who, I was informed, was her Brother, had not interrupted her, by assuring her, that *Brion* should not forget his Engagements so soon, but that he should make use of the Priest’s Presence, to terminate all Differences amicably upon the Spot, or otherwise he should be obliged to it by force. But as *Brion* answered all this only with a scornful Smile, the two Cavaliers, who understood no raillery in such Points, drew their Swords, and some fatal Accident would have happened, if they had not been prevented. Then the two Commissaries, as well as *Brion*’s own Relations and Friends, set his Duty before him, and pressed him earnestly to give the Lady Satisfaction, by performing his Promise to her; to which the Priest subjoined all his pious Exhortations. But yet all this would have signified nothing, if my Father, hearing that this Lady, who was of *Provence*, and nobly Born, but of a small Fortune, had been seduced under a promise of Marriage, had not declared positively that he broke off all manner of Engagements with such a Villain and Debaucher as *Brion*. Finding then that every Body was against him, and that he ought not to think any more of me, he was at last obliged to take it patiently; wherefore he gave his Hand to
“ the

“the Lady, and the Priest married them in
 “our Presence. Heaven knows, added *Clarice*,
 “how many thanks I returned for so
 “unexpected a Deliverance, and how much
 “I was oppressed with Sorrow, when I was
 “afterwards informed by *Melinda* that you
 “had quitted *Lyons*. As Scorn is the fit
 “Antidote against Love, and your Letter
 “was one of the most insulting imaginable,
 “I often read it over to exasperate my self
 “against you, whenever I found my Love
 “revive; but at present since I have the Hap-
 “piness to see you again, I find plainly that
 “my Affection will again get the better of
 “all Opposition, if you continue to love me
 “as you did formerly.

Clarice then ceased speaking, and held
 down her Head, as being ashamed of having
 made such a Confession. However, as extraordinary
 as this unravelling of the Plot was, I gave credit to all she said, whereunto her
 Mother contributed very much, by assuring
 me that tho’ my Letter had incensed her
 extremely against me, she had wept more
 than once for my Departure. In fine, being
 in a perfect Rapture at finding my dear *Clarice*,
 what I never durst have flattered my self, I
 could not resist the Dictates of my Love, but
 clasping her in my Arms again, vowed an
 inviolable Affection to her. As she did not
 oppose me, but, on the contrary, gave me a
 thousand tender Kisses, we remained glued
 Face to Face in a Kind of Extasy, whence
 we did not come out till we were disturbed
 by her Mother, who seeing some Gentlemen

and Ladies approach, made us recover our selves, and obliged us soon to go out of the Garden. As I led her Home, she told me that her Husband dy'd soon after my Departure from *Lyons*, that he was soon followed by her youngest Son, who was killed in a Duel at the University, which, with a great many of her Troubles, had very much impaired her Health. She added, that she was only come to *Paris* to endeavour to recover some part of the Debts that were still due to her Husband, after which she designed to return. This said, she desired to know what had happened to me since my departure from *Lyons*; wherein I satisfied her, and concluded my Narration, by telling her, that having finished the Ambassador's Affairs, I had Orders to set out next Morning to give his Excellency an Account of my Commission, if *Clarice* did not command me to stay. Being a little surprized at this Compliment, "I know very well, said she, that my Power is not great; "I will take Care how I impose Laws upon "a Friend, especially when perhaps it will "be hard to submit to them; for it is "very probable that you are attracted to "London by some Loadstone that has more "influence over you, than any one can possibly have to fix you here. However, added she, if I thought I had the same Power over you as I had formerly, I would venture to beg you to stay with us, that you might continue to be as serviceable to us at *Paris*, as we found you formerly to our great Advantage, and to induce me

" so

" so much to give you that Testimony of
 " my Gratitude, which I have long designed
 " you. As I dare not yet flatter my self,
 " Madam, replied I, with the hopes of such
 " a return as my Heart desires, the sole
 " Pleasure of being any way serviceable to
 " you, is sufficient to induce me to any thing.
 " Wherefore, without putting your self to the
 " Trouble of giving me any positive Order;
 " I will fly at the least Wink wherever your
 " Interest requires. Since you are so civil
 " and so obliging, replied the Mother, I
 " will be my Daughter's Surety for the Pay-
 " ment and Recompense she designs you."
 Upon such an Offer, I displayed all my
 Rhetorick to thank this good Mother, and
 promised to write that same Day to the
 Ambassador to desire my Discharge; which
 I did assoon as I got to the Count's.

From that Moment I set about *Clarice's*
 Mother's Affairs; and that with so much
 Ardour and Zeal, that in less than six Weeks
 I had the good Fortune to bring all the
 Debtors to Reason; insomuch that the Mo-
 ther promised me her Daughter positively,
 in recompense for my Care and Trouble,
 but that we must defer our Marriage till her
 return to *Lyons*, where she had all her Re-
 lations. As Fortune had been so often ad-
 verse to me, and consequently I had Reason
 to be diffident of that freakish Gipsy, I was
 willing to strike whilst the Iron was hot.
 Wherefore I pressed the Mother to conclude
 the great Affair that was between her
 Daughter and me, since all depended whol-

ly upon her. One Night in particular when she was out of her Wits for Joy at the happy success of her Affairs, and returned thanks to Heaven, that after having lost one of her Sons, it had sent her another who deserved all her Affection, I fell at her Feet, and, embracing her Knees, conjured her to unite me to her Daughter before she left Paris, for fear of some new Accident, and lest some Body, being envious of my Happiness, should come to cross us. *Clarice* having seconded me herein, her Mother, after musing some Moments, answered, that she was entirely disposed to give me that Satisfaction; but that she had proposed these Delays, only to avoid the Reproaches of her Relations, who would infallibly blame her for bestowing her Daughter upon a Husband of whose Birth she was ignorant, especially after the Abbot had decried me so much all about *Lyons*. She added, that if I would give her the least insight into this Article, she would be overjoy'd, rather that she might stop the Mouths of Persons already prejudiced against me, than for her own and her Daughter's Satisfaction, neither of which could doubt but I was of Distinction, by the good Qualities they had found in me. This Conclusion put me a little out of Countenance; however affecting a serene Look, I replied smiling, that if my Happiness depended only upon that Circumstance, it would be easy for me to satisfy her, and to convict that Villain the Abbot of an Imposture, not only by the Mouth of his own
 Fathe

Father, but by thousand other incontestable Proofs. She begged me to give her at least this Satisfaction, not desiring any other, because that having told her that I had met with great Losses, and been at vast Expence in my Travels, she preferred my good Qualities to all the Riches in the World. I returned her abundance of Thanks for her obliging Sentiments, and promising her to speak of it next Day to the Count *Aspremont*, who, as I said, knew all our Family, I took my Leave. I spent that Night in terrible Uneasiness, not knowing how to execute what I had promised. I foresaw that as great a Value as *Clarice's* Mother had for me, she would never give me her Daughter, till I had proved myself of a good Family, and that if I did not do it after such a positive Promise, she would be persuaded that the Abbot's Accusation was true. Then I bit my Fingers for having bragged so much of my Genealogy; and saw but too late, that I should have done better to have owned the meanness of my Extraction, being persuaded that *Clarice's* Love would have been great enough to have overlooked that Circumstance, and have given her self to me, in spite of the delicacy of her Mother and her Relations. But it was now too late for all these Reflexions; for to have discovered my Birth then would have been to have drawn upon my self her Scorn and Indignation, and persuaded her that I had concealed it with design to deceive her. Wherefore, after having sufficiently perplexed my self; I resolved to

open my Heart to the Count *d'Aspremont*, in whose Favour I had always been; and after declaring to him my Love, and what Views I had of making my Fortune, to conjure him to give such a Testimony of me and my Extraction as might be favourable to me; this was the more easy to him, without any great scruple of Conscience, as he had known me Page to the Marquis when he was formerly at *Brussels*, and I was afterwards Governour to his Nephew *Belindor*. I ventured then next Morning to mention it to the Count, who heard me with Pleasure, and assuring me, in the most obliging Terms in the World, that he would with Joy do any thing he thought to my Advantage; whereupon, ordering the Horses to be put to the Coach, he would make me go with him to *Clarice's* Mother. The Count was received there in a Manner suitable to his Rank and Quality; and I was introduced into a Parlour where I left him with *Clarice's* Mother, that they might have more liberty of Talking together, whilst I kept *Clarice's* Company, to whom I told the Motive of the Count's Visit, whereat she was overjoy'd. After half an Hour's Conversation, we were sent for in, and, on entering the Room, the Count addressing himself to me, told me with a melancholy Air, that he could have wished his Testimony might have been of more Weight; but that he was mortified at being forced to inform me that the Mother, not being at all satisfied with what he had said of me, had broken off with him abruptly, and declared plainly that

that she never had been much inclined to give me her Daughter: that if she had flattered me with such hopes formerly, she owned at present that it was to keep fair with me, and take advantage of my Services which had always been so useful to her; but that now, when she had finished all her Affairs, she could not in Conscience amuse me any longer; where ore, she at last declared herself, that she might not hinder my Fortune, which no doubt I might make elsewhere; that in the mean while she should always acknowledge the pains I had taken for her, and that was all she could do for me.

Let any one judge if such an unexpected Declaration must not confound me; I stood as if transformed into Stone, looking sometimes on *Clarice*, sometimes on her Mother, and sometimes on the Count, without being able to utter one single Word. Instead of the Respect I had always had for the Mother of *Clarice*, I felt my Anger and Indignation boil up within me; and was just going to shew it, when the good Mother, being in Pain at seeing me suffer, came forward, and, taking me by the Hand, told me with a smile, that the Count had only accosted me thus, that what she had to say to me might be the more agreeable. She added, that the Count's Character of me, was answerable to the good Opinion she always had of me; that therefore she should be the most ungrateful Woman in the World, if she any longer deferred making me a return suitable to what she owed me, by giving me all her

Affecti-

Affection, and her Daughter. Thereupon taking her by the Hand, she presented her to me, and bid me embrace her as my future Spouse. Not being yet recovered from the Amazement into which the Count's Words had thrown me, I did not think of executing such sweet Commands : but *Clarice* being more obedient, like a well-bred Daughter, came to embrace me, and gave me half a dozen Kisses, which at last recovering my Spirits, I returned her them doubly with an Extasy that made the Count laugh. The Mother, to hasten my satisfaction, proposed to send for a Priest home, and have us married that very Day ; but the Count begged her to defer it till next Morning, desiring the Ceremony might be at his House, which perhaps would be more convenient, and resolving to take upon himself the Charge of all that was necessary on such an Occasion. After returning a thousand Thanks to this generous Nobleman for all his Goodness, he retired to leave us at liberty to provide all that was needful to appear handsome at such a Solemnity. Next Morning the Count sent his Coach for us, and being come to his House, we found all in Readiness, and after signing a Contract wherein the Count again shewed how much he had my Interest at Heart, we were married by a Priest in the presence of several Persons of the Court, whom the Count had invited. Thus, after so many Crosses, Fortune, weary of persecuting me, brought me at last into the so much desired Harbour.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

They set out together for Lyons; whence, after his Wife's Death, he returns to Holland.

IF I would follow the method of Roman-ces, I ought here at once to finish the Account of my Adventures: but far from subjecting my self to such Rules, I shall go on some Pages farther, to inform my Reader, that after having staid yet some Days at *Paris* to settle our Affairs, we set out for *Lyons*. One Evening being near *Nevers* in a certain Village, we were obliged to pass the Night there in an Inn, where we found several Travellers, some going to *Paris*, and others to *Lyons*. Amongst the rest, I fixed my Eyes upon a very handsome Woman who was with a Gentleman, whom by their Familiarity I guessed to be her Husband. We had hardly set down to Supper, when being placed over-against this Gentleman, and observing him with Attention, I was in the utmost surprize, at finding him to be the same Captain *Montbrun*, or Father *Andrew*, who had saved my Life in delivering me from Prison at *Arras*, and from whom I parted in our flight, when we were pursued by some Troopers of the Garrison, as I observed before. As soon as I was persuaded it was him, I arose from my Seat, and ran to

to embrace my Deliverer, who immediately recollecting me, came to meet me, and we embraced with inexpressible Transports. We were each of us desirous of knowing what had happened to each other since our Separation; but the Supper and Company obliging us to retake our places, we deferred satisfying each other till after Supper. The Cloth being taken away, we retired into another Room with our respective Companies, where after having told him, how I had escaped, and what happened to me afterwards, and lastly my Marriage with *Clarice*, whom he immediately saluted with a Compliment; he related me his Story succinctly, and said that having lost sight of me, and hearing those in pursuit of us draw nigher and nigher, he laid down upon his Belly by the Road-side, between some Bushes; that the darkness of the Night had been so favourable to him that eight Troopers passed by without perceiving him; that at break of Day he climbed a Tree very full of Leaves, whence he could discover all comers and goers; that he continued there almost that whole Day; that in the Evening, having seen the same Troopers return, who he heard by their Discourse, express their Dissatisfaction for their fruitless Journey, he got down and began to go forwards, avoiding every City or Village; that at last he arrived fortunately at *Paris*, where having met with some of his Country-men, they had supplied him with Money to carry him to *Geneva*; that on his arrival there, his Mother who had

had not seen him in twenty four years, and who he had been misinformed was Dead, had received him with abundance of Affection; that he was put in possession of the Estate left by his deceased Brother; that after having continued a Correspondence by Letter with *Mariana*, her Husband dying, she came at his request to meet him in *Picardy*, because he durst not set Foot in *Brabant* for fear of being known; and that in fine they were married there, which done he was returning to *Geneva*, there to spend the rest of his Days in Peace with his Wife.

I judged by this Relation, that the Lady with him was the same *Mariana*, whose Beauty he had formerly so much extolled, tho' as I found far less than she deserved, having scarce ever seen a handsomer Woman; wherefore I did not disapprove of his making her his Wife, altho' she was not of his Quality. Having congratulated him upon his Choice, and the Accomplishment of his Vows. We found both by the Clock and our Eyes that it was time to go to Bed; we retired each of us to his Chamber, being both of us overjoyed at meeting with such good Company as far as *Lyons*, where *Monbrun* told me he had some Business.

We went the rest of the Journey then together, and arrived happily at *Lyons*, where we detained *Monbrun* and his Wife some Days with us, after which they set out for *Geneva*.

One of my first Cares was to go and pay my Respects to my Wife's Relations, who were

were Persons of the greatest Distinction in the City; but whether what the Abbot had said had made too much impression upon them, or whether they were vexed their Relation had married a Stranger, they all received me with so much Coolness and Contempt, that being disgusted with them I retired with my Wife to one of her Estates, a little distance from *Lyons*, where I enjoyed a thousand pleasures in the quiet Possession of my dear *Clarice*.

We had hardly spent two Months there, before our Repose was disturbed by the melancholy News of the Death of my Wife's elder Brother, who, as I had observed before, had a Company, and had been just killed at the Siege of *Nardis*. Altho' my Affection to my dear Spouse made me interest my self very much in whatever concerned her Family, I was not sorry at seeing my self by his Death Possessor of a very pretty Estate, to which without his Decease I could not have pretended. On the contrary, the Mother was disconsolate at his loss, for she cherished this Son as the Apple of her Eye; whereupon she fell sick, and as she was of an advanced Age, and a weak Constitution, some Fits of an Ague sent her to her Grave. This fresh Thunderstroke overwhelmed my dear Spouse; it was impossible for me to comfort her. As she gave herself up to Grief, I saw her waste every Day, and her Strength decaying by little and little, her Sicknes at last got the better, and she gave up the Ghost in my Arms. Altho'

I ought to have been prepared for such a Misfortune, I was ready to dye with Grief, and kept my Bed some time. No longer seeing my dear *Clarice*, and being left without Joy or Comfort, my Life was a Burthen to me. But as it is not in our own Power to die when we most desire it; and as Death is often deaf to those who call him, Heaven was pleased to spare my Life, that I might the longer be sensible of the greatness of such a loss.

Being then in a Province where every thing afflicted me, and where every Object renewed my Grief, I resolved to quit it, and retire into my own Country with all the Effects whereof I was left possessor; in hopes to live there with more ease of mind. With this View I sold all the Land and Houses I had inherited; but it was not till after a bundance of Law-suits and Tricks that I could accomplish it. I converted all that the Law adjudged me into Money, and having remitted it to *Holland* by Bills of Exchange, I set out for *Paris*, whence I went to *Brussels*, and from thence to *Zealand*, where I found my Brother and his Wife in good Health. After staying some Days with them, I retired into one of the chief Cities in *Holland*, not thinking it proper to settle in that where I was Born, where I must have lived with disgust, because I might have been known; my Father, and especially my Mother, having led such a disreputable Life there, so that perhaps I should have been despised by all.

This

This, dear Reader, is what I thought proper to acquaint you with of my Adventures. As my Sedentary Life begins already to grow irksome to me, I don't know but I may be again destined to travel the World, and be the Sport of Fortune. If that misfortune should happen, perhaps I may appear again upon the Stage, and find new Subjects to entertain you, unless Death, the *Ne plus ultra* of all our Actions, should come and put a stop to it.



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